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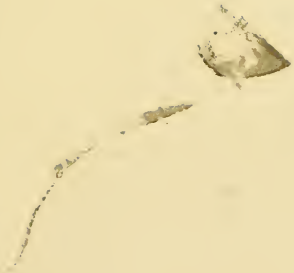

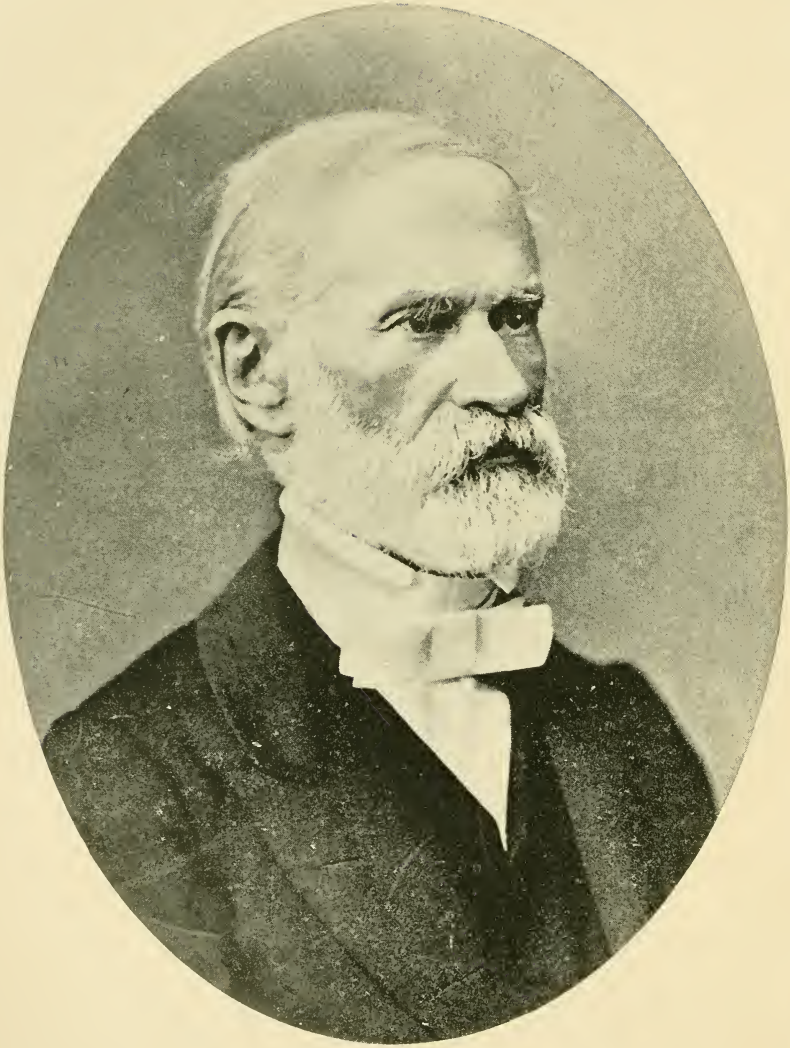

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

WILLIAM G. SCHAUFFLER,

FOR FORTY-NINE YEARS A MISSIONARY IN THE ORIENT.

EDITED BY HIS SONS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

PROFESSOR E. A. PARK, D.D., LL.D.

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PREFATORY.

THE autobiography herewith presented to the public was written by its author solely for the benefit of his children, and with no idea that it would ever be put into print. Indeed, so strong was his feeling on this subject, that it was with considerable reluctance that his sons yielded to the solicitation of many of their father's friends to make public this story of his life.

With some omissions and verbal alterations, the narrative is published just as it was written for the home circle, and herein, perhaps, lies one of its chief attractions for those who knew the author. That it should be a somewhat disjointed narrative is a matter of course, in view of the circumstances under which it was written, (often lying for months untouched,) and the necessity of cutting it down to its present dimensions. A few extracts from letters published in the *Missionary Herald*, some fifty years ago, are added to the autobiography.

It will be conceded by every thoughtful person that the youth of this generation need the stimulus of contact with the lives of those strong, self-made men who, in so many walks of life, adorned the earlier years of this century. When to personal independence of thought and action, and to mature scholarship, are added child-like trust in God, and whole-souled consecration to His service, the example grows still more worthy of imitation.

If, by reading these pages, one student is inspired to new hope and effort, in view of what is here shown to have been accomplished under unusual difficulties; if the faith of one weak child of God is strengthened, or one half-hearted disciple is drawn toward a fuller self-surrender; then, indeed, will this simple life-story not have been written in vain, nor could the beloved author be otherwise than grateful that the record of his journey should help other pilgrims on their heavenward way.

E. W. S.

INTRODUCTION.

BY PROF. EDWARDS A. PARK, D.D., LL.D.

"ALL that is important and interesting in *our* history may be called the *work of God;* and all our *own* doings are unmingled folly and sin. But we cannot now separate the two elements accurately, by reason of our ignorance and the pride of our hearts. Great must be the blessedness of those above, who are able to view their lives purely as a chain of divine grace—as a series of miracles of the preserving and saving power of God—where the history of all the saints together resolves itself into the boundless ocean of absolute wisdom, goodness, and power. But this panorama cannot be viewed, except from Zion's hill above."

These are the words in which Mr. Schauffler began his reply to a request that he would record some events of his life before he left America for his foreign mission. In the spirit of these words he afterward wrote his autobiography, and in the same spirit it is now given by his sons to the public. I have been able to see the proof-sheets of the first two hundred and sixteen pages of the following Memoir; but, as I have not seen the entire work, I shall mainly confine my present remarks to some characteristics of Mr. Schauffler as I learned them in my personal intercourse with him, and in his

early correspondence with his Andover friends,—a correspondence which, although unprinted, has been privately circulated among his former companions, and has had a quickening influence upon them. In one respect this correspondence belongs to his Seminary course, and has suggested the remark that if he had accomplished nothing more, he would have done a life's work in his intercourse with young candidates for the ministry.

The first impression which he made upon the students with whom he began to associate in Andover, was that of his rare humility. Rev. Dr. John W. Chickering writes: "My personal recollections of this remarkable man begin with some of his answers to inquiries in a social meeting of the students soon after his arrival on Andover Hill. Being asked (as all newcomers were expected to be asked) to give some account of his religious experience, etc., he finally summed up his answer in the words which he quoted from the English divine, thus: 'It is not that I am what I ought to be; it is not that I am what I wish to be; it is not that I am what I hope to be; but this I think I can say, by the grace of God I am not what I *was*.' Being further asked why, with the moderate estimate which his humility led him to place on his attainments, he had undertaken to prepare himself for his special missionary work, which appeared to be an arduous one, he answered, with his pleasing German accent: 'If the question had been, Who shall go? I would have stayed in my shop, and worked to help others in going; but as the question was, Shall I go, or shall nobody go? I

thought that I might be a little better than nobody, and so I would go.'" *

In these and other confessions of comparative ignorance and inferiority, Mr. Schauffler was honest and sincere, but it is a significant fact that within ten years after he entered the theological Seminary, he published in the "Biblical Repository and Quarterly Observer" an essay exhibiting an extent of learning which very few American scholars in that day had acquired.†

One effect of his humility was to quicken his effort for removing his ignorance. The lowly man 'digs deep that he may pile high.' He was wont to say in melancholy tones, "I do not know anything," and he evidently supposed that his hearers would agree with him. He contrasted himself as a mechanic with scores of men who were scholars. We cannot fully explain the low estimate which he put upon himself, unless we consider the order of scholars by whom he was surrounded in his Seminary course.

In different years of this course, he was intimate with students belonging to six different classes. In his own class were men afterward well known as Dr. William Adams, President of Union Theological Seminary; Dr. George B. Cheever, Dr. B. B. Edwards, Dr. Leonard Woods, junior. Among his contemporaries at Andover were men afterward known as Professors Calvin E. Stowe and George Shepard; Dr. H. G. O. Dwight, who received Mr. Schauffler as a room-mate; Dr. John

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* *Manuscript letter of Dr. Chickering.*

† See *Bib. Repos.*, vol. viii., pp. 285–308.

S. C. Abbot; Dr. Nehemiah Adams, of Boston; the Presidents, Benjamin Labaree and William A. Stearns; the missionaries, Dr. Elias Riggs, Henry Lyman, and Samuel Munson. Among the Resident Licentiates with whom he was connected more or less nearly, were President Barnas Sears and Dr. J. Trumbull Backus. The six classes in which he was specially interested contained thirteen men who afterward became professors in our collegiate or theological institutions; six who became presidents of colleges; forty-two who became home missionaries, and twenty-eight who became foreign missionaries. There were other students who, perhaps, gave equal promise of usefulness as pastors, editors, and authors.*

Yet among all those who appeared to be candidates for eminence in life, there was no one who on the whole made a deeper or better impression than this foreigner, self-made as he was. His power over his associates was derived mainly from his religious character. His life was worship. Body and soul he appeared to be a morning and evening sacrifice. Most aptly does he say: "I had consecrated myself to the missionary work, and my consecration was intended to be '*a whole burnt-offering*,' and therefore nothing of it remained to me for private use." †

In harmony with his Christian spirit was his industry,

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* The preceding computation is made on the authority of the annual catalogues of the Seminary, not on that of the triennial.

† *Autobiography*, p. 53.

and this was a kind of personal magnetism. He gave an example of that iron diligence which has enabled his German countrymen to accumulate their stores of learning. At midwinter his lamp was lighted at five o'clock in the morning, and his study windows were still illumined when nearly all the other windows in the Seminary were darkened. His fellow-students blamed him for devoting fourteen or sixteen hours a day to study, but his excess was a *fault* which cured some of his brethren from their *defect*. They could but give their approval to that which awakened their admiration. It roused them to do, not so much as he did, but more than they would have done if they had not been stirred by his example. Whenever he moved out of his study chamber he walked with a brisk gait; his eyes looked right onward, turning neither to the right nor the left; he gave unmistakable signs of his being absorbed in what he had just read. Therefore it is not at all surprising to find, in a journal of a contemporary student, such words as the following: "We have some remarkable men in the Seminary; among others a Mr. Schauffler, who has had much experience in revivals of religion among the Germans in Würtemberg and near Odessa; was once connected with the celebrated missionary, Joseph Wolff. Mr. Schauffler is a wonderful linguist," etc., etc., etc. Neither is it surprising to read, in the newspapers which recorded his death, that he had come to understand twenty-six languages, and was able to preach *extempore* in six of them. A significant fact is, that in two years after he arrived at Andover, he rendered important aid to Prof. Calvin

E. Stowe in his translation of "Jahn's History of the Hebrew Commonwealth," and to President Leonard Woods, in his translation of "Knapp's Lectures on Christian Theology." Before Mr. Schauffler took his leave of Andover, he rendered important aid to Prof. Edward Robinson in making out the catalogue of about ten thousand volumes purchased by Dr. Robinson in Europe for the library of the institution.

Another kind of Mr. Schauffler's power was derived in part from a peculiar fervidness of spirit which expressed itself in an effective elocution. I cannot exactly analyze his elocution, but have often felt the influence of it. I heard him deliver one address and preach one sermon, both of which made an unusual impression upon his auditors; both of them were afterward printed; but a stranger who did not hear them would not imagine that they had been remarkably impressive. His flashing eye was not printed; his penetrating voice was not set up in leaden types. A decided sensation was caused by his sermon on the "Right Use of Property," but as it appears in print, it reminds one of a treatise on political economy rather than an outpouring of burning eloquence. Sometimes on even trivial occasions, his words had an unexpected force. A complaint was once made by the farmers of Andover that their apples which grew by the wayside were occasionally abstracted by the youthful theologians. A meeting of the students was called; the complaint was heard, but as all the abstracted apples were not probably worth ten cents, the complaint was re-

ceived with apparent indifference. One student said that the abstracted apples were few in number and poor in quality; another said that the custom in New England was for a traveler to refresh himself by two or three apples—growing on boughs which leaned over the wall. Mr. Schauffler listened to these apologies; they appeared strange to him; rising from his seat, he uttered with his German accent the following sentence: "In my native country, if a traveler takes a plum from a tree by the wayside, or plucks a grape from a vine growing near the open path through the vineyard, he is liable to be—*shot—down!*" At these last words the apologizing students were shot down. They were not shot by the argument, but by the emphasis. The emphasis gave a striking illustration of a rule given us by our instructor in elocution, that in certain cases our utterance should be "explosive," and have "the percussive force of fire-arms."

Having passed his youthful days sometimes as an artisan, and sometimes as a revivalist among unlettered men, Mr. Schauffler occasionally surprised his Andover friends by his love of general literature and by his rapid advance in it. He often manifested an uncommon tenderness of feeling toward the poets, and even some infidel philosophers of his native land. On one occasion he addressed one of the "Societies" on the "Decline, Revival, and Present State of Evangelical Religion in Germany." He exhibited the sensitiveness of his religious spirit in his praise of Arndt, Spener, Francke, Tersteegen, Gerhardt, Albert von Haller, John G. Hamann, and Claudius. He quoted a remarkable

sentence of Tholuck in regard to the last-named author: "After the Bible I love Claudius better than any other book." Mr. Schauffler was by no means insensible to the merits of Gellert, but criticised him in words which derived a memorable significance from the manner of uttering them. "Gellert, the father of modern German poetry, whose religious hymns are yet used and admired, once tried himself in novel-writing, and composed a number of very tedious plays for the moral improvement of the German stage. He wanted 'to make the devil pious,' as Luther says, but did not succeed. We will charitably suppose that he did not know what he was doing." The meaning which Mr. Schauffler imparted to the above-cited words cannot be even imagined by men who merely peruse them, but is vividly remembered by men who listened to them. As the younger Pitt, reading his father's speeches, could not divine where their eloquence lay, so the printed words of Mr. Schauffler do not suggest the secret of his power.*

There was a collateral source of Mr. Schauffler's influence. Like many clergymen, he derived power from his adventitious accomplishments. He was skilled not only as an artisan, but also as an artist, as a draughts-

* This remark is applicable to several of his printed addresses—particularly to his Report on the "Resources of the Catholic Church for Carrying on Foreign Missions," published in *Memoirs of American Missionaries formerly connected with the Society of Inquiry*, etc. Boston, 1833, pp. 317–337.

man, especially as a musician.* His flute is remembered as almost a part of himself. In any picture of him it is nearly as indispensable as the organ in a picture of Saint Cecilia. This flute had a kind of romantic interest, because it was one of his own manufacture; it was more highly finished than any flute which his fellow-students had ever seen, and his mastery over it was more complete than they had ever heard. When the Society of Inquiry respecting Missions held its public meeting, the Seminary chapel was often crowded by men, women, and boys. Some came to hear the missionary addresses; some to hear the choice classical music of the Lockhart Society; some came, not seldom from adjoining towns, to hear the noted flute. An uncultivated amateur would listen to the harmonies of the choir in the hope of being regaled by the mellifluous tones which might float to his ear from the mysterious instrument when the voices of the singers were suspended for a few seconds. As soon as the hearer had caught a dulcet strain, he would look at his comrade and smile at his success.

Although the musical genius of Mr. Schauffler was an incidental source of his influence, yet he was an-

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* His musical skill prepared him for scenes which he did not contemplate originally. He was born into a respectable, but not what the Germans call a noble, class of society. By degrees, however, the nobler families were attracted to him as a musician. By frequenting their society he was preparing himself to hold easy intercourse with Government officers, and with royal families. Some illustrations are given in his "Autobiography," as, for example, on pp. 152 *sq.*, 171 *sq.*, 178, and several others.

noyed by the flatteries which it brought him, disturbed by his frequent invitations to exhibit it, fearful lest the flute so well loved by himself, as well as by his friends, would steal away the time which he might otherwise devote to hard study. Sometimes he would lock up the instrument, and not look at it for days or even weeks. His refusal to play upon it was an occasion of grief to his fellow-students, but was well known to be an act of his conscientious and characteristic self-denial.*

In connection with this musical instrument, which has become so conspicuous in Mr. Schauffler's history, and in regard to which many apocryphal stories have been current, his musical as well as theological companion, Dr. J. W. Chickering, has favored me with the following record: "The conscientious readiness of our brother to acknowledge a fault was illustrated one day at a musical rehearsal of the Lockhart Society, where [Dr.] John A. Albro was president, and Mr. Schauffler 'flutist.' The 'flutist' was the virtual leader of the choir, and stood at the front, keeping time by the inclinations of his body. The singers were guided by *his* flute; my own was called the 'second,' but was second to his *longo intervallo.* On one occasion, we were rehearsing a very difficult piece of music, and the singers had failed to prepare themselves for it. Brother Schauffler's delicate ear was soon pained by inharmonious and untimely sounds, culminating in a general collapse.

* For one of Mr. Schauffler's own notices of his flute, see "Autobiography," p. 43.

Perhaps this last stage of musical demoralization was not reached until the 'first flute' was brought down from the player's lips with a suddenness and force unmistakably suggestive. When order was restored and the baton gave the signal for a fresh attempt at the music, our German artist interrupted us by the words: 'Mr. President, and dear Brethren, I wish to acknowledge before you, and to my Lord, my great sin in the unseemly display of passion which you have just witnessed.'" Dr. Chickering adds: "I am sure that the Lord forgave our brother; and I trust that we all did, for all of us knew the strength of his temptation to rebuke us." *

In considering the sources of Mr. Schauffler's influence over his fellow-students, we are led to consider that it was exerted not only while he was associated with them, but also after he was separated from them; and also, that it was exerted prominently in favor of Christian self-denial, of hard work in the cause of foreign missions. The missionary spirit had never been so high in the institution as it was while he was a member of it; and while his history was fresh in the memory of succeeding classes he continued to be a powerful attraction to the foreign service. The unpublished journals of the missionary candidates contain the frequent notices: "Met last evening for prayer in Bro. Schauffler's room." A sententious record in the Memoir of Henry Lyman, the martyred missionary, is:

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* *Manuscript letter of Dr. Chickering.*

"*Thursday evening, October 8th* [1830].—Have thought that I was something, and that I wanted to do something, till this evening: visited Brother Schauffler, and oh! how small and insignificant did I appear to myself! How little love! How much worldliness! What am I? What am I?"* In alluring men to the missionary service, Mr. Schauffler did not dilate upon its literary privileges, its facilities for philological study, for acquaintance with oriental systems of philosophy: not upon the pleasure to be derived from visits to the Himalayas, to the ruins of Karnak and Luxor, to the Parthenon and Erectheum, to the Academy of Plato and the Lyceum of Aristotle. He portrayed the missionary life as a life of Christian work and of self-renunciation. Fifty years ago there was less temptation than there is now to meditate on the secular or literary pleasures of a ministry in foreign lands. There was less need than there is now to examine the candidates for this ministry in regard to their views of Christian doctrine and duty. With Mr. Schauffler duty was pleasure enough; and his main pleasure was in toiling for the salvation of men. His love to Christ was his love to the sinners for whom Christ died, and his delight in laboring for sinners was his delight in the character of their Saviour. He did not separate what God and the nature of things had joined together. In a remarkable letter from Constantinople to one of his contemporaries in the Andover

* *The Martyr of Sumatra: a Memoir of Henry Lyman.* New York: Robert Carter and Brothers, 1856, p. 104. See also Mr. Schauffler's letter to a relative of Mr. Lyman, in the same volume, pp. 221–224.

institution, he pleaded for the missionary cause substantially as he was wont to plead when he was a member of the institution. After giving a circumstantial narrative of his own efforts in the pulpit, he appends the following paragraph—a paragraph which fifty years ago was copied and recopied—for awakening his Seminary friends who might be tempted to lead an otiose life. It was in the spirit of it a continuation of his Seminary influence:

"Amid all these scenes I am bodily feeble and wearing away fast; for this preaching is not my only business. On the contrary, after reviewing and printing in Hebrew and Hebrew-Spanish the Psalms for the Jews here, I have begun already and carried on to considerable extent the revision of the whole Old Testament in that dialect. I am engaged in the construction of a Lexicon in Hebrew and Hebrew-Spanish, which is pretty extensive; and of a vocabulary in the same languages; a pure Hebrew Scripture tract has left the press very lately; a Hebrew-German tract lies ready to be printed; the Seventy Weeks of Daniel are in process of translation into the Hebrew-German under my supervision; while the writing of journals and an extensive correspondence fill up every remainder of my time. I have also given some Hebrew lessons to introduce the study of Hebrew among the Armenians. Especially my correspondence with the Christians, the inquirers, and with several whole communities of South Russia, has, since my return from there, greatly accumulated my labors. Besides all this, troubles occasioned by accidents, plagues and multiplied calls from all quarters (for a missionary is common stock here) are often such a draft upon our time that hardly leisure for eating, reflection, or rest is left, and scarcely can the poor human frame sustain the insufferable burden. Take an instance; after the severe labors of a whole week, no more time but just Saturday evening after tea is left me for my preparation for Sabbath, and hardly any at all for conference meetings; and yet, sometimes at least, I preach in German at nine o'clock A.M. and in English at eleven

o'clock A.M. But it is all well if we wear out, if it be but in the Lord's service. If souls are saved and the kingdom of heaven built up in this ruined world, it is all well."

The foregoing remarks prepare us to add that the characteristics of Mr. Schauffler excited an unusual interest in him as he drew near to the time of his departure from the country. Rev. Elias Cornelius, D.D., soon after he was appointed Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, wrote from Andover the following letter to his wife, then residing in New York City: "Our dear and precious friend and brother, Mr. Schauffler, has bid his friends farewell and is soon to embark for Europe and Asia at New York. The savor of his influence in Andover is like goodly ointment. He has the spirit of Brainerd, and his prayers breathe the air of Heaven itself. I *charged* him to go direct to our house and stay there till he embarked. He took our Number and Street, and promised that he would. I wish my daughter to keep a private memorandum of his most striking and pious sayings in prayer and conversation. I wish I could be at home to hear him." Dr. Cornelius was "deeply affected" by the prayer which the young missionary offered on taking his leave of two or three friends in a private parlor on Andover Hill. "It was a prayer of holy tenderness and simplicity. One remark I shall never forget, 'We ask for one blessing, *and only one:* That we may be faithful unto death.'" The emphasis given to those three words, "*and only one*," has made a life-long impression on those to whom the emphasis was familiar.

The interest felt in Mr. Schauffler at the Seminary was manifested in the eagerness of the students to hear him preach. He delivered more discourses in the chapel pulpit than were ever delivered there by any student either before or since his day. He was requested by the Professors to preach a valedictory discourse and afterward to print it. He dedicated it to his "many and endeared friends whom he was soon to leave." In a published notice of this discourse, Prof. B. B. Edwards remarks that although Mr. Schauffler's mother-tongue was the German, he yet understands "that *universal* language which is recognized by all Christian hearts."* The reviewer then quotes the following passage, explaining more exactly than a biographer can explain, the fountain of spiritual joy that welled up through all the troubles of Mr. Schauffler's life, and imparted to him a freshness of spirit amid his complicated labors:

"The pious man has meat to eat which the world knoweth not of. *His* comforts and sufferings are dependent upon very different circumstances from those of other men. They flow from *another* world than this which he sees and handles, and upon which imperfection and dissolution are written in characters large enough to be read by any one. He is like to the high mountains, whose lower parts may be shrouded in gloom, swept by the hail-storm and the rain, shaken by the roaring thunder and terrified by one continued stream of fire from the gathering cloud, whilst their higher peaks and plains enjoy the most perfect peace and shine with undiminished brightness, capable of being darkened only when the king of day himself hides his face. He is like the deep ocean, whose surface may be rough-

* *American Quarterly Register*, vol. iv., p. 143.

ened and torn by raging hurricanes, while its unexplored depths remain undisturbed and unmoved as they were on the morning of creation. He is like that little plant, which indeed grows with many of her sisters out of the same humble clod; but soon winding itself around the tall cedar or the strong oak, draws out its slender root from the ground, derives nourishment from a new and higher source, and is but little careful in the year of drought."

Park Street Church in Boston felt the same interest which was felt at Andover in the character and work of Mr. Schauffler. From Constantinople he wrote to a member of that church: "Never shall I forget my home [your house] in Bowdoin Place; never the morning and evening devotions in the family circle there; never the early prayer-meetings in Park Street vestry; never the Saturday evening meetings at Mr. [Judge] Hubbard's house; never my five years at Andover; never our last scenes and the hard partings and farewells at Andover and Boston. But no matter, 'Christ is dearer still than all.' To part with the world for Christ is hard; to part with Christians for Him is much harder; but neither is too hard. Pray for me."

Some of his friends in Park Street Church had relieved him from pecuniary want, had enriched his library, replenished his wardrobe so as to promote his health and comfort during his Atlantic voyage and his subsequent journeyings.* He repaid their kindness by

* Not long after he reached Constantinople it was reported that he had distributed to persons poorer than himself many of the garments made for his own protection. It was his maxim: "I will never turn away a beggar if I can help it. I would rather be injured by an impostor than harden my heart against

preaching to them a characteristic sermon in which his benefactors might have found a reprimand if they had been jealous enough to look for one, and might have found solid instruction if they had been wise enough to search for it. They were free from jealousy and rich in wisdom. They were delighted with the sermon, requested a copy for the press, and circulated it through a community not so wise as the Park Street Church. The printed sermon bears the title: "Fastidious Hearers of the Gospel admonished." It was primarily designed for "city hearers," but has come to be of use to "country hearers" as well. It is a graphic and faithful reproof of all pretended worshipers who "talk, after divine services, of the fine style, the select expressions, the beautiful and novel illustrations, the rolling or mellow voice, the agreeable manners, and the impressive and solemn looks of the preacher," rather than on the message brought by him from God;—hearers who are not satisfied unless "the sword of the Spirit is blunted and rests under the soft and fragrant and dewy flowers of poetry and fine writing. But, these hearers say, 'Surely the Gospel cannot be preached in too fine and graceful a style.' To this I reply, Yes, it can. I have heard a sermon to which I had no other objection except this (and a mighty one it was), that it was too beautifully written and too gracefully delivered. Everybody talked about the beauties of the sermon, whilst

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the cry of distress." The Park Street donors were consoled by the reflection that his beneficence in bestowing their gifts on others gave him more joy than he would have received from retaining their gifts for himself.

the important subject of it was forgotten. The fault was, that the proportion of beauty to truth was vastly too great; the effects of the medicine were wholly prevented by the immense quantity of sugar mixed with it." The impression produced by this sermon as orally delivered, was deepened by the preacher's manner, although he was inveighing against the habit of attending to the *manner* rather than the *matter* of a discourse. His auditors while under the fire of his "admonition" could not steel their sensibilities against the energetic tones in which he repeated his text: "*Our—soul—loatheth—this—light—bread*" (Numbers xxi. 5). The sermon closes with the following rules for a profitable attendance on Divine worship and the proper method of observing the Sabbath. These rules are inserted here because they illustrate more clearly than a biographer can explain, the author's own method of treating the privileges of the Lord's Day, and because they are really his farewell message to the churches that he was soon to leave:

"(1.) Cultivate day by day simplicity of heart and humility, and a proper regard for the precious Word of God. (2.) Compose your mind on Saturday evening or night for the solemn exercises of the Holy Sabbath. (3.) On Sabbath morning rise early. Let secret prayer and meditation be your first exercise. (4.) Keep in a still and uniform frame all the Sabbath. Read little except the Bible, relish and digest what you read. But, (5.) Take care that this is all done in a sweet and easy way; make no toil or task out of the service of God. Do all freely and cheerfully, without violent effort. (6.) Keep your heart with all diligence, as you go to the house of God; look not hither and thither unnecessarily, lest your mind be distracted and your devotion lost. Much less look about in the sanctuary;

for this is a mark of disregard. (7.) Ask either at home or in the sanctuary for God's blessing upon yourself, the preacher, and all the hearers. (8.) When you retire after services, remember your obligations to God for having heard His word, and your responsibility for its improvement. Remember the perishing heathen, and ask that the gospel may speedily be preached unto every creature. (9.) During the Sabbath, refrain from remarks of any kind on the preaching; and from censorious remarks refrain always, except when and where duty may call for them. (10.) Digest what you hear and do it, which will be the best preparation for the next Sabbath, if you should live to see it." *

During a "Protracted Meeting" at Andover, in a year of extensive revivals throughout the land, Mr. Schauffler listened to a deeply affecting sermon on the punishment of unrenewed men. The preacher dilated on the thought that this punishment will be the result of Divine love, and repeated such words as "God will punish you because He is benevolent"; "If He did not love His creatures He would not condemn you"; "You will be cast away because He is amiable, because His love will not allow Him to save you." Mr. Schauffler listened to the discourse with a devout spirit, and in walking homeward preserved a profound silence, but at last exclaimed: "I believe that God will punish the wicked because He is *just*. Love saves, justice punishes." This is the only criticism I ever heard him pronounce on a sermon, although I have seen him *look* criticisms which he did not *speak*.

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* A sermon preached at Park Street Meeting-House, Oct. 16, 1831, by William G. Schauffler, A.M. Boston: Press of Peirce & Parker, No. 9 Cornhill. 1831, pp. 18, 19.

The question has been asked: What would have been the influence on Mr. Schauffler, if, instead of spending his earlier years in reading novels and romances, familiarizing himself with the science, and especially the art, of music, gaining the skill of an artisan at his turner's lathe, he had devoted those years to rhetoric, logic, psychology, etc.? One answer has been: "He would have gained new compactness and comprehensiveness of mind." Another has been: "He would have lost his individuality, and thus would have lost his charm." That he would not have been spoiled by these studies, we may infer from his constitutional originality both of thought and feeling. He was nothing if not independent.* Six years after he had been drilled in sacred rhetoric at the Seminary, he uttered some characteristic words, proving that no human prescriptions could press down his native elasticity or damp the fervidness of his imagination. In a preface to a volume of his Discourses, he writes: "As to form, I have moved unshackled by the rules of pulpit composition. I hate the stiff, undeviating rules of all the rhetorical schools in the world alike. They are so many mummeries, each representing the great writer or speaker of some period or other, while the eloquence of prophets and apostles

* A distinctive specimen of his independence is recorded in his "Autobiography," pp. 171–174. It is suggestive of his entire course of life. It reminds one of Acts xvi. 35–40. We may here remark incidentally that many passages in his narrative bear a striking resemblance to the narratives in the book of Acts. His style becomes apostolical when he begins to describe the thrilling events of the "revivals" in German and Russian districts: see for example, pages 97 *sq.*, 139 *sq.*

soars with undying energies, and with ever new and varying beauties, like an eagle just below the stars." The accomplished critic, Prof. B. B. Edwards, in noticing his classmate's volume, remarks: "Mr. Schauffler writes in his own way, but that way leads through pleasant regions, not destitute of perfumes and flowers." *

We have reserved but little space for the most interesting of Mr. Schauffler's characteristics. These are his theological opinions. They were developed in his Seminary addresses and conversation, his early correspondence; and some of them are stated in the "Discourses" just noticed. They were valuable because they were his own—borrowed from no uninspired man. They did not always quadrate with what he facetiously called "the American-shaped mind." † He regarded this mind as too much disposed to "reckon" and to "calculate." He was positive in his convictions, and expressed them in a positive style. He had found in his revivalistic work that there was "wisdom in daring," whenever the daring was sanctioned by the prophets and apostles.

His individuality is seen in his views of the Bible.

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* *American Quarterly Register*, vol. ix., pp. 378, 379. See Dr. Schauffler's *Meditations on the Last Days of Christ*, ed. 1837, p. vi.

† Some have supposed that Mr. Schauffler was a mere ascetic, and was incapable of speaking in a humorous vein. His "Autobiography" gives evidence that he was a many-sided man, and his habitual gravity was not of that kind which underlies the law of gravitation.

He had a firm faith not only in the perfect accuracy of its direct statements, but also in the perfect accuracy of the *impression* made by its indirect statements, by its phrases, which may be in themselves indeterminate, but are so related to the circumstances of their utterance as to impress the mind in favor of one tenet rather than another. This is exemplified in his comments on what he calls "*the translation of sin*"—a phrase not common now, but not uncommon once—a phrase which, in his opinion, is justified by such Scriptures as Leviticus iv. 22–24, xvi. 21, 22; by the act of the sinner laying "his hands upon the head of the sacrifice which was to be offered in his place," and the act of the high-priest laying the sins of the people upon the scape-goat. Mr. Schauffler often repeated the saying: "God made Christ a sinner for us, that we might become divinely righteous in Him"; or, "Christ had sins which He called His own; they *were* ours, *now* they are His"; or, "He was not made a *real* sinner, but a *legal* one, according to the *impression* made by the Levitical sacrifices." "The very words which the Scriptures use on those occasions express the idea, and *could* make no other impression" than that of transferring sin from the men who committed it to the being who was their substitute. "The whole scheme of sacrifices speaks of a transfer of sin, an exchange of places before the bar of God in favor of believing sinners—and what the sacrifices *shadowed forth* becomes a *reality* in Christ. Our sins are His; His righteousness is ours, if we believe." *

* See *Meditations on the Last Days of Christ*, etc., etc., ed. 1853, pp. 78, 79.

Dr. Schauffler regarded this explanation of the sacrifices as confirmed by Psalms xl. 12, lxix. 5; 2 Cor. v. 21; Gal. iii. 13; Hebrews iv. 15, v. 7. He sympathized on this subject with many bold utterances of Martin Luther, but he was mainly influenced by what he regarded as the fitness of the ancient sacrifices to make the *impression* that our sins were transferred to Christ. He believed that *their fitness to produce this impression was an inspired fitness.* He laid prominent emphasis on this belief. It accounts in some degree for his unique judgments in regard to some Biblical commentators. For instance, the British writer, Rev. William Owen Allan, in eulogizing the oriental scholarship of Professor John Duncan, says: "Schauffler is a very competent witness, both from his own immense practical attainments and his conversational and literary use of these [oriental] tongues, and from his personal acquaintance with the German masters. I have heard him say that Gesenius was not to be compared with Dr. Duncan for the deep, accurate knowledge of the sacred tongue." * Professor

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* *Recollections of the late John Duncan, LL.D.*, by the Rev. A. Moody Stuart, Edinburgh, 1872, pp. 87, 88. See Dr. Schauffler's "Autobiography," pp. 177 *sq.* Professor Duncan once uttered an apothegm, graphically reminding us of his friend Schauffler. In one of his lectures he had occasion to speak of our Lord's exclamation: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" He became absorbed in the meaning of the words, left his desk, walked to and fro before his students, "when suddenly a flash went through him as if Heaven had opened"—he turned his face to his class, and being wrapped in his own thought, asked: "Do you know what it was—*dying on the cross, forsaken by His Father?*—do you know what it was? What? What? It was damnation—

Duncan was a prodigy of Hebrew learning; but Mr. Schauffler, if he said that the Scotch professor was incomparably superior to the Halle professor, may have had reference to the fact that sympathy with the religious spirit of the Hebrew writers made their meaning clearer than it could be made without this sympathy; qualified a critic to see and to feel the impression of their words, and this impression reflected light upon the sense of the words. A critic with a less sensitive piety may see the meaning of alphabetical letters, and a critic with a more sensitive piety may hear the tones with which those letters are enunciated; and the impression of the whole sentence may depend upon the hearing of the tones more than upon the seeing of the letters. We may not always account for the impression, but the devout man *feels* what the philosophers cannot explain, and his feeling may direct him to the discovery of an otherwise hidden meaning of Hebrew or Greek particles.

Such was Mr. Schauffler's view of Biblical inspiration, and in one sense it comprehended his view of Christ's atonement. In the substance of this doctrine he agreed with the majority of orthodox divines, although he differed from some of them in the form of it. He studied the Bible for himself. He had an in-

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and damnation taken *lovingly*." He then subsided into his chair; and while the tears were trickling down his cheeks, he repeated in a low, intense voice, that broke into a half sob, the words: "It was damnation"; and then, with a half smile, the words: "and he took it *lovingly*." In a fuller and better form, this incident is related by Mr. Stuart in his interesting *Recollections*, pp. 104, 105.

tense faith in the atonement as implying the following truths: The pain endured by the Redeemer was not the pain of body alone, nor of natural sensibility alone, but of the moral sensibilities also; it was pain differing in its nature as well as degree from that of every other man; the Redeemer bore a peculiar kind of pain in view of divine justice as directed against transgressors, for He had united Himself with a race of transgressors; He bore a peculiar kind as well as degree, of pain, in view of the punishment threatened to ill-deserving men, for He had made Himself one with a race who merited all which was threatened against them; He endured such agonies as were "equivalent" to those deserved by sinners; His sacrificial death was "equivalent" to the eternal death which all men dying impenitent would suffer; the nature as well as the intensity of His pains was so mysterious that we can never expect to comprehend it in this world; He came to the earth in order to die on the cross; His chief mission was not to become incarnate, but He became incarnate in order to accomplish His chief mission; His main design was not merely to suffer, but to suffer as the sacrifice for our sin; His sacrificial death was vicarious in such a sense that, if He had not died, we, even if penitent, must have died eternally on the ground of our past sin, and if we are to be released from eternal death, we shall be released not on the ground of our penitence, but on the ground of His sacrificial death. Dr. Schauffler's view of the atonement was such that it involved all other evangelical doctrines as its correlates. With rare boldness he insisted on the entire sinfulness of men

by nature (he was not afraid of the term "total depravity"); on the radical need of being born again by the special (he was not afraid of the term "miraculous") interposition of the Holy Ghost. He felt the enormity of human guilt and the marvelousness of atoning love. He was often overwhelmed with gratitude that his own sins were washed away in the blood of the sacrifice, and "a *new* song" was put into his mouth. We can easily picture him as repeating the words of his aged and simple-hearted friend whose enormous mass of learning had not buried up the native poetry of his spirit, and who said at the communion-table in tones of deep emotion:

"Methought that the Lord showed me a heart into which He had put a *new* song. Where the heart was, I do not know; but I heard it singing about the middle of its song. It *had* been singing: 'What profit is there in my blood when I go down to the pit?' It had *been* singing the fifty-first Psalm,—and Jehovah had now put a *new song* into its mouth. He had done it; and the heart was *trying* to sing,—and I heard it in the middle of its song. It had been reading the fifth chapter of Revelation, and *trying* to sing some of its numbers; and now it was at these words: '*For Thou wast slain*,' —and oh, how the heart was sobbing and breaking! how it was melting with a joyous grief and a grievous joy! Oh, how it faltered when it tried to sing, '*and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood.*' It was the song of one to whom much had been forgiven, and who therefore loved much; but it was the song of the chief of sinners, to whom *most* had been forgiven, and who, therefore, loved *most*. Yet it faltered and made wrong

music; it jarred and there was discord; and it grated on its own ear and pained it; and *God was listening to the song*—God who knoweth all things. But the song was presented to Him through and by the Mediator; and if there was discord, it was removed by grace in atoning blood, by the sweet accents of intercession; for it came up as music in Jehovah's ear, melody to the Lord. It was not discord in heaven. I would know, O God, what soul that is! O God, let that soul be *mine!*"*

* These words of the wonderful John Duncan are taken, but in a slightly altered form, from the *Recollections of the late John Duncan, LL.D.*, Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Languages, New College, Edinburgh. 1872, pp. 102, 103.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE—REMOVAL TO RUSSIA.

CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY, *August* 22, 1858.

I HAVE this day completed my sixtieth year. The day has been a true day of rest to me. It is the Sabbath, but I have been, providentially, free from public duties, except that a circle of neighbors dropped in this evening, to join us in the reading of a chapter and in praise and prayer.

I was born in Stuttgart, the capital of the kingdom of Würtemberg (then a duchy), on the 22d day of August, 1798. My father was Philip Frederick Schauffler. My mother's name was Caroline Henrietta Schuckart. Our family consisted of two brothers and one sister older than myself, and one sister younger.

My parents were not at all wealthy; and when, in consequence of the constant wars which had shaken Europe ever since the great French Revolution of 1789, it became daily more difficult for my father to support his family at home, he resolved to remove to Russia, where great inducements were held out to German settlers. During the year 1804, rather late in the season, he and his family left their country with a body of emigrants amounting to 389 souls, and my father was their guide, appointed by the government, I believe. But we did not reach South Russia till 1805, having been on

the road for nine months. My parents took up their abode in the seaport of South Russia, Odessa, which was then merely a large village. The Duke of Richelieu, afterward Premier under Louis XVIII. of France, who was the Governor there, not unfrequently visited our house, and often spoke to me in the streets as he passed by. He knew German well, and was a very kind man.

My father was, for some three years, Mayor of the German population of Odessa, and of a German village close by. As there was absolutely no school for the German children of Odessa, he induced his clerk to teach a school, the room occupied by my father's sheriff being the school-room. I was between seven and eight years old when I began to attend, and there I learned my alphabet.

I never learned more in this school than to read and write German, the four cardinal rules in arithmetic, and a number of Scripture passages, together with the smaller catechism of Luther. To fill up my leisure hours, I engaged in drawing, in learning music, especially the flute (almost entirely by myself), in studying French with my older sister, and in copying poetry, reading novels and travels, and cultivating a little garden. Withal very much of my time ran to waste, and I formed habits of idleness which I deeply regretted when it was too late.

As my parents were not pious people, I enjoyed no religious advantages. Such as the German settlers in South Russia then were, my father's family was certainly a model of morality and of outward respect for religion. We believed in the Bible, entertained "ortho-

dox" views, read prayers in the mornings, and, sometimes, during seasons of heavy thunder-storms; and while there was no divine service in Odessa, a sermon was read on Sundays after dinner; and when, at last —I believe about the year 1811—a minister came to Odessa, my father became deacon, and proved, I believe, about the most efficient and faithful officer of the church, in the secular duties which devolved upon the deacons. He held that office until his death, and I hope that he was led to seek Christ during his last long sickness in 1817–18. Of conversion to Christ neither my parents nor our minister knew anything, and I am persuaded that, up to 1817, there was not a pious person in all the city or in the country round about.

Here I must insert one particular relative to my own inward state. After my parents arrived in Odessa, I had a serious illness, and a neighboring German woman told me to my face that I should die. I was then seven years old. I had always been a retiring child and was seldom seen playing in the streets. I do not remember ever to have had a moral question pass through my mind, or a moral conflict arise in my heart. I knew of Christ as the Son of God, the Saviour of men, the Friend of children; that our salvation somehow depended upon Him, and that our eternity was in His hands; and I felt confident that if I died, He would receive me and make me happy. But I recovered, and my consciousness of guilt before God was soon developed, when I mingled with street boys, when I quarreled with my younger sister, or disobeyed my

mother. I then often wished I had died of that disease. But I told no one of these thoughts, though they troubled me often. Now I cannot tell, to be sure, what my moral state was at the time of that illness. But it seems to me that, morally, I was quite a babe, undeveloped, and unconscious of indwelling corruption, though it seems strange that a boy of seven years should have no practical knowledge of sin. Nor is it because my memory was not active. Indeed, I could always with perfect ease remember my life back to below three years, and I think, probably, down to two years.

Here I may say, once for all, that I was very quick-tempered, full of fun, fond of telling a good story, and that I afterward became very fond of dancing, of the theatre and the billiard table. I used wine and strong drink, as all around me did, though never to excess, and no one would have suspected that there was ever a serious thought in my mind. I had a great respect for the Bible as the word of God, though I thought it very tedious reading. I considered Christ the Son of God, and was ready, as I thought, to abide by His words till death; considered the Ten Commandments as binding upon me, led a moral life, as the world would call it, and regularly went to divine service when there was any. I remember when about the age of ten years, and conscious that I was a lost sinner, I thought often I should become pious when of age, though I did not know what piety was, any more than a heathen child. I may have been about twelve years old when an old-fashioned German translation of Bunyan's "Pil-

grim's Progress" fell into my hands, which I read with much interest as a story, laughing at the quaint names, but becoming greatly impressed with the simple idea of *leaving all behind and traveling to the Heavenly City.* I often thought, if I knew in which direction I must leave Odessa, and what road would lead me to the Upper Jerusalem, I should quit all, and start on my journey like Christian. I was often secretly perplexed when I remembered the words of Christ, "Enter ye in at the strait gate," etc., as I knew that I had not entered in thereat, nor was I walking in the narrow path, for men in general were as good as I. And still, if *I* was on the broad way, a youth of acknowledged blameless morality, where were the people of the narrow path? I thought we were all alike essentially, and indeed we were, for there was no piety there. I often wished I had never been born, or had been made an animal. Still I knew God was right and I was wrong, and had no right to complain or murmur.

In 1812, while Napoleon and his army were freezing in Russia, the plague came over to Odessa from Constantinople, and made dreadful ravages among the people. As far as I can remember, one person out of every seven in the city perished. Thousands fled. From a house opposite to ours twenty-five people were carried out dead; but, singularly enough, I was unusually thoughtless through that whole plague season.

My two older brothers had for some time been following our father's trade—that of turner, and maker of musical instruments in wood. The plague, with the quarantine into which the city was put, lasted about a

year, and it was supposed that, when the communication between the city and the country, and Poland, should be restored, nobody would dare to come in. But hardly was the city declared free from its isolation, when foreigners poured in, and business went far better than ever. I was then soon put to the trade also, and helped to support the family. My two brothers were flute-players, and the family fond of singing. I began to practice this instrument when I was ten years old. We made the flutes ourselves, and copied music wherever we could borrow any, for there was neither book nor music store in the city at that time. We spent most of our leisure hours in playing flute and guitar duets and trios, and, being the best flute-players in the city, we were invited into circles far above us in social standing. The practice of music and drawing (the latter I was especially fond of) kept us at home, and prevented our mingling with low company, of which at that time there was the more temptation, as the Germans in and about the city were, almost without exception, either ignorant and uneducated, or loose and unprincipled. Mingling with the higher classes gave us an opportunity of practicing the French and Russian languages, besides our own, to which I, for my part, soon added the Italian, which I acquired in my few leisure hours and entirely without a teacher. I studied Italian simply because the current terms in music are Italian, and it appeared to me stupid to learn them piecemeal. I concluded to learn *the whole*, that I might better understand the parts.

We were all very fond of reading, but, alas! it was

nothing but novels and plays. This light reading gave us a kind of polish, enabling us to mingle with polite society; but, had it not been for the interposition of a gracious Providence, it would have completed and sealed our ruin. I was the first who became tired of this sort of reading, and preferred travels, as being more useful; history also, as far as I could obtain access to it.

When I was about twenty years of age, I thought I had tried everything to satisfy my inward cravings for happiness, and had found it all vain and hollow.

But before I come to that turning-point of my life, I must go back, and introduce to you a colony of travelers quite peculiar in their character—a company of so-called "Separatists," from my native country. They supposed themselves to be the woman in the Apocalypse, "clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet." They were fleeing from the Antichrist, now soon to be revealed, into the wilderness—*i. e.*, into the Caucasian provinces of Russia, to hide under the wings of the Russian Eagle, which they considered to be the two wings given to the sun-clothed woman.

These people stopped for awhile in Odessa and in the country around, and I became acquainted with some of them. I was far enough from adopting their peculiar ideas, and never felt in the slightest degree satisfied that those apocalyptic reckonings had any solid basis; but the idea of people leaving their country and all their earthly prospects for religion's sake seemed to me remarkable. Although but twelve years old, I looked rather thoughtfully upon these people.

They were the first I had ever seen who, at least as a body, seemed to make a serious business of religion. I saw very much among them that was objectionable to my mind. Most of their young people appeared to me as careless as I was myself. They had made a "community of goods," and their leaders were accused (and, I fear, justly) of administering the funds unfairly. But there were cases among them of such depth of real feeling, that I readily acknowledged their claims to what I had not myself, though I did not know where the difference lay.

These colonists went off to the Caucasus, and settled in and around Tiflis, where their descendants still exist. But some remained behind, and among them a person to whom I must refer somewhat more at length, for her influence upon my mind was very great.

One day my mother came home from a neighboring house, and brought with her Bogatzky's "Golden Treasury." She had bought the book from a blind old woman who had been left by the Separatists when they went off. Her story was briefly this. Her husband had been a thrifty shoemaker in Würtemberg. They were both old, and had no children, and believing in the theory peculiar to so many in that country at that time, they threw their all into the treasury of this colony. On the way her husband died. Their property was gone. She was left, although about eighty years old, blind, in a strange land, without friends or any means of living. She began to sell her few religious books, and was living upon the avails. My mother bought Bogatzky and, I believe, one or two other

books. She said she had invited the poor woman to come over sometimes, and spend a day with us, and keep herself warm at our stove. I was not at all pleased with this, for I disrelished the society of a beggar woman, uneducated, very old, blind, and dressed in the very plain garb of the Suabian country folks. But she came, and took her place behind the stove in our common sitting-room, and we all soon learned to love, and even to respect her. No complaint ever escaped her lips. She loved music. Our duets and trios with flutes and guitar perfectly enraptured her, and at the close of a good piece of music she would exclaim (quoting a German hymn), "If Thou dost grant so much on earth, what will it be in heaven!" As I was the youngest of the family, it was my duty to lead her through the streets. She seemed to form a somewhat special attachment for me, and often talked to me as though I was interested in spiritual things; and I listened, but could not understand or appreciate her remarks. But to finish her story. Once, on the evening preceding Christmas, my mother sent me over to the family with whom Mrs. Meyer lived, to carry her a few small presents, and to invite her to come and spend Christmas with us. I found her well and, as always, cheerful, but pale. "Yes, William," she said, "I shall be glad to come over to-morrow if you will call and get me." After a few kind words I left her. That evening she retired to her couch and fell asleep, and awoke to spend Christmas in heaven!

In the morning I hastened over to see my old friend, and when I looked at her pale, wrinkled face, full of

peace and sweetness, it seemed to me that I had never seen so beautiful a human countenance. At her burial only a few women were present. Besides the minister I was the only male attendant. The weather was cold; the room where the corpse lay was small. We sang. The two lines closing each stanza were as follows:

> "O Lord, I pray, through Jesus' blood,
> Shape Thou my latter end for good."

I hummed as the women sang the verses and always at the end joined heartily in the refrain. Those words, repeated over and over again, were deeply blessed to my soul.

CHAPTER II.

CONVERSION—RELIGIOUS PROGRESS IN RUSSIA—NEW PLANS.

I NOW come to the eventful period of my life, when a new world of spiritual realities was unfolded to my astonished vision and the whole course of my life changed. This was at the very time when divine truth and vital godliness began to take root in that part of Russia. It became the Goshen of that empire. I wish I were in possession of the data which stand connected with my life as preliminaries to my change. But I can only speak of some facts, without accurate dates. Nothing, or, at any rate, very little, has been published, in any shape, concerning those events to which I now come; and my geographical position* renders it impossible for me to avail myself of what may exist.

The portrait, in lithograph, of a Catholic priest, as he then was, hangs on the walls of my study. If I had a spiritual father on earth, he was the one. His name was Ignatius Lindl.

Alexander I., hearing of the persecution and imprisonment of Lindl and Gossner in Bavaria, by reason of their evangelical views, asked it as a favor of the King of Bavaria, that these two priests might be per-

* In Constantinople, Turkey.

mitted to remove to Russia, and the king was but too glad to get rid of these troublers of his good Catholics. Lindl became Provost of the Catholics in St. Petersburg, and preached there, I believe, for about a year. The excitement was very great; the church was thronged by Catholics and Protestants, and it was said that Alexander I. himself attended the services in the disguise of a Russian driver. At all events, the emperor had several interviews of the most confidential kind with Mr. Lindl, and, dropping on his knees and bowing his head, asked in tears what he should do to be saved.

Mr. Lindl had left many people in Germany, who desired, by all means, to follow him. He intended to build a village, and make a settlement of true Christians in Bessarabia, South Russia. The emperor readily granted him the requisite land, and in 1820 he removed preliminarily to Odessa, where he became Provost of the Catholic churches and the monastery. His place at St. Petersburg was supplied by Mr. Gossner, who arrived there before Mr. Lindl left the capital. Mr. Lindl arrived in Odessa late in 1820, and for a short time occupied a hired house diagonally across the street from us.

Having been told that he was a great preacher, I went to hear him, though, in my youthful folly and pride, I had not the least idea that a Catholic priest could teach me anything. I remember neither text nor subject; I only remember that it swept away, in the first part, all worthiness and claim of the sinner, and in the second part it opened wide the door of free grace

in Christ. Now, I had had the conviction from my early days, perhaps my eighth year, that I was a lost sinner, though that conviction was merely intellectual. Reflection had also led me to consider all earthly things entirely hollow. An eternity of guilt and woe before me stripped the world of all those charms for which I had so high a natural relish.

But now I saw before me *eternal life*, free and full, "without money and without price." The problem of my existence was solved already—solved for me in Christ. To leave the world and all for Christ's sake? Why, that was nothing; for I had despised all long ago, and had wished to be rid of it. The fact was, I lost nothing and gained all.

I do not know that this was fully my impression and experience the very first time I heard Mr. Lindl; but, at any rate, the work began there, and I never lost more than one sermon while he was preaching at Odessa, and the loss of that sermon I felt most keenly.

At the same time the Lord sent some other of His servants to benighted Odessa and its neighboring villages. A Jewish missionary—not an Israelite, as Jewish missionaries are too generally supposed to be—the Rev. John Saltet, from the Basle Missionary Institute, visited Odessa. The first time I saw him was at a service where he sat in the same slip with me. I was exceedingly struck with his homely appearance. The next season of worship I saw him mounting the pulpit, and then his face was as the face of an angel. I heard him preach while he remained at Odessa, visited him many an evening, listened to his conversation,

which was full of Christ, and sometimes I sat there weeping profusely while he talked.

About the same time a new military governor was sent to Odessa. He had a valet de chambre, a Moravian by the name of Koch, a dear, single-hearted soul, full of faith and love. He immediately began to hold meetings in connection with some serious families who had followed Mr. Lindl from St. Petersburg. I had heard some slanderous reports about these meetings, and concluded from the evil the world spoke concerning them, that there must be something good in them. I went to one of them. Singing and reading was all that was attempted. But there was in the meetings such a spirit of love, peace, and comfort, that from that evening I never missed one till I left Odessa for missionary ground in 1826. I subsequently became very intimate with Mr. Koch, as did also several others of this despised little circle of "Pietists," and thus my life of piety was begun. For no profession of attachment to the despised Jesus could, under those circumstances, be more emphatic than to go to the afternoon services of Mr. Lindl in the Catholic church, to visit Mr. Saltet, and to attend the conference meetings of Mr. Koch.

The theatre, the ball-room, the billiard-table, and even the Philharmonic circle went overboard! The first three went without regret; but the music cost me a struggle, and extorted a deep sigh. Not that I considered the practice or enjoyment of good music at all wrong. But first, it was *my idol*, and therefore it had to go; and secondly, it led me into company which,

although irreproachable, was worldly. I felt that if others could enjoy the pleasure of music, I could not, without running too serious a risk. It was therefore laid on the altar.

My family were generally opposed to my new ways. My mother was anxious lest I should become deranged. But I felt that I had never been reasonable before. Roused from a profound and senseless sleep, I seemed to have come to myself at last. Some members of the family frowned upon me as fanatical and self-righteous. Others felt more kindly, especially my youngest sister, who sometimes went with me to the despised meetings.

Lindl suffered much persecution from the Catholic priests of Odessa, although he was their Provost. Once they shut the doors of the church against him, so that there could be no afternoon service; nor were they again opened, till an appeal to Alexander I. brought the requisite order. Subsequently Lindl moved to the village of Sarata, where he labored earnestly and with great success for souls.

The colonists there were of a very low character, lazy and drunken. Every effort of the government, both in the way of kindness and severity, had been tried to lead them to better habits. To religion they were utter strangers, and there was not a minister of the Gospel in all that region.

It was not long before the influence of the Gospel preached at Sarata was felt in the surrounding German villages. On the Sabbath the people flocked together to hear, driving great distances through the night, and

the effect was great and good. But the poverty and consequent distress of the Sarata people was great, and when the winter of 1822–23 came, though they were tolerably well housed and had some cattle, there was hardly a plough in the village, and they had neither seed to sow the coming spring, nor money wherewith to buy.

In February, 1823, a considerable sum of money in gold came from friends in St. Petersburg. But who should carry it over to them? The road was reputed to be unsafe because of wolves and robbers; it was almost impracticable on account of the mud, and beyond the Dniester, the greater distance to the village, there was no vestige of any road at all, and the traveler had to find his way by certain hillocks covering the bones of ancient Moldavian chiefs. But I offered to go, and heavily laden with gold in a girdle under my clothes, I set out. I will not detail this tour, though it was sufficiently rich in events, considering its brevity. On the third day I reached Sarata while all the villagers were in their place of worship at evening prayers. My arrival was as an angel's visit to Mr. Lindl and his people. They had help and were thankful.

On the days of Pentecost of this year, a considerable number of serious people from Odessa and the surrounding Protestant German villages, went across the Dniester to enjoy the season at Sarata. It is entirely beyond my powers to paint the scenes which awaited us there. Almost all the inhabitants of those dissolute German villages, twelve or thirteen in number, to which I have referred, were present. The village was swarm-

ing, and it was utterly impossible for the multitude to find admittance into the places of worship.

They stood outside, as far as the noble voice of Lindl, the swell of which would shake the building, could be heard. The first day, Pentecost Sunday, passed in great solemnity. On the second day Mr. Lindl preached from the appointed passage, John iii. 16–21, dwelling simply on the word "so."

Never did I hear a discourse on the love of God, so entirely overwhelming and melting. The whole congregation broke down; they wept, they sobbed, they almost shrieked; Lindl's lion voice could hardly be heard. I was in the gallery to assist in leading the singing. A tall, burly young farmer, whom I did not know, nor ever saw again, unconsciously leaned on my shoulder, and sobbed and shook convulsively, while a stream of tears rolled down his cheeks and dropped on the floor. I do not think the sermon lasted longer than fifteen minutes. The excitement was too high, and threatened to pass the bounds of sobriety. The preacher called upon the congregation to unite in prayer, and dismissed them. It seemed to me well that he did so.

That season I shall never forget. It was almost millennial. "One thing" occupied all minds and filled all hearts. That evening, after the services of the day were over, we young people in and around the house of Mr. Lindl sat down in the moonlight and began to sing. I took out my flute and guided the sacred song. The harmony no sooner rolled down the village, right and left, than men, women, and children came gather-

ing up, partly to hear, partly to join our song. It was a delightful hour, when in the wilds of Bessarabia, during a calm moonlight evening, nature and grace seemed to chime together in the praises of redeeming love.

In 1839 I again traveled through these very villages and a few other new ones, preaching from two to three times a day, and everywhere I found *brethren*—a most single-hearted people.

Immediately on my hopeful conversion to Christ, I was impressed with the duty of carrying this glorious Gospel to those that sat in darkness. If I remember right, the very first missionary pamphlet put into my hand by the Rev. Mr. Saltet roused the missionary spark in me which was never again quenched. But I was ignorant of the best way to do good. One of my young friends from Switzerland, David Schlatter, was actually a self-supporting missionary among the Tartars of the Crimea, living among them as a servant, and subsisting upon horse-flesh and mares' milk. Although my constitution seemed to be as firm as a rock, I considered that mode of life harder than I should be able to bear; and, indeed, Schlatter broke down and had to retire after a desperate trial of five or six years.

Before Mr. Lindl left Russia, another young friend of mine, belonging to Mr. L.'s people, made an attempt among the shepherds of Moldavia and Bessarabia, becoming a hired servant among them and keeping sheep. I actually wrote to him that, if any good could be done in that way, I should join him as soon as I could get rid of my responsibilities to my family. But he soon broke down, and when Lindl left,

he went with him. Thus my hopes of becoming a self-supporting lay missionary entirely failed. Until the year 1825 my family were utterly opposed to my missionary notions, of which they were well aware, although I do not remember ever to have spoken of them. The fact was, that all my Christian acquaintances, and many worldly ones, and many people in the villages around who knew of my change, seemed to take it for granted that I should be a minister of the Gospel and a missionary. On the general subject of religion a great change had taken place in our family circle. Light books, novels, plays, etc., gradually disappeared, and my mother, my older brother, and my sisters were inclined to read the religious books which I brought into the house. They began to take different views of things now, and I perceived that there would not be the same opposition to my plan, if circumstances should otherwise prove favorable.

But to me everything seemed more and more hopeless. That summer of 1825 I once went out into the country, and meditated on the plan of leaving the city and carrying on my trade in the cheaper locality of a village. I thought I should remain unmarried, and send my work to my brother in Odessa to sell, thus supporting myself, and giving all my earnings beyond my immediate and absolute wants, to the missionary cause. Thus I thought I might support a missionary in the field, and do my work through him. In this contemplated single-blessedness I had the pious Gerhard Tersteegen for my model, and I felt so infinitely rich and blest in Christ, that I cared not for earth or sky, if

I could but do something for *Him*, though it might be sweeping the streets. But these were all mere human thoughts. The Lord had ordered it quite differently; and, little more than a year later, I was sitting in a room in the Theological Seminary in Andover, Mass., in America. The second great crisis of my life drew near. And here I may well pause; for here my life-work, my missionary career, begins.

CHAPTER III.

DECIDES TO BECOME A MISSIONARY—LEAVING HOME —DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

IT will need but little attention to the events of any one's own life to convince him that, very frequently, the most trifling incidents exert a deep and abiding influence upon the course of events. In 1825 I knew no English, though I often wished to learn it. There was but one individual in Odessa who taught this language—an Englishman—and he was a drunkard, and charged a dollar for a lesson. This was beyond my means. I knew French, had learned Italian by myself, knew Russian, of course, and had begun Latin, and even Greek. But as my mind was still in a state of hope concerning missionary work, though without any definite plans, I very much wished to learn English. In my younger days I had given music lessons during my leisure hours, and earned many a dollar by it, but when I became serious, I gave it up, as well as my attendance at musical circles, because these things led me too much into worldly society.

But, a few months previous to the event I now refer to, I consented to instruct a young English merchant in flute-playing, because he was a quiet young man, and the family one of high respectability. Once, while giving him his lesson, the intemperate man of whom I

have spoken came in and conversed with my pupil in English, of which I understood nothing, except that I heard him mention my name. When he was gone, I naturally inquired what he had been saying about me. My pupil replied that the other man wanted me to give him lessons in music, but that he told him I had given up teaching, and was instructing him only as a special favor. I remarked that if the man would teach me English, I would accede to his request. My pupil replied that the English teacher would be but too happy to do so; but again, after awhile, added that he disliked my associating with so bad a character, and that, if I wanted to learn English, he would give me lessons himself. I was extremely delighted, and now we exchanged our lessons.

Before the year closed, I had occasion to turn my new acquisition to account in connection with the missionary work. The year following I was in America, whither I should never have gone, had I not learned English then.

On the 22d of August, 1825, I was twenty-seven years old, and I began to fear that my missionary plans were not what Providence had designed for me. Although I never spoke about these things to any one, the conviction still prevailed strangely among my Christian friends, and even among worldly people, that I would become a missionary. As the opposition to this plan formerly prevailing in my family had ceased, I thought I ought to come to a decision, especially as it also seemed more practicable to transfer my family responsibilities to my older brother, involving, as

this did, the support of an aged mother, an unmarried sister, and an invalid brother, in consideration of which I, of course, surrendered to him all claim to the family property.

Soon after, I formed a plan to bring the matter to a conclusion. Being the son of a colonist, I could not leave the country without a settlement with the government, either by transferring my government debt to those I left behind, or paying it myself. The routine to be gone through in such a case was complicated and tedious, and often difficult of accomplishment; for the government discouraged the removal of colonists. Sometimes a year or more was consumed in overcoming these obstacles. I tried to obtain my perpetual release from Russia, determined, if I could obtain it before the summer of 1826, that I would travel on foot to Basle, in Switzerland, where there was a missionary institute. Before going there, I intended to see Christian people in Germany and France, earning my traveling expenses by my trade. Then, if Basle suited me, and if they would receive me there, I intended to go through a course of preparatory study. If by the middle of 1826 the way out of Russia was not yet open, I would take it as an indication of Divine Providence that I should spend my earthly pilgrimage where I was.

I had a slight acquaintance with the gentleman who was at the head of the government department for foreign colonists in South Russia. I ventured to write a private letter to him, telling him that I desired to leave Russia for good; but, being unacquainted with

the steps to be taken to obtain my final release, I begged it as a special favor from him, briefly to indicate the routine to me. I received no reply, and soon began to think that my residence in Russia was settled, till I should leave Russia, earth, and all, for an eternal city.

But one day I received a summons from the Governor of the city. Hastily obeying the mysterious and unexpected call, I repaired to the Governor's chancery, and asked the officer to whom I was shown, what was required of me.

"Why don't you come and get your passport?" he said.

I was thunderstruck. "Do you mean to say that I can have my passport abroad, if I call for it?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "W. G. Schauffler may have his eternal passport for foreign lands, whenever he wants it!"

Such a thing never had happened before, and, I believe, never happened afterward.

The only human explanation I can give of it, is, that Major Güldenschantz may have learned from some of my friends that I should probably go out on a foreign mission, and that he felt kindly toward this plan, for there was then not a little religious feeling abroad in Russia. Wishing to do his part toward it, he set me free at once.

To me, however, it was a clear indication of what was coming.

Before the year 1825 closed, there arrived at Odessa the well-known Jewish missionary, Joseph Wolff. He

preached several times in the German church, and held evening meetings. His excitable mind was always occupied with some new plan for missionary operations, oftentimes the most impracticable imaginable. At that time he entertained the idea of forming a *traveling missionary institution*, like "Franciscus Xaverius," in India, in the 16th century. Enthusiasm is contagious! And our good people in Odessa were entirely unacquainted with the way of doing business in the missionary line. They thought I ought to become one of Wolff's pupils.

Although ignorant myself on subjects of this character, I thought the plan wild, and refused offering myself to Mr. Wolff. But one evening I accompanied him home from a meeting, for he never could find his way alone, and when we entered his room, he turned toward me, and positively and solemnly invited me to accompany him. I wanted to know his plans, and he developed them as follows.

He said: "We will go together to Palestine. There you will go into the monastery of Kasobeen, on Mount Lebanon, and study Arabic and Persian, while I am laboring where I find work. Then you will study the Mohammedan controversy of Henry Martyn, edited by Professor Lee, and after that we will go to Persia, you laboring as you find opportunity among the Mohammedans, and I among the Jews."

I consented; and on the whole I have not yet repented of it.

In an evening meeting, from which I was detained by a violent headache, Mr. Wolff announced that he

had secured a fellow-laborer, mentioning no name. No one doubted who it was.

My brother Gottlob was also in the meeting, and when they knelt for the last prayer, he broke down and wept bitterly. He came home overwhelmed with a storm of emotion, and threw himself into the bed by my side. This was the day of mercy with him, and from that day I have considered him a brother twice over, according to the flesh, and in the Lord. He had been rather seriously affected by divine truth for some months, and now the decision had come. He chose the Lord for his portion.

Now events followed in rapid succession. By a kind of tacit understanding between my brother and myself, he was to take the share of our very small property which might have fallen to me after my mother's death, and in exchange, set me free from all my obligations to the government, and to my mother, sister, and invalid brother.

To explain what I mean by obligations to the government, let me say that the colonists, on coming to Russia at the time when we immigrated, received assistance from the Russian government, in the shape of traveling money from the frontier to the place of their destination; also a house, and a small sum of money to begin business with, or, in the case of farmers, a considerable extent of arable land. Any one leaving the country again was to leave the property in house or land behind, and refund to the government his share of pecuniary assistance received.

These liabilities, the extent of which we could not

even guess, though they could not be great, my brother assumed, while I left for missionary ground, with my wardrobe and a moderate sum of money—how much, or, rather, *how little*, I do not remember. This was certainly a self-denying arrangement for my brother, and his pecuniary sacrifice to the missionary cause was not small. But he had just found the "treasure in a piece of ground," and did not care for earthly gain or loss.

On the 8th of February, 1826, Mr. Wolff and myself went on board of an English brig whose captain's name was Newton. Before my departure many people called to see me, for I was the first missionary that ever went out of South Russia; and when, after a farewell meeting, we went down to the vessel, the number of friends accompanying us was so great that the quarantine officers expressed their astonishment. The harbor was frozen far out, and all the vessels were fast. We *walked* on board our vessel, while a company of men were occupied in sawing through the ice in which she was imbedded, so as to make for her a way out to sea.

Farewell seasons cannot be described, but only imagined and felt. My aged mother did not accompany me to the port. She only went as far as the gate with me, and, giving me her hand, said, quietly, "Good-bye, William; I shall see you no more!"

But in less than seven years she did see me again, and heard me preach one sermon; and as she saw me enter the pulpit, wept silent tears of joy.

After sailing from Odessa our wind was favorable,

but high, and the atmosphere thick. When we had reason to suppose ourselves near land,—it was toward noon,—Captain Newton came into the cabin.

"My mind is not easy," he said. "If with this wind aft we do not soon make the Bosporus, we shall fare badly."

"Come, captain," Mr. Wolff said, "let us ask for Divine direction."

"I shall be glad to have you pray, gentlemen," the captain replied; "but my post of duty is in the fore-top, looking out for the Bosporus."

He went on deck, while we joined in prayer for direction. Soon after twelve o'clock the captain came down again. Just at noon the atmosphere had cleared a little, the sun shone out for a few moments, showing the entrance of the Bosporus directly before us. "We have made the Bosporus, gentlemen," he said, "and are running straight for it. Now if you will give thanks to God for this deliverance, I shall be happy to join you." We then knelt down, and Mr. Wolff gave hearty thanks.

We had hardly entered the Bosporus when a thick snow-storm obscured the atmosphere, but we were safe. When we came on shore the people expressed astonishment at our narrow escape. The city was full of the sad news of vessels wrecked, and lives lost.

Mr. Wolff was hospitably received by the British chaplain and agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. I went to a private boarding-house, kept by a Greek family.

At that time there were no steamers, and the land

post was tardy and unsafe, especially during the winter. Sailing vessels were altogether unsafe conveyances for letters. When, therefore, the news arrived at Odessa that so many vessels had perished near the Bosporus, at the time when we came across the Black Sea, it was generally supposed that we were among the victims. Fortunately, my poor, aged mother was sustained and enabled to believe that we were safe. The very day when my first package of letters arrived at Odessa, an unmerciful gossip visited my mother and assured her that there was no doubt of our melancholy fate. But she held on to her trust in God, and so did the rest of my pious friends, who, in their simplicity of faith and their confidence in the efficacy of prayer, considered it quite impossible that we should have been wrecked. Great was their joy when at last the news of our safe arrival reached Odessa. They blessed God and sang His praise in joyful German lays, and were now once more, and more deeply than ever, convinced that the Lord had wonders of mercy in store for me ; nor were they mistaken.

It must be remembered that at this time the Janissaries were still in existence and in full power. Their character, their unbearable arrogance and tyranny, and their overthrow, which was now nearer than they or any one else thought, have been too often described to be referred to here in detail. Not only did the native subjects, especially those who were not Turks, tremble before them, but even foreigners had to walk with great circumspection. Thus, when Mr. Wolff and myself visited the few foreign Protestants of German and

French birth, Mr. W. offered to preach to them while we should be there. They timidly replied that they would be glad to attend, but as the services must be in a private house, there being no authorized ambassadorial chapel at our command, it was too hazardous an experiment. Private dwellings were not thus privileged.

On the first of March, Mr. Wolff left for Adrianople. His presence there roused the wrath of the Janissaries, and they attempted to secure his person, although he lived with the English consul. But, fortunately, he had left before the crowd appeared at the consulate, and making a somewhat narrow escape, arrived at Constantinople again on the 20th of the month.

During my stay in Constantinople I studied the publications of Prof. Lee, of England, respecting Henry Martyn's controversies with the Persian sophists. I also applied myself diligently to the Turkish language; but as there were no better means within my reach, I was dependent on the manuscript lessons of an old teacher, and made very little progress.

By this time I was convinced that Mr. Wolff's visionary plan for preparing young men for the missionary work must be abandoned, and also that, in order to do anything properly, I must make more regular preparation, and that in very different circumstances from those of an itinerant life. I had gained the firm conviction, too, that, even if I were already prepared to labor with efficiency, I could not work by the side of Mr. Wolff. His ways differed too widely from mine, and his love of excitement, noise, and controversy was utterly abhorrent to my feelings and con-

victions. I felt that if this was the only way of laboring as a missionary, I must give up that cherished idea. But I was convinced that there was a more excellent way, and I resolved to follow that.

At first I thought of going to England, and two English missionaries favored me with letters of introduction. But Providence had already decided differently. The Russian ambassador made needless difficulties in regard to my passport, and the idea had to be given up, at least for the present.

Our stay at Constantinople was prolonged until the 8th of May, when we set out in an "island boat" for Moodania, to proceed by Broosa to Smyrna, overland. Three days were spent in a tedious boat-ride, and eight days on horseback between Moodania and Smyrna, where we arrived on the 19th of May.

Here I made the acquaintance of the Rev. John Hartley, an English missionary to the Greeks. I found him a most excellent, spiritually-minded man. He put into my hands Brainerd's Life, which I had never before seen. The Rev. Jonas King was also in Smyrna at that time, and was living in a Greek family, the daughter of which he afterward married.

I had now fully resolved to leave Mr. Wolff. I told him that I would not burden him any longer, but seek my own livelihood in Smyrna, and do, in a private way, what good I might. He insisted, however, that I should go where I could study; and as there was an American brig in port bound for Boston, it was thought best that I should take passage in that vessel, and go to America.

The vessel was the *General Bolivar*, Captain Cobb. Both he and his mate were professed Christians. In consideration of my object, the captain accepted less than the usual passage money,—I think the amount was seventy-six dollars,—and he permitted me to come on board at once. On the 7th of June I went on board the brig. On the 10th, Mr. Wolff left for England, thus changing all his former plans.

The loading of the vessel went on much more slowly than we had expected. At last, on July 1st, early, we set sail, but the wind being against us, we came to anchor again at a short distance from the city. On the 2d of July we sailed in earnest.

And here I ought to say that, aside from what Mr. Wolff had spent for me in Constantinople, *my* cash had already *there* begun to run so low that I sold my gold watch before we left that city. In Smyrna I sold several books I had with me; also my traveling desk.

After I had paid some little bills there and gone on board, there remained in my pocket no more than one dollar. Besides this I had a letter from Mr. King to Mr. Evarts, then Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and several extravagant letters of recommendation from Mr. Wolff to Mr. Evarts, to the Ladies' Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, etc., which I was quite ashamed to show, lest the extraordinary expectations they endeavored to raise should make me appear in the light of a religious vagabond.

One thing was certain: knowing no man, woman, nor child in America, and having no claims upon any

one, I was pre-eminently called to the exercise of *faith*. Nor was that lacking. I felt that I was a pilgrim and a stranger in the earth, and that heaven was my home. I looked with confidence and delight upon the blue sky overhead, feeling that I was under my Father's roof, that all was right, that my sacrifice of home prospects was acceptable through Christ, and that I was walking in the blessed footsteps of the Divine Missionary.

Before leaving Smyrna, considering the obvious state of Mohammedan society, I felt that nothing could be done for them at present, and therefore resolved, if the Lord should bring me back to Turkey again, to devote myself to work among the Jews.

During our stay in Smyrna, the slaughter of the Janissaries took place in Constantinople. It was on the 15th of June that they revolted. The well-known street and city fight ensued, and lasted three days. On the 17th a Firman, or Royal decree, declared that the corps of Janissaries had ceased to exist. They were quietly disarmed in Smyrna, and never made any attempt to rise again. Their memory was cursed among the people.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VOYAGE—LIFE AT ANDOVER.

OUR brig sailed on the 2d of July. On account of the Greek revolutionary war, the surrounding shores were swarming with Greek pirates. No vessel not furnished with guns was safe. An American man-of-war, then lying at Smyrna, accompanied us to Anti-Cerigo, the last island of the Archipelago. July 11th the Greek fleet of twenty sail passed us. On the 12th, as our slow-sailing vessel was hanging around Milo, we heard the distant thunder of guns. On the 14th we were pursued by a Greek man-of-war, and, being now alone, we expected to be maltreated; but they merely asked whether we had seen the Turkish fleet, what news we had, etc., wished us a happy voyage, and went their way. Two days later we had at last lost Cerigo out of our horizon. South of us came up the Egyptian, or Turkish, fleet, under the command of Mahmoud Ali Pasha, of Egypt. The fleet counted twenty odd vessels of various sizes. A vessel from the fleet came off to meet us, having a white flag at the masthead. This was doubtless intended to arrest us for the purpose of conversation. Our captain, foolishly unwilling to stop, continued on his course. All at once the white flag descended, and a shot was fired across our bow, striking the water at some distance from us. We

feared the next might strike us, and our captain turned his sails and lay to, and soon a boat full of men pushed off from the Egyptian vessel. We expected little courtesy from them, after our stupid disobedience of their orders. Another vessel of the fleet had by that time moved in front of us, for our reception. But when the boat came alongside of us, a European gentleman in the company spoke very politely, inquired about the Greek fleet, what the news was from Constantinople, etc., and, wishing us a prosperous voyage, returned to the fleet.

Our brig crept along with unaccountable slowness. On the 30th we saw Sicily; on the 31st, discerned Malta at a distance; August 4th we sailed by Gozo, the little neighbor of Malta; on the 11th we lost sight of Sicily; on the 19th the coast of Spain hove in sight. The heat was intense as we crept along the Spanish coast.

August 22d, my birthday, gave rise to many reflections in my mind. The year before, I was still in the midst of Christian friends at Odessa. Shall I ever see them again on earth? What are they doing to-day? Doubtless they are praying for me! Where shall I be next year on this day? or is this my last earthly birthday? I felt resigned to all the unknown Divine will concerning me. I had no choice to utter.

August 26th we were driven back to the coast of Malaga. On the 28th we went into the harbor of Gibraltar. Our vessel was "crank," and could bear no side wind, and the captain promised us to take in ballast at Gibraltar. Now he begrudged the time and

expense. Upon this we three passengers sent a protest to the local authorities. The captain of the port came on board, and finding the vessel too light, forbade her sailing, until she had taken the amount of ballast indicated by him. Our captain was annoyed by our step, and looked surly, till our first gale in the Atlantic convinced him of the necessity of the measure we had compelled him to adopt, and from that time he became affable again, and remained so until the end of our long, tedious voyage.

We left Gibraltar September 5th. A young commercial traveler had joined our company. From this time we had head-winds and calms, occasionally interrupted by gales of a pretty serious character. It was not until the 30th that we saw the Azores. Our provisions, although increased at Gibraltar, gradually failed. On the 19th of October we had the pleasure of being overtaken by another American brig. As it was calm, the accommodating captain of that vessel consented to take letters from our American passengers with him, for there was no doubt of his leaving us behind at the very first breath of wind. What was of most interest to us all, was that this captain sold to ours some provisions, without which, as events proved, we should likely have perished with hunger.

But let me shorten this long journey. We were all tired out, our provisions were miserable, our water, hardly fit to drink. November 5th, at half-past nine o'clock P.M., we heard the welcome cry of "Light Ho!" and all rushed to the bows, and there was the lighthouse of Cape Cod. November 6th we had pleasant

weather and light but favorable breezes. On the 7th, at three o'clock A.M., we entered Boston Harbor, and came to anchor. Our passage had lasted 128 days, or more than four months, and, with eighteen souls on board, we brought into port half a barrel of pork and some biscuit.

I will close this part of my story with an incident of our passage. When I left Smyrna, I had but one Spanish dollar in my pocket; but this was a profound secret to all on board. I was sure I had no need of their sympathy or benevolence, and therefore held my peace. Once, while I was in my state-room, I heard the three passengers outside raise the question, which of them was the poorest in cash. I could not help smiling. I was sure I could beat them all. Sergeant Miller, who had run away from the grasp of the Turks at the sack of Missolonghi, easily carried off the palm, for he had, I believe, only fifty dollars in his trunk. But now they called for me. "How much money have you?" "You must guess!" "Much?" "Not at all; very little, indeed!" "Well, fifty dollars?" "Less!" "Forty dollars?" "Less!" "Thirty dollars?" "Less!" "Twenty dollars?" "Less!" "Ten dollars?" "Less!" "One dollar?" "Yes!" They were astonished, but said nothing. I laughed, for I felt as easy as a prince on the question of money.

Later in the voyage, I sold a Russian fur to one of my fellow-passengers, for ten dollars. On leaving the vessel, I gave one dollar to the sailors.

On parting, one of our passengers, Mr. Stith, made me the offer of pecuniary assistance, whenever, in my

life as a student, I should need it. Our captain said: "Mr. Schauffler, you are going to be a student, and you may get sick, or want to go somewhere in vacations. Now, you may always come to my house on Cape Cod, whether I am at home or not. We will doctor you up, and my girls shall mend your clothes, and you may at any time remain with us three months, free of expense."

I thanked both for their very kind offers. I never had any occasion to make use of them.

One word more. Hundreds of times, during our trying passage, I had reflected upon the delightful feelings of gratitude I should experience, on being permitted, once more, to put my foot on dry land. I had suffered nothing from sea-sickness, but my soul was weary within me, as weeks and months slowly passed. And now, here I was in Boston, safe and sound; but, alas! my heart appeared almost callous, in view of the Divine goodness which had brought me, after all, so safe and so well in body, to this distant shore. I was ashamed of the insensibility of my heart, and learned the humbling lesson, that no outward blessing will be sufficient to raise the emotion of gratitude in our perverse hearts. The grateful acknowledgment of each gift received is but another, and still higher gift of the same Giver.

As my funds were low, I took lodgings in a sailors' boarding-house near the water. Fortunately, the inner one of the rooms where I had my couch, was unoccupied by any other person, so that, although I hired only a *bed*, I had, in fact, a room. I immediately in-

quired for the Missionary Rooms (as they were then called), and saw Mr. Evarts, the Secretary, and Mr. Anderson, who was then a young laborer in the Rooms. The reception given me was cool and reserved, but courteous. I was not disappointed, for I could expect no more. Mr. Evarts seemed to fear that I would expect help from the American Board, and informed me that they did not educate young men for the missionary work. I told him I knew it, and expected nothing from them beyond their kind advice.

Being asked what *my* ideas were, I replied that I had thought I might find some minister of the Gospel, with a family, whose children I might instruct, thus paying for my board while under his guidance, and by means of his library I should acquire such an education as might be needed for my contemplated missionary work. This done, I should earn a passage back to the East, and return, as I came, upon my own responsibility. I was fully aware that a stranger like myself had no claims upon any one, and I expected nothing beyond the help above mentioned, for which I wished to make return. Mr. Evarts replied that this was not the way of doing such things in America; that I should find no such Gospel minister, and that he advised me to go up to Andover, and see the Professors there.

Aware that my money would go fast, I also looked about for work at my trade. One of the instrument-makers was willing to employ me at six dollars a week to begin with, expecting to increase my pay, if I proved to be entitled to more. As a man like myself could

then live comfortably on three dollars a week in Boston, I saw that my living was secured.

November 17th I went up to Andover by the stage, furnished with a letter of introduction from Mr. Anderson to the Professors. On my arrival in Boston, I had needed shoes and a few other trifles, and thus my ten dollars had grown sensibly less. In order not to leave behind me my last farthing, I offered to leave with my landlord my traveling bed and leather pillow, for my board and lodging, in case I should not come back, he being pledged at the same time, to send me my trunk, if I should write for it. He cheerfully consented. It is now more than thirty-four years since I made this bargain, and I never, during all this long period, stopped to think of it again until this moment. The mattress being one of pure Russian horse-hair, and the pillow the same, covered with green morocco leather, I think I must have paid at least five times the value of my lodgings.

The morning after my arrival at Andover, I called on the three Professors, viz., Professor Stuart, and Doctors Woods and Porter. I had my Oriental letters of introduction with me. Professor Stuart received me with a kind of frank enthusiasm, he being a German scholar and full of admiration for German erudition. At the home of Dr. Woods, who treated me with his habitual kindness, the children were so amused at my outlandish appearance, in my gray Russian broadcloth cloak, and with my German accent, that they lost their gravity entirely. At this I was much amused. Dr. Porter looked at me with a searching eye. He seemed to sus-

pect in me a religious vagabond, or at best an unpractical enthusiast. But he was polite, and even kind.

I felt no disposition to wonder at the scrutinizing looks and questions of the Doctor. Indeed, when I considered my position as a stranger coming from afar, professing to seek an education for a missionary life, intending to return to Turkey without patronage by any society, bringing with me extravagant letters of recommendation from a kind, but very eccentric Jewish missionary tourist, I rather wondered that these good, reasonable, and careful people did not turn their backs upon me at once. Of course, my replies to their many questions were all well-considered and moderate. The encomiums bestowed upon me, in the letters of Mr. Wolff, I carefully deprecated, both from honesty and prudence.

There was then a young Jewish convert studying theology in Andover. He was an English Jew, but had been in Italy, and spoke the Italian language fluently. Professor Stuart sent for him at once, while I was in his study, both that I might make his acquaintance, and that he might serve as an interpreter for me through the medium of the Italian language, which I also spoke with ease. His name was Abraham, and he was in the Junior class. He took me over to the Seminary building, introduced me to his room-mate, Mr. Babbitt, and gave up his room to me for the time being.

The result of my visit to the Professors was, simply, that they advised me to stay in the Seminary, until they should come to a conclusion in my case. I also called

upon the treasurer of the Seminary, "Squire" Farrar, who gave me the same advice. I told him I should not be able to pay my board, unless I found work immediately. He smiled, and said that would be seen to, and I had better wait the Professors' time.

Mr. Wolff in his letters had not failed to speak of my flute. I was consequently invited into the Lockhardt Society meetings. Before being invited there, I was induced several times to play, and as I still had perfect control of the instrument, it produced an effect upon the listeners which quite surprised me. The fact was that, although there were quite a number of students who pretended to play this instrument, there was not one who had even an idea of what could be done with it. I have reason to believe there had never been a *good* flute-player in that part of America. They seemed astonished at the power of the instrument and the variety of its sounds. Messrs. Albro and Phelps, of the Senior class, the former of whom was president of the Lockhardt Society, congratulated themselves that I should always be at their gatherings. I told them that would not be the case, for even if I stayed in the Seminary, I should have to sell my flute, in order to be able to get the books necessary for the prosecution of my studies. Mr. Albro then made me promise that I would not sell it without letting him know. Day after day glided away, and at last the Professors advised me to spend a preparatory year in the Seminary, to study Greek and Hebrew, and then to enter the Seminary. Now I had two things to do. 1st. To sell my flute; 2d. To find work, that I might earn enough to pay

my board. A turner and cabinet-maker in the village, Mr. Flint, engaged me to turn bedposts for him, this being the best work of that kind which the village afforded.

Knowing that my flute must be sold, Mr. Albro one day sent Mr. Stearns (afterwards Pastor of the Old South Church) to summon me to his room with the instrument. There were several students there. Albro asked me what I would take for the flute. I said twenty dollars. He handed me a roll of bills, and took the instrument. On finding fifty dollars in my hands, I told him this was too much, and tried to hand him back the balance, but he and the others urged me to keep the money. I observed that I should have need of it, certainly, but that I should consider thirty dollars a present, for which I was much obliged to Mr. Albro. When I put the money in my pocket, and considered myself to have bidden farewell to my flute and to music for life, Mr. Albro took the flute, and handing it back to me said: "In the name of the brethren of the Seminary, I beg you to keep your flute, as a token of affectionate remembrance from them."

My surprise was great. The fact was, the students (at least a number of them) had held a meeting on the subject, and concluded, as many as were able, to contribute a dollar apiece to the object, thus aiding me and saving my flute. I need hardly say that I kept the instrument, played regularly in the gallery on the Sabbath, and appeared as regularly at the musical meetings of the Lockhardt Society, where I spent many a pleasant evening in sacred music.

On the 6th of December I began to work in Mr. Flint's shop, my plan being to work only during the afternoons, by which I thought I could earn enough to pay my expenses.

On the 7th I moved into the room of Mr. H. G. O. Dwight, whose room-mate was absent, and with whom I was afterward associated on missionary ground for thirty years.

It would fill a volume if I were to review in detail my five years at Andover. But a few of the leading features and events of this important period of my life I must record. Nothing could be more striking than the change of my situation since the beginning of this year (1826). Especially great and delightful was the contrast of my present condition, surrounded, as I was, by pious people, and blessed to overflowing with religious privileges, as compared with my surroundings in Turkey, and my barren four months of sea life. Though not a member of the Seminary, I was invariably present at morning and evening prayers, at other evening meetings in the lower lecture-rooms, prayer-meetings in the rooms of students, and in the parlor of Dr. Porter, where some students and neighbors used to meet. I considered these privileges too precious to be lost. At the same time, the course of life upon which I had entered appeared to me so responsible, and all around me so superior to me in their religious character, and I seemed to myself so unwise, and so distracted and unguarded in my mind and my deportment, that I often secretly wondered how they could endure my presence, why they did not tell me to return

to my old trade, and not to aspire to teach others the way of life, of which I knew so little myself, if anything at all. As it was, however, nobody appeared to see my faults and failings, which undoubtedly existed. On the contrary, there were many who wanted to give me money, and otherwise to help me, so that I began to feel decidedly anxious lest I should be spoiled by their kindness, and become a selfish, grasping, self-indulging hypocrite. I therefore declined, whenever it was offered, what I did not absolutely need.

December 24th I enjoyed my first communion season since leaving Russia. It was blessed to me, though the remarks made on the occasion seemed to me to be *dry* and *legal.*

The 31st was Sunday, and I had, therefore, a quiet opportunity for reviewing the year just closing. Nothing could be plainer than that the Lord had led me in a way that I knew not, and that I was solemnly called upon to prepare for service such as He had laid out for me, not such as I had contemplated. My impressions of unfitness were often overwhelming, and a German diary which I then kept, but which I do not intend to leave behind me, contains many a sad groan, in view of my shortcomings, and at the same time, many a grateful acknowledgment of the Divine long-suffering and forbearance with such an unprofitable vessel as I was.

January 10th Mr. Strale, a Swede, and a student in the Senior class, brought me the news from Boston, that the "Ladies' Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews" would defray my expenses for three months.

I immediately gave up working for Mr. Flint, and devoted myself entirely to study. Thus far I had carried on the study of Greek, and kept on reading Latin. Now I devoted my afternoons to the study of Hebrew.

Before I pass to the year 1827, I must observe that when I came to America, I found the land abounding with revivals. This was a perfect delight to me. These revivals continued through the entire five years I spent in the country. In April, 1827, I found revivals recorded as having taken place during the preceding six months, in ten States, in 197 cities and towns, in three places in the Canadas, and in six colleges, not reckoning Amherst College, where, about a year before, a revival had taken place. After my arrival I was often asked about the religious state of Europe, and the stories I could tell of our South Russia revival so interested the students and others, that I was requested to commit them to writing. This I did, and the article was copied into many newspapers. They seemed to think in America that there were no revivals anywhere except there. One of the most common impressions people received or cherished about me was, that I had come to the United States entirely benighted, and had found the Pearl of Great Price *there*, where alone it could be found.

I pursued my studies with German diligence. I studied Latin, Greek, and Hebrew at the same time, and generally sat some fourteen or sixteen hours a day over my books. When I began these studies, I thought I might get so far in Greek and Hebrew as to spell out texts in the original by the help of lexicon and com-

mentaries. But as soon as I had obtained some insight into the matter, I concluded to get the Greek and Hebrew thoroughly, and to add to the latter the other Semitic languages. Before going to classical Greek I read the whole Greek New Testament through, and committed the whole "lexicon" of that book to memory. My teacher in Greek was the present Rev. Professor Calvin Stowe, of Andover, who was then a student in the Middle class. In return I assisted him in the difficulties he encountered in the German. He was then engaged in translating theological works from that language into English.

I carried through the plan of study which I had laid out for myself after I became acquainted with the task to be accomplished, and the means within my reach. To be brief: aside from the study of Greek and Hebrew and general classical reading, I studied Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, Samaritan, Rabbinic, Persian, Turkish, and Spanish; and in order to be somewhat prepared for going to Africa, perhaps to Egypt, I extracted, and wrote out pretty fully the Ethiopic and Coptic grammars. For from three to four years I read much Arabic, Syriac, Chaldee, and Rabbinic. For some years I read the Syriac New Testament and Psalms, (of which I had procured copies,) in my private devotions, instead of the German or English. In Arabic I read a considerable part of the Koran, the Moollakat and Hamasa poems, not to speak of easier Arabic.

The Chaldee "Targums," or translations of the books of the Old Testament, Rabbinic commentaries, and, to some extent, the corrupt mediæval Chaldee of the

Book of John, occupied also a considerable part of my leisure hours. In Spanish, Turkish, and Persian I did not do much; in the latter two languages I studied fully the grammars, and read easy texts, so as to be able to enter into Oriental classes in Paris with advantage, if I should be sent to that city before proceeding to my mission.*

In order to keep my mind concentrated upon what it seemed to be my duty and privilege to acquire, I had resolved to abstain from all miscellaneous reading through the five years of my residence at Andover. I hardly looked at a newspaper; I never inquired into the condition of the world, or the course of events. I was entirely ignorant of the French Revolution of 1830, which dethroned Charles X. of France, and when I reached France, in December, 1831, it was complete news to me that Louis Philippe was on the throne.

But my constitution was severely tried by this unremitted application. In five years I had allowed myself only one or two vacations. During all the rest of the

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* Of course, I had no teacher in any of these languages or dialects (Hebrew and Greek excepted), but got them out of books. There was, however, a good supply of helps in the Andover library, and as I labored there for some time as assistant librarian, (for which I was paid,) I had the key, and spent many an afternoon in that place. I received and entered in the great catalogue about 10,000 volumes, which Professor Robinson had bought in Germany. My acquaintance with the various languages, enabling me to abridge properly the long and complicated title-pages of old works, was now turned to profitable account, and I made the acquaintance of many an author, and many a subject of research, in this way.

time I had kept on steadily in the above pursuits. My regular recreation consisted in going out for a few days to Lowell, or some other place blessed with the outpouring of the Divine Spirit, there to labor. From revival labors, such as I could perform, I returned with fresh zest to my professional studies.

Having referred to the American revivals which then swept over the land almost like a prairie-fire, I may as well dwell for a moment upon them. It was a year, I believe, before my arrival in America, that the revival commenced in Lowell, an entirely new manufacturing village without a minister or a meeting-house. The labors of faithful laymen recently settled there were blessed. Preaching was supplied by neighboring ministers and by students from Andover, as either could be obtained. When no supply could be procured, the lay brethren conducted the services, which were held in a large two-story school-house. In that school-house I made my first remarks in public, under very trying circumstances. Whether anybody understood a word of what I said, I am not sure. I went out one Saturday afternoon with a student of the Middle class, by the name of Sanford, an excellent brother, but very impulsive. He was to conduct the services if no regular minister should be found. On the way he spoke to me about taking some part. I told him that he knew my knowledge of the language was very imperfect, that I should not wish to do any harm, but that if he really thought that I could do any good, I was willing to try. When we arrived at Lowell, we found there the Rev. Mr. Ingraham, from Bradford, who preached, forenoon

and afternoon, powerful sermons, to crowded and solemn congregations. There was to be a meeting in the evening at the same place, and, feeling able to do it, Mr. Ingraham concluded to hold it himself. Mr. Sanford had repeated to me that if he was to hold the evening meeting, he would expect me to say a few words. But he was now excused. The house was so crowded—aisles, staircase, and all—that we, and as many more as could get in, were crowded into the pulpit. Mr. Ingraham delivered a most powerful address from Isaiah lxiii. I whispered to Mr. Sanford, "I think we will keep quiet this time," to which he nodded assent. But when Mr. Ingraham was done, he turned and said, "Mr. Sanford, will you add a few remarks?" Sanford sprang to his feet, and, bending over the pulpit, said, "There is surely no need to add anything to the solemn truths already presented, but there is a brother from Europe —from Russia—in the pulpit, and I doubt not the audience would be pleased to listen to some testimony from him," and then he sat down. I was thus obliged to rise and speak, without preparation, in a foreign tongue, to an unknown audience, in a blazing revival, and at the close of a most solemn address. But I did it! The greatness of the occasion lifted me above myself. I spoke briefly of the comparatively barren state of Europe; of the privileges enjoyed by all, converted and unconverted, amid the revivals of America, and rolled the responsibility of accepting the invitations of mercy upon the impenitent in the audience.

This was the first time I had ever spoken in public. The ice was broken. I have never shrunk since from

any call made on me in my public capacity, nor from the use of any language, though but half known to me. I shall ever remember Lowell with a peculiar and tender interest. I often went there, when tired and worn out with my studies, to get refreshed again in the revival air which I never failed to find there. The fact was, that as soon as I drew near Lowell, and when I saw the place afar off, I used to forget all my Hebrew vowel-points and accents, all my Syriac and Arabic, all my Rabbinic nonsense, and all my theological speculations; and as soon as I arrived, would plunge right into the realities of experimental religion and piety, and real life and labor, to save sinners.

CHAPTER V.

LAST DAYS AT ANDOVER—LIFE IN PARIS.

I HAVE been brief on the subject of my residence and my studies and labors in America, because the life of a student is naturally uniform. The time now drew near when I expected to leave America, without any hope of returning. My ideas of a missionary life were not much americanized. It seemed to me that the simplest way was for a missionary to go to his work, labor as long as he could, and when his time came, to lie down and die, and go to his rest. To travel across land and sea in search of health, would have appeared to me to be placing too high an estimate on one's own life.

I had resolved to become a missionary to the Jews. But though I differed very essentially from my former companion, Mr. Wolff, as to the manner of laboring among this people, still, considering their scattered condition, I expected to spend my life in traveling, and consequently had resolved to remain single, calculating on about ten years of life and labor. I therefore not only formed no acquaintance with any view to change my state, but I conscientiously improved every opportunity I had of making known my intention to go out single. Not that I was insensible to the many pious, intelligent, and devoted persons, some one of

whom might have been willing to share the trials of a missionary life with me; but my self-consecration to the missionary work was made, and it was intended and professed to be a *whole burnt-offering*, and therefore nothing of it remained to me for private use. However, when I mentioned my views to Mr. Anderson, he objected to my idea of constantly traveling, and intimated that I should have to settle somewhere. "Traveling," he said, "resulted in interesting incidents, and furnished matter for stirring letters, but was barren in mature results, and one soul saved was worth more than all the interesting letters in the world." This view seemed to me sound, especially as a permanent residence did not preclude traveling, and missionary tours, when they promised good results. I consented to follow the plan the Prudential Committee should approve in this respect. Not expecting to cross the ocean again after having reached my field of labor, I now naturally thought of going out married. When, however, I conversed with Mr. Anderson on the subject, he seemed rather to disrelish the idea. He inquired whether I had any engagement, or any person in view, and hearing that I had not, he remarked that I should have to travel about in the East for some two years, to select the best place for a settlement; that if I wished to marry, there was no objection, but that I should have to leave my wife in Malta, until I should settle permanently. To travel about the Orient at that time, with plague and war everywhere, leaving a young wife "mourning in secret places" in Malta, seemed to me unreasonable, if not unfair. I therefore

concluded to go alone, leaving the Lord to provide a companion for me should I survive, and if it was His will. How this was indeed accomplished a few years later, will appear as my narrative proceeds.

I do not remember how long it was before my departure from America, that I was invited to preach in Park Street Church, Boston, but it was certainly several months. Some of my friends had suggested my preaching there, while others in that church thought they would probably not understand the foreigner. However, they at last consented that I should try it. Park Street Church and congregation had had no settled pastor for some time, because the pretensions of some of the members were so high, and their tastes so fastidious, that no one was good enough for them. What gave *me* favor in their sight is a mystery to me to this day, for my English was certainly somewhat foreign to native ears, and my sermons were all very plain, written almost entirely for revival seasons, without anything like finish in composition or rhetoric. But so it was. From my first sermon, I was invited to preach there statedly during the remainder of my stay in America. Some of the members of that body, (not my personal friends,) even talked of giving me a *call*, but my pre-engagement as a missionary was in the way.

During my last year at Andover, where I was invited by the Faculty to stay as an "Abbot resident," I preached in the Seminary chapel the whole number of sermons required by the regulations of the Seminary in such a case. I was told by the Professors that I was the first licentiate who ever did it. All my predecessors had

contrived to get excused, more or less, from what they considered an unpleasant duty. To me it was a real pleasure, for I loved the students sincerely, as well as the children of the Professors; and as to the Professors themselves, I considered them reasonable Christian men, who would relish plain Gospel truths, in unpretending garb, much better than labored pulpit compositions. And in this I was not mistaken. In fact, they asked me to preach a farewell sermon, in addition to my appointed number, before leaving.

After an affectionate parting from all the families on the Andover hill, I left the institution, expecting to see it no more.

I was ordained a missionary to the Jews in Turkey, at Park Street Church, Boston, on the evening of the 14th of November, 1831. Prof. Stuart, of Andover, preached the sermon; Rev. Dr. Jenks delivered the charge; Rev. Wm. Adams (then of Brighton, now pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York, a classmate of mine in the Seminary), gave me the right hand of fellowship; the ordaining prayer was made, I believe, by Dr. Fay.

During my licentiate year at Andover, Mr. Robinson (now Prof. Robinson of the Union Theological Seminary, New York), returned from Europe, and entered upon his duties as Professor Extraordinary, taking the Hebrew department. The Junior class he had to instruct, had been prepared by me for entering upon the Junior year, for the Faculty had decided to raise the standard of Hebrew in the Seminary, and therefore they required what had to be abandoned afterward, a

thorough knowledge of Hebrew grammar, and no inconsiderable portion of Hebrew reading.

This class I was invited to instruct during the vacation before their first term. The class was large, but they were a body of young men of remarkable gifts, and I succeeded completely in their preparation. After Prof. Robinson had commenced his instruction, he was several times seized with very alarming attacks, which, indeed, seemed to threaten his life. I was, therefore, again invited to take charge of the Hebrew department. This gave me great satisfaction, not only in view of my enthusiastic love for the Hebrew language, but because I had become attached to these young brethren.

Meanwhile, I had also become better acquainted with Prof. Robinson and his German wife. He had, while in Europe, studied the Arabic language under the celebrated Sylvestre De Sacy, at Paris. When he heard to what extent I had carried on the study of the Arabic and other Semitic languages by myself, he advised the Prudential Committee, without my knowledge of the fact, to send me to Paris on my way to Turkey, saying that I was far better prepared to profit by the privileges there, than many others.

The Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, who had taken the first step in inviting me to enter into their service, (for I never thought of offering myself, strange to tell,) now offered me the opportunity of going to Paris for some months at least, to attend Arabic and Turkish lectures. With this I was, naturally, very much pleased,

and at once devoted myself to such preparation in these two languages as should enable me to take my place in the classes. Little did I think that before getting through those lectures in Paris, I should be the only student left in the department of those two languages!

Passing over in silence my parting from friends, and my departure from the United States, that land to which I had been so mysteriously led in the providence of God, and where I had been so tenderly cared for, and so richly blessed, an uneventful voyage to Havre by sailing packet, brought me to new scenes in the gay capital of France. Knowing nothing of, and caring nothing for, the ordinary attractions of the place, I first sought my schools and teachers.

I studied Arabic with the famous Sylvestre De Sacy. With him I also pursued my Persian. I read Turkish with Prof. Kieffer, the translator of the Bible into that language. The Turkish and Persian lectures were held in the "Bibliothèque du Roi," and the Arabic, in the "Institut de France pour les langues Orientales vivantes."

I felt it a burning shame that *such* Professors, lecturing *gratis*, should find so little encouragement. In the Persian lectures there were only two pupils besides myself, and they knew very little, and soon stayed away; and in the Turkish lectures I was also soon the sole attendant. In the Arabic lectures of De Sacy there were some half a dozen comers, only *one*, I believe, a Frenchman. I remember two Poles, one of whom was Kasimirsky, afterward the translator of the Koran into French.

When I arrived at Paris, I addressed myself to an American house, to which I was recommended, the name of one of the firm being John H. Stoddard, brother of the late missionary to Oroomiah, an excellent, pious young man. I also made the acquaintance of Dr. Gurdon Buck, then studying medicine there, and now practicing in New York, also a decidedly Christian man. And with these brethren and some others I enjoyed a prayer-meeting every Saturday evening. A meeting in French, every Thursday, was held in rotation among our brethren of that language, at the houses of Mr. Henri Lutteroh, Rev. Frederick Monod, and Rev. Mark Wilkes, which meeting I regularly attended, and which I prized very highly. There was no lack of edification in Paris. At that time the Americans worshiped in the chapel of the so-called "Oratoire," a French Protestant church in which the Rev. Frederick Monod and others preached. Mr. Mark Wilkes seemed to be in charge of the American service, and as he was in feeble health, and deeply engaged in other evangelical and Bible labors, he generally engaged me to preach for him.

The following extracts from Dr. Schauffler's journal, as found published in the *Missionary Herald* of 1834, are here inserted, to show the life this earnest student led in Paris, so different from the usual life of our students in European cities to-day:

"*March* 6, 1832.—Spent the forenoon reading the Koran. In the afternoon studied Persian. About four o'clock a young Moravian called to see me. He is on an exploring tour through the North of France, to see

whether a Moravian colony would find a favorable opening here, and is delighted with the good people in Paris. We had a pleasant and profitable conversation regarding the history, the present state, and the future prospects of the kingdom of Christ, in all their glory and unfailing certainty. As the good brother was on the point of leaving Paris, we could not part without committing one another to God in prayer. This short interview had joined our hearts.

"*March 7th.*—Between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, one of the pupils of the Protestant Missionary Institute came to invite me to a little prayer-meeting of pious young Swiss. Most of them have been converted in this wicked city.

"*March 8th.*—In the forenoon a lecture on the Koran, as usual. In the afternoon Mr. P. called again, and our conversation turned immediately to subjects of practical godliness. He has given up preaching, on account of his doubts. I endeavored to show that it was only in the path of duty and faithfulness he could expect to obtain that 'certainty' (Luke i. 4) after which he so much sighs.

"*March 9th.*—After lecture I walked with my only remaining fellow-student in Turkish, and, our conversation turning to serious things, I presented him some tracts which I had in my pocket. He received them gratefully. Afterwards I took a walk alone, bought an orange from a poor *Provençal*, and gave him some tracts, which he received with 'a thousand thanks.' 'I cannot read,' he said, 'but my wife can, and she shall read them to me to-night.'

"*March 19th.*—After lecture I went to the *Hôtel Dieu*, an immense hospital, opposite the Cathedral of Notre Dame, to see a sick German who had sent for me. I found he had a German Testament, and

some tracts, and was quite inclined to talk about death and eternity.

"The afternoon was spent in reading Arabic. In the evening I went to a French prayer-meeting in the Rue Vivienne.

"*March 24th.*—About noon I went to the Louvre, to visit the gallery of paintings, and the museum. This and some similar visits I thought might be made a lawful relaxation, when I should feel worn out by study. But, alas! it is a poor relaxation for a man half jaded out, to pass, in one fleeting afternoon, over some 1,200 or more paintings, and above 900 statues and bas-reliefs. If he has any taste for the beautiful, he may get bewildered and bewitched; but to be benefited and refreshed, he ought to have two or three of the best pieces in a room by themselves, and sit down to study them at his leisure.

"As I entered the gallery, I felt as though I had dropped from the clouds. A new world had burst upon me! Still my sensations were not unmingled, and while I was cheered by one piece, I was grieved by another; and, on the whole, went away with the impression that the fine arts are, after all, 'of the earth, earthy,' and partake but too much of the corruption of those men whose ideals of perfection they express."

About the 26th of March, 1832, in the midst of the most distracting carnival which even Parisians can devise, the cholera fell on Paris, and struck like lightning all over the city! Terror and dismay seized the people! The theatres were kept open, but *no one attended them*, while the special prayer-meetings held during the busy hours of the day, were filled to overflowing. Paris was pale, still, solemn!

My own health was wretched, broken down by the unremitting labors of my five years in America, and the past three months in Paris, and I little expected to get away from the city alive. My studies were finished. I spent about a fortnight writing letters, walking about and seeing some points of interest, and getting ready to leave.

The Sunday before I left we had a most solemn communion season at the American chapel. Mr. Wilkes being ill, I was invited to administer the ordinance. It was the first time I ever did so. The following morning quite a number of those present expected to leave Paris, as I did myself. Therefore, after the communion we took leave of each other, some going, some staying in the midst of death. We never expected to meet again in this world, nor did we.

Paris has often been described, and the best thing a Christian traveler can do on leaving it is to pray for its perishing inhabitants, who, with all their culture and courtesy, and their many admirable qualities, are so completely and sadly under the rule of rank materialism.

The next morning, which was the 9th of April, 1832, I threw myself into a diligence, and rolled away, day and night, toward Strasbourg. I had intended to make the journey on foot, but my weakness and the prevalence of the cholera induced me to take a method, not more comfortable indeed, but more expeditious. At Strasbourg I stopped a day or two, visiting some curiosities, and ascending the noted cathedral tower. Crossing the Rhine to Kehl, and finding no public conveyance

going my way, I hired a little carriage, and continued my journey toward my native city of Stuttgart.

Here I remained about three weeks, visiting my cousins, during which time I was taken quite ill, but soon recovered. I preached once in Kornthal, the famous independent village near Stuttgart. I visited Basle and its missionary institution, and ultimately associated myself with three missionaries from Basle, to perform the journey from Stuttgart to the confines of Russia.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM STUTTGART TO ODESSA—FROM ODESSA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE following extracts from Dr. Schauffler's journal during the trip from Stuttgart to Odessa, and during his visit in the latter city, are taken from the *Missionary Herald* for 1833:

"*May* 14, 1832.—We went on our way conversing, and now and then singing a verse or two, until, about noon, we reached Metzingen. This was a little out of our way, but as it is the focus of the missionary spirit in all the surrounding country, the brethren from Basle felt it to be their duty to visit the pious people here.

"The cause of the missionary celebrity of this very inconsiderable town lies, not in its being the residence of any rich or learned man, or high church functionary, nor the seat of any school of learning or divinity, but only in its being the home of a plain, pious, active schoolmaster, Volter by name. He received us with a warmth which made us at once feel at home. He informed us that he had given notice, in town and out of town, of our expected arrival, and that an extraordinary missionary meeting would be held in the evening. Mr. Volter himself has a regular weekly meeting for the purpose of communicating missionary intelligence to all who take an interest in the subject. The meeting is visited by many people from a distance, as well as by those in town. These people are remarkable for their activity and devotion to the cause, and the liberality of

their contributions, though they are all poor, reduced by wars, political changes, heavy taxation, etc.

"The evening came, and all the house was filled with people, even to the kitchen, entry, and stairs. Some came from a distance of eight miles, which is saying a good deal in a country where the villages are only half a mile or a mile apart, and where most of the people are obliged to walk. Each of us spoke in turn, and brother Volter closed with prayer. Then followed a general hand-shaking. A young man was present, who hopes to join some Moravian mission ere long, and who was awakened and converted by the letters of Pliny Fisk, a translation of which he saw in some German missionary publication. May he be like unto his spiritual father."

After traveling by carriage to the city of Ulm, the missionary party embarked on a Danube River boat for the voyage to Vienna.

"*May 19th.*—We set out on our river voyage about half-past four o'clock in the morning. After breakfast we read a chapter and a hymn, in the cabin (if I may call it so). Afterwards we read a sermon by Krummacher, one of the most popular, pious preachers in the Wupperthal. The uninterrupted noise and bustle made it impossible to have prayers.

"At noon we stopped at Donauworth. It is a neat little town, but looks very popish. The largest church has several niches on the outside, containing representations of New Testament scenes; for instance, Christ in Gethsemane, His three disciples sitting straight up, and fast asleep. Another group represents Christ in the sepulchre, the guards sitting about Him *fast asleep too!* The artist doubtless had a faint recollection of Matthew

xxviii. 13. Annas and Caiaphas could not have sketched a better plan of the holy sepulchre.

"All the day long I was much exercised with a question of duty, which I had not anticipated on taking the boat. The route through Germany had been recommended to me at Paris as the most desirable, but evidently on the supposition that I should take the Danube, at least as far as Vienna. The brethren from Basle intended to take that very course, and thus we joined, and engaged places together on the boat. But it never occurred to me, nor to either of the others, to inquire whether the boat would travel on the Sabbath, until to-day, when I asked about it, and found that it would. I was by no means compelled to keep my place on the boat, but to leave it would subject me to the expense of the stage trip from Neuburg to Vienna, which amounted to about twelve dollars. Examining my private purse, I found that I had that much on hand, and, of course, I would not hesitate to spend it, rather than travel unnecessarily on the Sabbath. Thus I concluded to remain over Sunday at Neuburg, and to keep 'a conscience void of offense,' without thereby causing any additional expense to the treasury of the Board.

"I thought sometimes that the circumstances of the case might be an apology for my proceeding, but it was not clear to me, and being hard pressed all day by Romans xiv. 23, 'And he that doubteth is damned if he eat, ... for whatsoever is not of faith is sin,' I decided to land. Brother Wolters was much tried with the same question, but being associated with the other two brethren, Hoernle and Gross, who were satisfied that it was their duty to proceed, he had to yield to the majority.

"*May 20th.*—The missionaries took leave about four o'clock in the morning. They are going to have divine

service on board to-day. May they be assisted from above! The crew, and the company in the boat need much faithful admonition. The stages going much faster than the boat, we shall probably arrive in Vienna at about the same time, though I shall have to wait for my stage till day after to-morrow.

"I had long wanted a day of retirement. Now I had secured it in a way quite unexpected. There being no Protestant worship in the town, I remained in my room. Enjoyed myself much in prayer for all my absent friends, whom I visited in spirit, going from place to place. I had but little freedom in petition for myself and my future work.

"*Vienna, May 27th.*—Arrived here early this morning, after two days and three nights of uninterrupted stage riding. In the forenoon I went to hear 'the best preacher in the Reformed Church,' as I was informed. It was a confirmation sermon, labored, beautiful in every respect, and gracefully delivered. I went away unfed, and emptier than I came, sighing for the poor people, and especially for the youth who were thus welcomed to the Lord's table. I am sure all the unconverted in the audience came away greatly pleased with themselves, the preacher, and all the world, and quite sure of heaven. I spent the rest of the day in my room.

"*May 30th.*—We left Vienna late this afternoon, continuing our journey in a sort of private stage, which we found to be a more economical, and almost as rapid a method of travel as that by the 'post-chaise.'

"*June 2d.*—The varying and picturesque scenery through which we have passed to-day, has kept us constantly on the lookout. But while one is delighted with the beauties that attract his attention, he must needs be tried with the numberless crucifixes, mater-dolorosas, St. Nepomucks, and other miserably wrought monu-

ments of superstition, which beset the way on every side. Here all is form, sense, externals. Poor Moravia, 'thou that killedst the prophets and stonedst them that were sent unto thee,' Egyptian night has settled upon thy hills, the shadow of death fills thy valleys! Thou didst reject the Saviour of the world in His word, and didst persecute Him in His members; now thou must kneel before the senseless block, carved by an unskilful hand into the semblance of anything but Him who was 'the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely.'

"We had agreed before setting out, on keeping the Sabbath on the road. Accordingly we stopped here for this purpose.

"*June 6th.*—All day yesterday and to-day we passed along the northern border of the mighty Carpathian mountains. In the afternoon we passed from Austrian Silesia into Galicia. Spent the night in a miserable place called Kentz. The appearance of the people becomes more and more dirty and wretched.

"*June 11th.*—'Lead us not into temptation,' is an important part of the Lord's prayer. Saturday evening we reached Syndicow. Our tavern was not bad for Galicia. I expected the Sabbath to be spent there, according to our agreement. It was, moreover, Pentecost. My feelings with reference to the Sabbath were known to the brethren. The depth of my convictions was sufficiently expressed by my conduct at Neuburg, and at Vienna our agreement was to stop on the Sabbath. One Lord's day we had kept. But this time my companions were overcome by their desire to get along, and they proposed to stop during the forenoon, hold our social service, and, if I was willing, to continue our journey after dinner.

"I replied, that they could stop as long as they pleased,

and proceed when they pleased, and that I should claim the same privilege. Lemberg being near, I could easily overtake them there on foot, if our carriage did not travel faster than usual. But they declared, on the other hand, that if I would not go with them, they would not proceed. The question, as a question of conscience, was, therefore, simply this: whether I was to subject them to the additional expense of staying, or yield up my conviction to theirs. At last, when I saw them resolved not to go without me, I yielded, though trembling and uncertain, with Romans xiv. 23 lying hard and heavy upon me.

"After dinner we set out. My dinner had tasted like straw. On the road I was much cast down. The brethren sang some hymns, but I durst not join them. 'Obedience is better than sacrifice,' rang in my ears. The agitation of my mind and the burning heat of the day occasioned me a severe headache. About eight o'clock we arrived at Landshut. Our night-quarters were a large empty room; no beds, and very cold. I lay down on a pile of straw, all dressed, having my traveling-pillow under my head, and my cloak for covering. I begged the brethren not to omit their evening prayers on my account. Brother Wolters prayed very sweetly, and when he begged for the pardon of our sins, I began to feel comfortable in mind once more. I was kept awake a great part of the night by my headache and my bed of straw, but I meditated pleasantly on the passage, 'I will arise and go to my Father,' etc.

"*June 13th.*—About noon we reached Lemberg. Unhappily for us, 'the contracts' were just there. This is a kind of fair on a large scale, where merchants and proprietors of estates meet to conclude their bargains. All the city was full of people, noise, and bustle. Such a season lasts from two to four weeks. No room was

vacant at any public house. At last we found a miserable room in a private house, without beds or any convenience. We could not even obtain fresh straw to sleep on. Two narrow bedsteads were given us, scantily covered with old straw, and a sofa. The fourth member of our party tried to make a bed out of three wooden chairs, but spent most of the night on his feet. We hastened to leave. Being obliged to change conveyances, we hired a Jew with a *butka*, a large, long wagon, half covered with sackcloth, and without springs, to convey us on our journey.

"*June* 17*th*, *Sabbath*.—This time we concluded to stop, the brethren themselves feeling the need of rest. In the forenoon we had our usual Sabbath service, during which we had to lock our door. No sooner was it opened than our room was crowded with Jews—merchants who wished to sell goods, drivers who wished to carry us, etc. We often had to turn them out by force, as no refusal, however positive, would move them to retire.

"*June* 18*th*.—About noon we passed the line between Germany and Russia, at the very point where I had passed it as a child, in 1804. We had, as I expected, endless trouble at the custom-house, and with our passports. A few innocent books which were in my trunk, were taken from me to be sent to Odessa, and there submitted to the censors of the press. Mr. Hoernle lost his beautiful homœopathic medicine-chest, which they refused to let pass, under any conditions. One of the custom-house officers afterwards came to us, offering to get the chest through after night, for a moderate sum, but Hoernle and Wolters refused to avail themselves of such an offer.

"*Odessa*, *June* 24*th*.—At the Russian frontier I parted with my brethren from Basle, they taking the post-route to Kiew. May the blessing of God go with them!

"Five days of hard travel still lay between me and my destination. This was accomplished partly by what is known as the Jewish post-route, and partly in an open wagon with a Russian driver. Rose at three o'clock this morning to complete my journey. By sunrise Odessa and the Black Sea were in view. What emotions arose within me as I thus returned to the home of my youth, after an absence of six years—and such eventful years to me! Some of those whom I left here, are now in heaven. Others remain,—my dear mother, my brother and sisters, and many other Christian friends. About seven o'clock I reached my brother's house, taking them by surprise, as they did not expect me for a week yet. After breakfast we went to church, it being the Sabbath, to hear my brother-in-law, Mr. Fletnitzer, preach.

"*July 1st, Sabbath.*—Preached in the Lutheran church, to a very large congregation. There were people present from some of the villages about Odessa, who came to town for this express purpose. I preached from the appointed portion of Scripture—Luke xiv. 16–24. Mr. Granbaum and my sister were present, too, and after service, we took dinner with Mr. Fletnitzer. In the afternoon there was a religious meeting in the house of my brother. This meeting had been broken up by some difficulties between its members. Last Sabbath it was just a year since they last met together.

"From that time they met in two separate places. As I had been a member of this meeting ever since its establishment in 1820, those who used to visit it, took a lively interest in my arrival, and concluded to unite again on this occasion, and to keep together hereafter. This was their first united meeting. Many remained long after the meeting was through, to converse together after so long a time of alienation from each

other. May this be the beginning of a good season to this 'little flock'!

"*July 2d.*—It was the united desire of all my Christian friends that I should visit Sarata. Both the minister and the people had requested it long since, offering to pay the expenses of the journey, and to have lodgings ready for myself, and all those whom I might bring with me. This request is readily accounted for by my intimate acquaintance with the pious people of Sarata. I started, therefore, to-day, with my brother-in-law, and other relations and friends. We stopped at Freudenthal, and spent the night there.

"*July 4th.*—Early in the morning we set out for Sarata — myself, my brother and his wife, and another Christian family. Our ride was delightful indeed. Along the road our attention was frequently attracted by hills, evidently artificial. The present inhabitants say, that they are the tombs of the ancient chiefs of this country, and that they were formed by their subjects, each bringing a cart-load of earth to heap upon the grave of the deceased. Some of them are low and small; others have a height of thirty or forty feet. These plain Moldavian pyramids of turf answer their purpose very well, while, at the same time, they are very welcome guides to the traveler, when the roads cease, or when they are covered with snow and ice. Our road being a solitary one, and our driver a pious German, and an old acquaintance of us all, there was nothing to hinder us from talking upon the great subject most dear to our hearts. About eight o'clock we arrived at Sarata, and were received with great joy.

"*July 6th.*—To-day being the holiday of John the Baptist, the people were desirous to have public worship. I preached, forenoon and afternoon, to crowded assemblies. In the evening I had one meeting more, in

which I gave them an account of the state of religion in America, in France, Würtemberg, Bavaria, and Austria. The day was blessed, I hope. I preached with profit to myself, and with more than common enlargement and comfort. As I had promised to preach either at Freudenthal or at Odessa next Sabbath, we appointed to-morrow morning as the time of starting.

"*July 7th.*—We rose early to set out. The people came to prevent our going ; but, as circumstances were, necessity was laid upon me. I was obliged to refuse to remain any longer. At last one of the deacons said : 'Permit me, sir, to ring the bell' (it was five o'clock in the morning) ; 'we will have the people together presently. Give them one sermon more, and then depart in peace.' But our journey was too long, and our horse not strong enough, to permit any further delay. Moreover, my lungs were so much affected by the exercise of yesterday, that I could hardly speak without pain.

"We set out, accompanied by a number of good people ; here and there men and women ran up, as we walked through the village, to shake hands with me, and to express their grateful feelings for our visit, each wanting to make an engagement with us, that we should keep praying for each other as long as we should live. It was touching, indeed. At some distance from the village we got into our carriage, after receiving a thousand good wishes from our brethren, and in the evening we arrived at Freudenthal, by the same road that we had traveled in coming.

"*July 8th.*—Preached at Freudenthal in the forenoon, from the appointed passage, Luke xv. 1–10. These people are remarkable for their hardness of heart. I felt it sensibly; I was oppressed and labored hard, but in vain, to get some clear Gospel view of my passage, which certainly is one of the most precious ones in the New Testa-

ment. I was full of rebuke, and of the thunders of the law. The house was full, and many, as was the case in Sarata, stood before the windows. Some Christian friends from Odessa were present too. In the afternoon I preached in the other village, Petersthal. Several of the people from Freudenthal, and those from Odessa, rode or walked over, the weather being pleasant. I feared to meet with the same difficulty as at Freudenthal, and was not a little surprised to experience a special enlargement in prayer, and much courage and desire to preach, although I was almost entirely unprepared.

"I was delighted to hear afterwards, that there was 'salt' in this place, and that the Lord has a little flock here. This explained my change of feeling at once.

"*July 9th.*—In the morning we returned to Odessa. I made a sketch or plan of a Sabbath-school for the Protestant church here. I was requested to do this, as no true Sabbath-school has ever existed here, or in the country about here.

"*July 23d.*—Finished the vexatious business of my passport. In the evening a large number of pious people assembled at my brother's house. This was intended to be a farewell meeting, and here we celebrated a love-feast, according to the usage of the Moravian Church.

"*July 24th.*—About half-past seven P.M. I went on board the *Nereid*, Captain Simms. A large number of friends accompanied me to the water.

"*July 26th.*—About five o'clock in the morning we set sail, with fine weather and fair wind. For the second time I had to bid farewell to the place of my spiritual birth, where so many of my Christian friends live, who partook with me of the same joys and reproaches which signalized the first days of my Christian life. I left them with less cheerfulness this time, than in 1826.

Perhaps it may be because I am to see them no more here below. The city vanished rapidly out of sight, as we turned around the tongue of land which separates the harbor from the sea. May God dwell in the midst of thee, thou little, despised flock of Christ, and may His love ever abundantly compensate thee for the hatred of this world!

"*July* 30*th.*—In the afternoon we discovered land, and having a fair wind, we made toward it. In searching for the entrance to the Bosporus, I could discover nothing before us which looked like it; but in the west I noticed a chain of mountains running into the land, and another chain still farther west, running parallel with the former, and projecting farther into the sea. I supposed that the Bosporus must needs run down between these two chains of mountains, to account for their relative position, etc. But as this would have proved both the captain's and the mate's reckonings to be faulty by about ten miles, my suggestion was rejected, and captain and mate saw the Bosporus and light-houses before them so clearly, that the captain even went down into the cabin to sleep, leaving it to the mate to steer up towards their Bosporus. As we drew nearer to the shore, the mate grew doubtful; at last he called the captain, and behold, we were close up to the land, but no channel was before us. It was a mere, rough bay. It was not without difficulty that we kept clear of the coast. In the afternoon the wind died away. In the night we had the most perfect calm; the current carried us to land, and the vessel would head to the shore with the most unconquerable obstinacy, until we saw the very candles burning in the huts of the inhabitants of Bithynia. Our captain was half mad. At last we caught a very slight breeze from the east, and thus were able at least to keep the vessel from heading to the land.

"*July* 31*st.*—In the morning, no wind. Between nine and ten o'clock a terrible storm was hurled over the mountains from the interior. Three waterspouts developed themselves in quick succession, from the heavy clouds, and that at no great distance from us. We were all considerably alarmed. We had enough wind, however, to steer away from this terrible scene, while the second spout raged with great fury. It was surprising to me that while we had wind favorable to move west, the storm was carried away in an easterly direction, and at last turned back into the country. In the meantime, we were overtaken by another storm from the north, which raged terribly. About eleven o'clock the gale and rain subsided a little, the horizon became somewhat clearer, and our captain now discovered the Bosporus, and it was the very spot I had pointed out to the mate yesterday. The appearance of the sky over the country was threatening, but we still endeavored to steer for it. After dinner we caught a tolerable breeze, which grew stronger as we approached the strait, and the weather became finer, and more comfortable. About four o'clock we entered the Bosporus, and soon after seven we cast our anchor in the port of Constantinople."

CHAPTER VII.

VISIT TO SMYRNA — MARRIAGE — TOUR THROUGH ROUMELIA.

WHEN I arrived at Constantinople, the Goodell family were living at Buyukderé, a village on the Bosporus, about twelve miles north of the city, to which suburb they had removed in consequence of the Pera fire, in 1831, in which they lost everything. The Dwight family lived in Ortakeuy, about three miles north of the city. They had arrived but a couple of months before me, and had taken a large house at Ortakeuy, where both the missionary families and myself were accommodated for the space of a year.

Our situation was depressing enough, though we were not sad. That dread disease, the Asiatic plague, was raging in the whole of the large city, and nowhere worse than in the village of Ortakeuy, where we were living. Around us on every side cases of death by the plague had occurred. Intercourse with the people was difficult and perilous to a high degree. My work among the Jews seemed to be hopeless. The Jews at Ortakeuy seemed to be most hardened in heart, and are so to this day. None came near me. I spent my time in reading Turkish, Hebrew, and Spanish books. I employed a Jewish convert as a helper, but he proved useless. Thus the fall and winter passed, and the

spring came. I felt that I needed to learn how to go to work. Joseph Wolff's method was manifestly not such as I could adopt. But there was a prosperous Jewish mission at Smyrna, under the care of a resident missionary, who, it appeared, was receiving inquirers, and holding meetings for Jews, at his house. He also had, connected with his mission, a dispensary for the poor Jews, with a Jewish convert as a physician, and occasionally baptized converts from Judaism. This missionary was the Rev. Mr. Lewis.

At the same time, another item of business drew me to Smyrna.

The American Board had determined to remove their printing-office from Malta to the latter place. The Rev. Daniel Temple and Mr. Homan Hallock, the printer, were therefore engaged in effecting this removal, while the Constantinople station was instructed to prepare accommodations for the missionary and the office, at Smyrna.

Charged with this duty I left Constantinople in an American sailing vessel, and had a pleasant run to Smyrna, arriving there about the beginning of July.

I saw much of the work of Mr. Lewis among the Jews. I was not favorably impressed with the spirit of the whole mission, though the measures seemed to be appropriate, and Mr. Lewis's devotion to the work was praiseworthy.

The American missionaries at this station were the Rev. Josiah Brewer and wife, and Miss Mary Reynolds. Mr. Brewer had formerly been in the service of the American Board, but latterly he and his wife and Miss

Reynolds were employed by a little private society in New Haven, Conn., to commence female education among the Greeks. The recent Greek revolution having left Greece in too unsettled a condition to render it a safe place of residence, they had come on to Smyrna, and were carrying on a successful work at this place. Among the promising features of this work was a large school, conducted by Miss Reynolds. Mr. Brewer received me hospitably, and gave me a room on the terrace. Miss Reynolds was absent over Sunday at the neighboring village of Boujah, and returned to duty in her school on Monday.

In speaking of the condition of affairs in the Orient, and the prospect that lay before me on first leaving America for missionary ground, I have already given the reasons that seemed to make it wise that I should remain unmarried. These conditions were now, to a considerable degree, altered, inasmuch as I was settled at Constantinople. But I had never given myself any anxiety on this subject, not doubting that the Lord would provide a good wife for me, if it was His will that I should change my state.

It was but natural that I should now ask myself the question, whether Miss Reynolds was not intended to be the partner of my life. I was much pleased with her religious character, her devotion to the missionary work, the evident sobriety and balance of her mind, and her principles. Had I then known the trials she had undergone in the connection in which she then was, and the manner in which she had borne them, it would have raised her much higher yet in my estimation. But

there was a difficulty with regard to my offering her my hand. She was engaged in very useful missionary work, and I could offer her no sphere of usefulness to compare with it, and to sacrifice her good work to my private comfort, was infinitely removed from my wishes. Fearing that she might perceive the genuine interest I took in her, and remain in doubt as to my actual position, and wishing to be entirely honest with her, I took an opportunity of speaking of the importance of her work, and expressed my regret that Constantinople offered no such opening for doing good. I believe she understood my meaning, and appreciated my motive. Those were rather heroic missionary times generally, and devotion to that work was something sweeping. The highway to America by steam was not so much as thought of then, and everything connected with the missionary work had somewhat the character of martyrdom. Both she and I were prepared long before to live out a solitary missionary life, which was expected to be short at best.

An unexpected event soon called me home. The barracks, then standing on the eminence behind the present Dolma Baghtche Palace, were under the care of a Pasha, fond of instruction and progress. Having visited some Lancasterian schools established among the Greeks by Mr. Goodell, the Pasha desired the missionaries to organize a similar school in the barracks, for his soldiers, many of whom were quite young. I was called back to Constantinople, to assist in the preparation of materials for this school.

I found on my return, that the brethren at Constanti-

nople expected to be informed of an engagement between Miss Reynolds and myself, and were much disappointed, when they heard that this had not taken place. A room having been reserved for me at Mr. Dwight's, I moved into it, and immediately returned to my study of Turkish, and to the work of systematizing for my future use, the Sefardee, or Hebrew-Spanish language of the Constantinople Jews. It became obvious, however, that as a boarder in another mission family, and one laboring among the Armenians, I could not labor among the Jews, receiving them at my room; for such calls would have subjected the family to much inconvenience, and to no small additional danger of contagion during the plague seasons. On the other hand, it was simply impossible for me to keep house alone, without an extra allowance to meet the expenses of a household managed by a couple of servants. I did not know what to do, indeed, but still it gave me no concern, and leaving all to Divine Providence to manage for me, I kept quietly on my accustomed course. However, soon after my return here, our Smyrna correspondence brought the intelligence that the girls' schools in that place were to be transferred to the care of an English Missionary Society, and that, consequently, Miss Reynolds would probably return to the United States.

This being the case, my conscience was clear. I wrote her a letter on the 15th or 19th of November, 1833, offering her my hand, and a share in my unpromising missionary work, and my expected abundant trials and perils. In order to be quite sure that *my own will*

was not to be followed, I let the letter lie over one or two posts, the mails at that time being carried across Asia Minor by a mounted Tartar. When the day for its departure came, I shut myself up for the day, for fasting and prayer, and commended the subject to the Lord, praying that if the step I had taken was not in accordance with His will, the letter might drop out of the mail-bag by the way, which, considering Turkish management at that time, could have been done, even without any particular providence. But the letter was conveyed safely to its destination.

What was the immediate effect of my offer upon her mind, I must leave her to say. But I must, before going on, confess to an offense, about which she has often twitted me, lest she should think on seeing this, that I wished to hide my failing from posterity. The thing sufficiently illustrates the abstraction of my mind at that time. Any other man, having made an offer of his hand to a lady by letter, would have calculated when he could expect an answer, and would have been sure to look for it with interest. But this was not what I did. I neither inquired nor calculated when the returning Tartar from Smyrna might be due, but went on with my studies as before. And then it happened that the Tartar returned, and went again, without my being aware of it. The reply of Miss Reynolds had arrived, addressed to the care of Mr. Dwight, and he, having in his hands a number of American letters, which I had received, and had given to him to read, returned them to me, with Miss Reynolds's letter in the loose package, saying nothing of the important addi-

tion he had made to the correspondence. I, not being aware of the arrival of the Tartar, and thinking these letters simply the old ones, threw them into my desk unexamined. And thus the Tartar again departed for Smyrna. Not until it was too late did Mr. Dwight ask me at breakfast what the news was from Smyrna. I replied, I had none. "Did I not hand you a letter from Smyrna the other day?" he said. Instantly the truth flashed on my mind. "Did you? I did not notice that there was such a letter in the package."

I need not add that I waited with considerable resignation for the close of the breakfast, and then immediately went to my room, and opened my desk. The letter, dated November 30th, which is still in existence, contained a virtual consent, with some unimportant difficulties, in the clearing away of which I confidently expected entire success. But, alas! the Tartar was hopelessly gone, and I had to wait for the next. I think they used to go once in ten days. The next mail did not go without a letter from me, and from that time I failed no more, till Miss Reynolds left Smyrna to come to Constantinople. She arrived here early in February, together with two young missionary families, Schneider and Johnston.

Under ordinary circumstances I should, of course, have gone to Smyrna, and have been married there. But there were peculiar difficulties in the way, which, fortunately, met with a solution, by the arrival of the two young missionary families who were to come to Constantinople. Miss Reynolds could, with all propriety, join their party, and come up here to be married.

But I had to pass through no small trial of anxiety before she reached me. It was now early in February, 1834. The winter was severe. At that time steamers were not one of our few privileges. A little English cutter, the *Spitfire*, used to run between Smyrna and Constantinople, and was famous for the regularity of her arrival, which was generally after a trip of six or seven days. For, being a small craft, she could get over the sand-banks below the Dardanelles, with a north wind, when other vessels were weather bound for a month or more. On her previous trip she had such terrible weather, that she lost the captain overboard; and the mate was only saved by catching a rope when washed overboard, and being hauled in again. It was naturally hoped that this trip the weather might be more favorable, but her appointed, or expected day of arrival came, and she did not make her appearance. Telegraphs were not thought of then; there were none of any kind in Turkey. I naturally felt very anxious. One day, I was standing in Mr. Dwight's study, looking down intently into the sea of Marmora, which was lying before me, when he jokingly said, "Well, look down, look down, it will bring her all the sooner, won't it?" I was indignant, and turned upon him abruptly, saying, "What will come? Where is your boasted *Spitfire* now, after so many days, when you say she can get through the Dardanelles with any wind?" At that moment my Italian servant, Pietro, dashed into the room and exclaimed, "Signor, il *Spitfire* e arrivato!" I dropped my quarrel with Dwight, ran down to the harbor, took a boat, and rowed out. The missionary

families were on deck; I saluted them, and went down into the little cabin to bid Miss Reynolds welcome to Constantinople, and to her trials and labors here, which were not few in those days.

After landing, I went with her to the Goodells, where she and the Schneiders took up their abode. No delay was made in the preparations for our wedding, which was, indeed, so small an affair, that it might as well have come off the next day. Mrs. Goodell thought I ought to have a new dress-coat and hat for the occasion. I thought the coat I had would answer, and concluded to save the money of the Board; events proved that my judgment was sound. The 26th of February was fixed for the wedding, and so far as I was concerned, no grass grew on the road between the two missionary houses; though I felt not a little awkward, to ply so diligently between the two points, and to knock so often at the Goodells' door. But I thought Miss Reynolds would feel it cold in me to stay away a day; she had deserved well of me by coming up to Constantinople as she did, and I was going to fulfil all righteousness.

I was desirous to have the wedding at the Goodells'. I feared having it at the house of Commodore Porter, our Ambassador, though he had kindly offered us his hospitality, because he was a social man, and I was afraid he would invite company, and make a jollification of it. But he would not consent to have it anywhere else. "No, no," he replied to Mr. Goodell, "Mr. Schauffler must be married under the American flag. You tell him he shall have his own way at my house; I will

invite no guests; and you may sing and pray as much as you like." This was so kind, and peremptory too, that I had to yield, and our wedding was celebrated there. And here I ought, perhaps, to confess to another eccentricity, of which I was guilty. I was then giving lessons in Hebrew to Mr. P., to make him a more efficient assistant of Mr. Goodell, in translating the Old Testament into Armeno-Turkish. On coming to Mr. Goodell's, to take Miss Reynolds up to Commodore Porter's, to be married, I found that she was dressing. That lasting rather long, I regretted losing the time, and went up-stairs to the upper story, where Mr. P. was, and there I sat down with him, and gave him another Hebrew lesson. Meanwhile the bride's toilet was completed, and they were searching the house for the groom. We were just running down the verbal paradigms, when I was called away, to join the party in which I was so much interested. The ladies thought it very odd indeed.

The wedding party consisted of the missionary families of Goodell, Dwight, Perkins, Schneider, and Johnston, Commodore Porter and his family, and a couple of English friends. We were married by Mr. Goodell; we then had a cup of tea and some cake; we had prayers, and sang several times. We conversed as on any common occasion, and then went home. The celebration was now finished, you think! No, for at Mr. Dwight's, we all gathered in his study, where there was a stove, one of half a dozen in the city, and there we ate roast potatoes and butter. This was a choice treat, not enjoyed then by any other circle of privileged people

in Constantinople, and the credit of which I could take to myself, for when I went to Constantinople, the missionaries had neither potatoes nor butter. I, therefore, wrote to my friends at Odessa, and they sent us both articles, by sailing vessels, and at a very cheap rate. And so rare was the sight of a plate of potatoes on the table, (for they were absolutely unknown to the natives, and not to be found in the market,) that I did not hesitate to send a few of them to our Ambassador, who, in his note of thanks, assured me that he had counted the potatoes in the sack, and that every one should appear upon his table. After this choice dish, and the cheerful conversation accompanying it, we adjourned.

We immediately procured the most necessary articles of furniture, of the greatest possible simplicity, hired a small house in the neighborhood, and, joined by the Schneiders, moved into it.

We were hardly settled, when, according to an arrangement previously made, Mr. Dwight and myself started on a tour through Roumelia. We sailed for Salonica in an Italian vessel, and then made a tour, crossing the plain of ancient Philippi (the last specimens of whose marble palaces we saw being used for grave-stones), visiting Cavallo, the ancient Neapolis, Adrianople, and Rodosto. A brief extract from my journal may be found in the *Missionary Herald* for 1835. As none but the common interest of a tour through the interior of European Turkey at that period, is connected with this trip, I will not stop to detail its events.

About this time an interesting piece of evangelistic work was thrown in our way, in connection with the visit of the American frigate, the *United States*, at Constantinople. She lay in port for some weeks, during which time Messrs. Dwight and Goodell preached on board on Sundays, and I held some evening meetings. About eight sailors were hopefully converted. When Mr. Stewart, the chaplain of the frigate, returned to his charge, he expressed his surprise and satisfaction at the marked religious change among the crew. The eldest daughter of Commodore Patterson was subsequently converted, and after her death, a little tract was printed on the subject, by the American Tract Society.

The occupants of the vessel had occasion, soon after leaving here, to appreciate the value of a hope in Christ. While in the Archipelago, they met with the most frightful tornado that ever swept the Mediterranean Sea. According to the statement of the captain, it was a blast like the famous East India gales, only with this difference, that the latter last six hours, while this lasted thirty-six. Though there were two good pilots on board, they soon lost their bearings, and were in utter ignorance as to their whereabouts. They rushed through the sea blindfold, expecting every moment to strike. The ladies were overwhelmed with the terror of the scene, and the imminent danger of a watery grave. One lieutenant loaded his pistol, and declared that the moment the ship struck he would blow his brains out. The stoutest sailor trembled. At one time they saw a French man-of-war in the breakers, and heard the sad

booming of her guns of distress. They could not help her; what became of her we never knew.

But an invisible pilot seemed to be provided for our American frigate, for, in the midst of the unabated gale, they rushed blindfold through the narrow channel into the harbor of Milo, the quietest and most comfortable in the Mediterranean, and came to anchor, astonished at their wonderful deliverance. Themselves safe, they began to think about another American man-of-war, which they feared might be within the sweep of the gale. And so she was! But, an hour after the *United States* had come to anchor, the other ship rushed in, just as she had done, and came to anchor alongside of her.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SUMMER IN SAN STEFANO—BEGINNING OF ACTIVE WORK—GOING TO ODESSA.

ON my return from the journey through Roumelia, which lasted just four weeks, I was pained to find that a most alarming change had occurred in the health of my wife. Rev. Justin Perkins and his wife being about to sail for Trebizond, on their way to Persia, and the vessel on which they were to embark being anchored near the Black Sea, Mrs. Schauffler and Mr. Goodell had accompanied them in a cayique, or native row-boat, the entire length of the Bosporus (some fifteen miles), to the vessel. The sharp north wind from the Black Sea brought on a severe cold, which settled on her lungs in a most obstinate and alarming way. No remedies seemed to do any good. She was extraordinarily reduced in strength, considering how short a time she had been sick, and seemed on the verge of consumption. Truly this was a trying experience to me, and a sad return from my first missionary tour!

Commodore Porter, who had recently bought a house in the village of San Stefano, a suburb of Constantinople, on the shores of the sea of Marmora, sent us an invitation, in which his sister, Mrs. Brown, joined, to spend the summer with them. It was like a message

from heaven. We carried the patient down in a chair, put her into a large boat, rowed down to San Stefano, and carried her up into the house, where we were received most kindly.

We spent a summer under that hospitable roof, never to be forgotten. And there, without any remedy or doctoring, with the house thoroughly aired, the windows always open, according to the Commodore's orders, who governed his house as he used to govern his ships, Mrs. Schauffler gradually recovered.

Coming to the year 1835, I must turn another leaf of my missionary labors, which thus far had consisted almost entirely of preparation. There were at that time very few Germans at Constantinople, and they were all thoroughly weaned from all religious observances. In 1832 I had preached twice in a family, where the three ladies were Germans, but the existence of the plague not only prevented outsiders from coming, but also rendered the family averse to receiving any comers; thus the services ceased. But in 1834 I was accosted by some of the Germans, and requested to administer to them, from time to time, the communion. This request they made, thinking that by this means they would get their old score of sins cleared away, and become somewhat prepared for death, for the fear of the plague was upon them. The year before, a couple of renegade Protestant clergymen from Wallachia had, for a consideration, administered the communion to them; but I naturally refused to have anything to do with such pseudo-ministerial labors. I told them I would hold divine services for them, and on becom-

ing mutually acquainted in the fellowship of Gospel services, we might talk on the subject again.

The mission had hired a large building at Pera, to open a school of a higher order for Armenian youth; and in the garden of the house occupied by Mr. Goodell, there was a small building used for a Greek school; there I began my German services with about twenty hearers, and they were indeed about all the Protestant Germans in the city. During the summer of 1835 our little congregation of twenty was blessed. Four or five of them, I could hope, had passed from death unto life, and we immediately began a meeting for Bible study and prayer, on Sunday afternoon, which was followed by a meeting on a week-day evening. Our fellowship was sweet in the midst of death. This year was distinguished by another circumstance, viz., the baptism of the first of the Jews I ever had the privilege of baptizing. I had known and talked with him in Odessa when I was a young convert, and had known him as an anxious inquirer, about 1820 or 1821, but had since lost sight of him. He was once wealthy, but had lost all, being too honest, as the world says. Hearing that I was here, he immediately left Odessa, sought me out, and asked for the privilege of Christian baptism. I baptized him December 25th, 1835, at the service of Christmas Day. He was afterwards very faithful and useful to us in our trials, and I shall refer to him again.

But I must go back. and record the birth of our first child, on the 12th of May, 1835. For there, indeed, beginneth the second lesson of our family affliction,

and a severe one it was. At the first all seemed well, but under bad management the mother was brought to the borders of the grave. After many days of suffering, an operation was undertaken for her relief, which so prostrated her that she appeared to be dying. The doctor, the Goodells, and Mrs. Brown were notified, and soon they were present. Outside the room, the physician told Mrs. G., that the patient would die, that it was all over, but that to please me he would do something, though it was entirely useless. She thought herself she was dying; and as we rubbed her, and administered a few drops of ether to raise her from sinking into the arms of death, she begged me to *let her go*. I told her, "Yes, if the Lord has so decided, it is well; but if I can keep you, I must. Eternity will not be shorter, if you stay with me, and then we shall go a little nearer together." Towards morning she recovered a little vitality. But her weakness was extreme, and night after night we had to repeat the friction treatment and the application of ether. In all this we had good help in the sick-room. Brother Merrick was all kindness and sympathy, and indefatigable day and night. Mrs. D., a quiet, orderly, pious woman, came at once to our help, and never did I see a nurse in a sick-room who did more and better work. In the meantime our poor child was turned over to the tender mercies of a wicked Greek nurse. She neglected him in every way, and when I protested against her sitting in the open doorway with the little one in her arms, she laid down the child, took her things, and went off; our situation seemed almost desperate. Any new nurse might drag

the plague into our house, though at that time it was not very prevalent. But the Lord was kinder to us than our fears. Two nurses offered themselves to us that day, and I took the first who came, though she was much the poorer-looking of the two, and just from the Greek Islands; she was a Catholic. Never could we have found a more quiet, orderly, and affectionate person, to take the place of a mother to our almost orphan child. Her husband was a sailor, and lived in Constantinople, but though he sometimes called to see her, these two people never gave us any trouble. Popery had, indeed, improved their characters; and it cannot be denied that, so far as moral character and intelligence are concerned, the Greeks are very perceptibly below the Catholics, and their transition to Popery is a matter not to be regretted, whenever it takes place. Our child was baptized by Mr. Dwight, and we called him for his maternal grandfather and for myself *William Samuel.*

The winter of 1835–36 passed on in the usual way. After our return to the city from San Stefano, where we had spent some weeks, our English services were resumed, and I took my turn in them, and my German services, growing in attendance as the German population grew, naturally devolved upon me alone. The spring of 1836 came. Here there was nothing to do among the Jews, partly because of the ravages of the plague, which rendered intercourse with the people so difficult and perilous, and partly because the chief Rabbi had strictly charged all Jews, on pain of imprisonment and bastinado, not to visit Pera without a passport. I had

begun to work on a Hebrew and Hebrew-Spanish lexicon of the Bible for the Jews, and somewhat later, another addition to our family was expected; hence, fearing that another summer under these circumstances might prove fatal to the mother, and hoping to work successfully at my lexicon elsewhere as well as here, I resolved to spend the summer at my brother's, in Odessa.

We left immediately after Easter, on the 5th of April. Mr. Goodell, Mr. Homes with some of the children, and Miss C. accompanied us down to the landing, where we were to take a cayique, or row-boat, to go out to the steamer. Our faithful nurse took Willie. She and Miss C. were to accompany us to the Russian steamer. Miss C. stepped into the boat first, then mother, then the nurse with the babe (he asleep in her arms). Unwilling to put the sleeping babe into other hands, and unacquainted with the ticklish character of the cayique, she stepped heavily into the boat. The boat began to tip. I put my foot into it to steady it; it moved off. I comprehended that I must either throw myself into the boat to steady it thus, if possible, or withdraw my foot from it and leave them to tip over alone. I chose the first alternative, and after another lurch or two, we were all emptied into the sea, there twenty feet deep. I was dressed for cold weather, for it *was* cold, and loaded down with money and silver spoons. The ladies were pitched out head foremost. As I plunged in, I beat my hat down tight upon my head, and took a full breath, expecting to come up again immediately, which I did; but I feared

the nurse would let the babe go, and he might slip in between the posts of the jetty beyond our reach, and hence, as I emerged, my first cry was, *my child!* But I already saw the nurse hanging with one hand on the landing-place, and holding the child fast with the other, with the desperation of a mother. I turned around and saw the two ladies afloat, mother next to me, her face turned upward. I gave her a lift, and went down the second time. But to be brief, we all came out safely. Mother had to be dragged into a quarantine shanty (probably abundantly defiled with plague), to make necessary changes and arrangements in her dress. No time was to be lost in reaching the steamer; all the rest must go home, and mother, the babe, and myself took another boat, and rowed down to the Russian steamer. After attending to the mother and the babe, I began to think about myself. I was, of course, perfectly drenched with salt water; even the inside of my watch did not escape. The steamer soon started, and we were on our way up the Bosporus, followed, no doubt, by the prayers of our brethren and sisters at Constantinople.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT IN ODESSA—PASSING THROUGH THE WATERS.

ONE of my brothers-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Fletnitzer, was pastor of the German church in Odessa; the other one, the Right Reverend Mr. Granbaum, was Provost or Bishop of the German Provosty of South Russia, and lived at the village of Freudenthal, some sixteen miles from Odessa. The private religious meetings of those Germans in Odessa who were in earnest, joined by such as sought salvation, were held at my brother Gottlob's house, Sunday afternoons and Thursday evenings. The ecclesiastical laws of the Lutheran church or churches, promulgated in 1832, forbade any meetings of this kind, and permitted only such in which prayers and portions of edifying books were *read*, which books had to be approved by the ecclesiastical authorities. All is carried on in Russia on military principles. What the superior says, is law; so here; if the pastor is a Rationalist or a Pantheist, infidel books and prayers are read; if orthodox, orthodox prayers. If he is domineering, he will keep his people strictly to the prescribed and approved pages. If he appreciates the value of prayer from the heart, and mutual edification, he will let the meeting folks do pretty much as they like, as long as they give no

offense by irregularities of conduct. Of the latter kind both my brothers-in-law were, and hence, we could do as we pleased. I was expected to take charge of these meetings, and nothing could have been more agreeable to my feelings, so long as I saw the people were being edified.

The meetings were crowded to excess, and when the rooms and entry were full, the rest would stand outside around the windows. It was not long before the converting influence of the Holy Spirit was felt, and throughout the summer hardly a day passed without personal labor with inquirers in my room. Many were converted for the first time, and many more brought back from gross wandering and sin. As I kept no journal, and thirty years have elapsed since then, I cannot venture to give any estimate of the number reached, and I will mention only some of the more memorable events of the summer.

A considerable party of emigrants from South Russia to America were among the fruits of this revival. They removed at a somewhat later period, on account of the religious oppression under Emperor Nicholas I. But let me give you a notable instance of conversion to Christ. I specify this case, not so much on account of its extraordinary character, as because the subject of it has been for nearly thirty years the most decided, benevolent, active, and still humble Christian man in South Russia. His house is a sanctuary, and a missionary centre for good people and inquirers far and wide. I knew the man before; he was a blacksmith and carriage-maker. He was a hard drinker, noted for his physical strength,

and acknowledged to have no match among the rowdies of Odessa. If in a quarrel among drunken fellows he took hold and interfered, friends and foes cleared out, for there was no telling whom he would fling against the wall, or upon whose head he would smash a chair or a bench. I remember distinctly, how once, as I stood behind my table, holding the meeting in my brother's house, Alber came in. I was astonished. *That* man I never expected to see there. But he came again, and appeared immediately and wonderfully changed. The very next time he brought his wife with him, and both of them continued to enter right into the fellowship of the brethren and sisters, and are now bright examples of sterling, honest, active piety, and a blessing to thousands in South Russia.

But what brought him to the meeting? There was at Odessa an impostor, professing in a secret, private way, to know how to disenchant hidden treasures. On the shores of the Black Sea, between Odessa and the village of Lustdorf, there are deep caverns, and that impostor succeeded in making several men believe that there were hidden in one of these caverns a thousand little sacks of gold. They had been hidden there by three souls now in purgatory, and their affections being set on this gold, they could not leave purgatory, unless redeemed by the saying of certain prayers. While they were thus bound and tormented in purgatory, a black dog, in reality the devil, was lying upon the gold, and thus the gold was enchanted; but as soon as these souls were released, the devil would be obliged to leave the money, and then it could be taken by any one.

Ideas of this kind were not uncommon even among Protestant Germans, in some places, and there exists a book of prayers by which ghosts can be laid, and hidden treasures which they guard can be taken.

Now the dupes of that impostor joined him in going out into one of those caves, in the inner depths of which the money was supposed to be, and there, by the light of consecrated tapers, they read those prayers for days, while all that time the impostor sponged from them as much money as he could. At last, when the game could no longer be continued in that way, he said: "Well, now we are very near our object, now we must have another man to join us; but it must be one who is not afraid of the devil." They consulted among themselves whom to invite, and concluded if there was a man in Odessa who was not afraid of the devil, it was Alber. One of these dupes of the impostor came to him quite privately, and confided to him what they were about, and that they were near accomplishing the thing, and needed a man who was not afraid of the evil one. A few more prayers were to be read, and then they must go into the inner cave and drive away the *black dog*, who would, perhaps, go with but ill grace, and the money could be taken. A share in a thousand bags of gold was an attraction to Alber, who was always in trouble about money. Ignorant enough in religious matters, he was ready to believe the whole story. "Afraid of the devil I am not," he said; "but I don't know about it; I don't like the thing." The other one urged the matter, and finally Alber consented to go, and they went.

The reading of disenchanting prayers was now resumed, but somehow there was always *some reason* why the thing did not succeed. When urged for a reason, the manager of the enterprise declared that some of those engaged in it must have sins on their souls that were not yet cleared away, and so he would collect more money from them, promising to have masses said for their benefit. While all this was going on, the man who first invited Alber came to him. "Alber," he said, "I have been thinking of a thing that might do us good in our undertaking; there is Schauffler, you know, who has meetings in his house twice a week, and his brother, who is a missionary, has come from Constantinople, and he holds the meetings now, and I thought we might go there a few times, and there, perhaps, get rid of our sins." "Meeting?" Alber said, "What is that? What do they do there?" "Well, they read the Bible and sing and pray together, and the missionary explains the Bible to them. They are very nice, pious people; nothing bad is done there." "Well, I will go. You may come at the proper time and take me along," said Alber. At the appointed time the man called, and they came into the meeting, as previously stated. The other man I never identified. "I went off from the meeting," said Alber, when afterwards telling about it, "without having understood a single word of all that was said, sung, or prayed, but I felt *all over*, that such a meeting was a right good thing, and that, anyhow, I should continue to go; and I said to my wife when I came home, 'Wife, those meetings are splendid things, and the next time

you must go along with me.' 'Very well,' she replied carelessly." And to the very next meeting Alber brought his wife, and I noticed them as they came in.

But to bring the treasure story to a close. Their proceedings continued, even when Alber had begun to come to the meetings, where he was to get rid of his sins, and really did get rid of them. They read a few times more, and as the impostor saw he could hold his dupes no longer, he said, "The next time we shall finish." Once more they met. When the prayers were read, the impostor said, "Now, Alber, is your time; go and drive the *black dog* away from the treasure." And Alber went, void of fear, into the inner cave. "I went in," he said, "and all was desolate, waste, dark; no gold, no dog was there. The feeling came over me that the whole was deviltry, with which I must have nothing more to do." He went out to his fellows, who anxiously awaited him. He dashed the consecrated taper to the ground, and said, "I tell you, fellows, this whole business is of the *devil*, and I will have nothing more to do with it." And he started for the daylight.

Now conviction of sin took hold of the strong man, and so deep was his sense of guilt, that it threw this Samson helpless into his bed. His whole life passed before him in all its deformity and guilt. While in this deep inward conflict, the man who had induced him to take part in the treasure-digging enterprise called, in order, if possible, to get him back; for, as men once fairly caught in these delusions never get disabused, so these men continued their incantations. "No," said Alber, "never again; the thing is wrong, and, besides, I

am quite ill." "But what is the matter with you, Alber?" "'What is the matter?' do you ask? Don't you know what sort of a life I have led? Isn't that enough to sink a man to hell?" "Oh, now, you are superstitious; you have got into those strange religious notions; you see those people up there at Schauffler's are crazy about these things, and they have really turned your head, it seems; but this is all nonsense. No, no! Cheer up, Alber, and join us again, for we shall yet have the thing, no doubt, and we will laugh at those fools when we have got it." Now Alber's wrath was kindled. "What! you came to me when you wanted me to go there for your wicked object, and told me they were excellent, pious people, and all that, and now you come here to tell me that they are superstitious, crazy, and the like; if you don't clear out in a hurry, I shall get up from my bed and pitch you out of my house head foremost." The fellow left, and was seen in Alber's house no more; but poor Alber sank back upon his pillow, overwhelmed with guilt. "Is this my repentance," he groaned, "thus to fly into a passion just in the old way? Woe is me, for I am undone."

I heard of Alber's sickness, and went to see him. It was easy to perceive what was the matter. He was cut down in deep contrition, but the gentleness of the lamb was already perceptible amid the dying agonies of the lion. He was soon relieved, peaceful, happy, gentle. It was delightful to see him.

Our Odessa meetings continued with unabated interest. On the 20th of July our second son was born, the unmistakable image of his mother, but a very feeble

child. Slowly the mother recovered, and my labors went on uninterruptedly. When the mother was restored to her accustomed health and strength, Willie was taken with a disease which then prevailed among the children about Odessa. The child, though healthy, was never very strong. The disease sensibly reduced what strength he had. Our youngest child, appearing also very frail, and threatening to leave us, I baptized him on the 28th of August, at home. He, too, was affected by the prevailing disease not many days after we took the children out to Freudenthal, where we went because Mr. and Mrs. Granbaum had kindly urged us to give the children the benefit of the country air. All was done that human care could devise, but without effect; the children failed steadily as the disease proceeded.

As our return to Constantinople could not be delayed much longer, I had fixed this as the time of my second visit to Hoffnungsthal, a village where I had previously held meetings. The church there, being of an independent character, not under the Consistory of South Russia, and being almost disorganized, the good people had appealed to me to help them to reorganize, and secure a new pastor from Germany. Their condition deeply appealed to me, and I had promised to return to them for this purpose. Now they were here, ready to convey me to their village. This was very trying, for the children were growing worse, and more feeble, and I saw the risk of not meeting them again on earth. Mr. Granbaum urged me to stay, and tell the people of Hoffnungsthal that they must excuse me till later. But our time was growing short, and I felt pressed in spirit to

go, and so I did, leaving a heavy burden on the mother and my sister. Mrs. Schauffler accompanied me to the gate of the parsonage. My absence could not be short of a week, or hardly so. The children were not likely to live till then. She asked me with entirely calm self-possession, "If the children should die, where shall I have them buried?" "Where they die, there let them be buried," I replied. I drove out of the village with a heavy heart, commending my wife and children to the faithful keeping of our Covenant God.

Both children were alive when I returned to Freudenthal, but both very ill. The disease yielded to no remedy. Willie was very patient; he looked like a suffering angel. The intelligent little fellow seemed to appreciate all that was done for him, and what was going on, and was manifestly fast ripening for heaven, though he never spoke a word on earth.

The latter part of the night, from Saturday to Sunday (Sept. 17 and 18), the watch fell to me. Mother slept in another room. Willie also slept quietly; it was his last sleep. Toward Sunday morning, as it began to dawn, a change came over his face, and the last spasmodic action of his little chest began. I hastened to mother. "If you want to see the child alive once more, and once more pray for him, come without delay." She dressed hurriedly; we joined once more before the little bed in prayer for the departing spirit, and placed our jewel in the hands of Jesus, and the dear little soul left us, to fly to the early song of the children's choir in glory. Our hearts were ready to break, but we blessed God that the sufferer was at rest. It

was my first treasure sent to heaven, and the very *clay* of it looked like a form from the better land.

He was buried Monday afternoon. The farmers in that village have a peculiarly pleasant way of managing on those occasions. There is no grave-digger in the village, but if a married person dies, a committee of married men dig the grave, and carry out the corpse; if an unmarried person, down to the little babes, departs, "the boys" (as they call all young men) do it. They did it for us. To prevent the clods of earth from falling rudely and noisily upon the coffin, they dig a niche at one side, at the bottom of the grave, into which the coffin is put, and then the grave is filled up.

My brother-in-law, Mr. Granbaum, not being very well, I begged him to stay in bed. I would speak myself at the funeral. "You can't do it," he said; "it is too much for you." Alas! he was right enough. I should have broken down utterly in the attempt. The boys of the village carried out the little coffin, and many villagers followed the procession.

But our trial of submission and surrender was not yet finished. On Tuesday little James left us; his weak little form was utterly exhausted, he had not strength enough to take nourishment, and fell asleep. On Wednesday he was buried.

Mr. Granbaum was now really ill, and could not leave his bed. I had to speak at the funeral. What would have been impossible for me two days ago, I could now do with entire self-possession. My children were gone. I had nothing more to lose, and everything to gain. I spoke with firmness, and even with enlargement of

feeling from the words, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

We carried the body out, but at the grave an unexpected, almost staggering surprise awaited me. James was to be put into the same grave with his little brother. The grave was deep, and I had expected they would open it part of the way down. But they had thrown out all the earth, taken out the coffin of little Willie from its niche, brushed it off clean, and placed it in sight at the bottom of the grave. As, therefore, I stepped up to the open grave, lo! there I met once more the treasure with which I had parted. I reeled back; however, I recovered my composure and finished the funeral services at the open grave, with the two little coffins side by side, in the usual manner. But I returned from the grave, bereft and forlorn. My children were gone.

On Thursday afternoon, somewhat late, we stepped into a carriage, and drove back to Odessa, both of us solitary; but we felt that we had two children in heaven, and felt nearer there ourselves, than before. When we arrived at my brother's house, it being Thursday evening, the house was already filling up with people for the meeting. I could only bring in the things from the carriage, and then I crowded through the people to my place, and held the meeting as usual. It was easy for me to talk, for eternity seemed very near.

CHAPTER X.

RETURN TO CONSTANTINOPLE — A NEW HOME — THREATENED DANGER.

WE expected to leave Odessa on the 27th of October. We were importuned to stay through the winter, for the work of God was great in the city, and there were none to do it. Another motive might have acted upon me to induce me to prolong our stay, as the plague had been raging all summer in Constantinople, and still continued with unabated fury. To go there was to go into the fire. But as it was our station, and the place of our duty, we never hesitated for a moment about returning.

The evening before our departure the house was crowded, (indeed the whole day it had been like a beehive,) but our meeting was precious. Let me say in closing this part of my story, that when we were gone, the revival continued and increased, and spread from the city into the villages around, so that by March, 1837, according to letters from my brother, it had extended, more or less, to eight German villages.

As I was packing, early on the morning of our departure, (being sure that a little later I should be surrounded by people,) I was told a young man in the garden wished to see me. I asked him what he wanted. In substance he said: "I was here last evening; the

prayers of my father have found me out at last; the truth has reached me, and turned my wicked heart, and I am resolved, with Divine help, to lead another life. I am a tailor by trade; I lived for some time in Constantinople; there I abandoned my wife, intending never to see her again. She is serving in the boarding-house of Mad. B. When you reach Constantinople, give her my love, tell her of the change with which I hope I have met, and that I wish her to return to me here, where I have found work. But she is a Roman Catholic, and, like myself, gone far astray. Therefore, I beg you first to take her into your service. I doubt not she will be converted in your house. And when the season opens for navigation, you may send her over here, converted, and I will meet all the expenses."

I told him I could convert no one, but I would do for her what I could, and as we needed a maid, if she could leave her present place with propriety, she should find a place in my family as a servant.

We arrived at Constantinople on the third day, and immediately hired a house behind the Russian post-office.

The plague was now raging with great severity. The missionary of the London Jews' Society had fled to Smyrna for a season. On our arrival I found a request from him to have a superintendence over his house, which was situated in a most miserably unhealthy place. This charge proved more onerous than I had expected. He had left three men in his house,—a Jewish youth whom he had baptized (to all appearance a truly converted boy, who was now cast out from

home for Christ's sake), and two others. It was not long before one of the men caught the plague, and died within the usual short period. I had him immediately buried, the other two removed to a tent, and the house thoroughly cleaned and fumigated. Unfortunately, the other, the cook, had searched the pockets of the dead man, lest some valuables or some money should be put under the ground. He paid for his stupidity, or cupidity.

Contagion frequently seemed to lurk in the body about a fortnight, before developing into the disease. I knew what the man had done, and watched him closely, as he came to me for money for their purchases. Just a fortnight after, he came for money again. I did not like his appearance. I asked him how he did. "Well," he said; but he looked rather downcast. The next I heard of him was that he was sick, and the next, that he was dead. I had him buried, the youth removed again to the tent, the house again cleaned and fumigated. It was a terrible job.

To finish this episode: most unfortunately, chilly rains set in about that time, and the water ran in torrents through many a sad quarantine tent. My poor Jewish boy took a severe cold. I removed him to a clean, separate building, or room, rather, belonging to Mr. Farman's premises. I visited him there, and found him in calm submission and a sweet frame of mind, lying on his comfortable bed. He was taken good care of; but the rheumatism, deep and settled, took a bad turn, and one night, the Armenian family owning the house, and living in another house farther up the ascent, were called,

because the boy was dying. They came down to see him, and found him engaged in prayer, and they afterward remarked with admiration, that *they had never seen a man die as this youth did.* They recognized the power of Divine truth in death. Thus a poor Jewish boy was saved and taken to his rest. I then locked up the house entirely, for my duties had ceased.

The spring of 1837 came. Mrs. Dwight, whose health was never good, had become so feeble, that an entire release from responsibilities became at last extremely desirable. The Dwights and ourselves, therefore, took a large Turkish house at San Stefano, and mother undertook the management of this compound household. We were well supplied with domestic help, but to explain how this came about, sends me back again to the winter of 1836–37. When we arrived at Constantinople from Odessa, I immediately inquired after the deserted wife of that young man whom I mentioned as being so anxious to have us take her into our service and convert her. Alas! she had caught the plague, and was in the plague hospital of Pera. As I afterwards learned, when she felt that the plague was upon her, she left the family where she was living, and went to the Austrian Consul's office, to get an order for reception into the hospital, but got none. She then went to several plague hospitals and begged for admission, and was everywhere refused. They were probably all full. Finally, she went to the great Turkish burying-ground of Pera, and laid herself down between two grave-stones to die. An old Turk, who was passing by, said, "What are you doing here?"

"I am going to die here, I have the plague." "Why don't you go to a hospital to die there?" "I have been there; they will not let me in." "Come along, I will get you in." The Pera Hospital for European plague-stricken people being near, she staggered after him. He knocked at the door, and when it was opened, scolded them for their inhumanity, telling them it was a shame and a sin to let their own people die in the streets like dogs. He demanded admittance for her, and she was received. She recovered, after having had the plague so thoroughly that she was considered safe and proof against plague all her lifetime.

When she came out, and was purified, and put into some clean clothes, or rags, somebody must have told her of us, for she came and begged for shelter and service. Service! She was a perfect wreck of a human being; and her reception into our family was not free from danger, by any means. But our lives were not worth much, at any rate, at that time, and our pity for her was too great; so we let her in, gave her a room, and told her to take care of herself, and rest.

The good woman who had helped us so much in taking care of mother, when Willie was born, came to us as help, immediately on our return from Odessa. Her husband was dead. The two women shared the same room.

I then had family prayers in German, and told the ignorant Catholic woman she might be present if she wished. She came regularly, but as she knelt down near me, I heard her repeating her Catholic prayers in a whisper. But she came, also, and of her own accord, to my German services, and was a very attentive listener.

Meantime, her husband kept writing very kind letters to her, and when the impetuous youth could bear it no longer, he started and came across the Black Sea, in February, 1837.

We had to take him in, and our house was indeed full. Our poor Catholic woman, though extremely ignorant on religious matters, and even depraved as to moral conduct before her marriage, was gifted with a good, clear mind, and many natural good qualities of heart. I was preaching a course of sermons in German, very much like my printed volume on the *Last Days of Christ*, and once, on a Sabbath, while I was describing the crucifixion simply as an event, and she was sitting before me in her usual place, I noticed that she broke down and wept tenderly. The service was no sooner over, than she hastened home, overwhelmed with a sense of her sins, and rushed to her room, and after a season of close heart-searching, she obtained peace, and seemed happy. This event cheered the whole house, and the remainder of the time before our removal to San Stefano passed pleasantly, as my little German congregation showed signs of spiritual vitality, and the more private meetings on Sunday afternoon and on Thursday evening were truly refreshing, and our fellowship, sweet. It was thus that we happened to secure the services of two faithful German women, one of whom had had the plague, and both of whom were invaluable to us in our sad experience at San Stefano.

The house which we and the Dwights took together was a large Turkish house, in front of which was an extensive vegetable garden, reaching to the sea-shore.

Next to it was a smaller one, occupied by our Turkish landlord, and still farther on toward the village of San Stefano, was a small habitation, with a mill worked by horse or donkey power, which the owner had let to a poor Italian miller, with wife, children, and servant, eight persons in all.

As I mentioned, mother took care of the household. I continued my German services in the city, and, therefore, went in every Saturday, generally on foot, a walk of full four hours, and I always found something awaiting my attention in the city. I generally came back on Tuesday, thus being absent from home some three days every week. Mr. Dwight had no missionary work in the city, and could take care of his family comfortably.

We lived very happily together. The Goodells still lived in Pera. The presence of the Commodore's family in the village was, of course, a great comfort to us, and our intercourse with them was of the most friendly character. But our rural happiness was soon broken up. The plague was raging dreadfully in the city, and in going there, I was always most careful to avoid contact with people about whom I did not know. San Stefano had thus far been clean. All at once, however, we heard that the miller had brought home the plague from the city, and was sick. So it proved! He recovered after some days, and walked about, a weak convalescent, but his wife was taken, and died; one member of the family after another was taken, and all died there, except the miller himself, and the servant, who was carried away to the Greek plague hospital, and of whom we never heard again.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PLAGUE, AND ITS SAD RESULTS.

ON Saturday, June 24, I went to the city as usual. We then expected three German missionaries on their way home from Persia, one with wife and children; and I had invited them to take up their residence in our house in Pera, which was open. When I arrived in Pera, I found them there, and our house was indeed full and cheerful. Sunday and Monday passed away pleasantly, and on Tuesday I invited the two single missionaries to accompany me in a carriage to San Stefano. As we approached the house, I looked at it from a distance, and said to myself, "Perhaps the plague is already in that house." And so it was! Mr. A., Theresa's husband, (the young man from Odessa,) came out. "Is all well?" I asked. "All well, except Mrs. Dwight, who is ailing a little to-day," was the answer.

As we came up-stairs I heard from mother that Mrs. Dwight was in bed. We spent the evening at Commodore Porter's, in company with the officers of a U. S. man-of-war, which had cast anchor in the bay. No one thought what was bursting upon us, except perhaps myself.

When the doctor came, about noon on the 29th, he gave it, as his opinion, that both Mrs. Dwight and

little John had the plague; as there was no remedy for the plague, (nor is there now,) he went away without prescribing, after having advised that our large family be immediately scattered, and that all who could be spared from the sick-bed, go into clean clothes and new quarters.

Our house being occupied by our missionary brethren from Persia, we could not go there, but it was concluded that mother and myself, and Mrs. Dwight's nurse with the babe, should repair to the Dwight house in Pera, to keep our quarantine there, and that Mrs. Deutsch, with the other two boys, Harry and William Dwight, pitch a tent at some distance behind the house.

I immediately started for Pera on foot, being an unclean man, and never shall I forget the burning heat of that afternoon, as I passed along towards the Seven Towers. It seemed ready to burn me up. My object was, to hire a couple of carriages for the next morning, to remove my share of the family to Pera. On coming to the clean Pera home of the Dwights, so as not to defile it with my dress, I carefully took clean articles out of a drawer, entirely undressed myself in a corner of an uncarpeted room, there threw my clothes upon the wooden floor, walked over to the cleaner side, dressed there, and laid me down to sleep. In the morning, after a sound night's rest, I got up, put on my infected clothes again, took carriages, and drove out. Here no one need wonder that the drivers were willing to engage in this service; for drivers, boatmen, and especially porters, always had to take the chances as they came, and doubtless many of them fell victims to their respective callings.

When I reached San Stefano, the child was already buried. Mrs. Dwight continued ill, and hardly conscious. We took leave of her at the open door of the bedroom, without coming into contact with her. She looked towards us dreamily, and expressed a doubt whether the babe was sufficiently covered. Oh, the undying love of a dying mother! We never experienced a sadder parting. For three days mother had been taking care of Mrs. Dwight and the dying child, for whom she herself went to order the rough coffin, made by the Commodore's doorkeeper, who was a joiner. She was, of course, fully and alarmingly exposed to contagion.

Henry's birth was expected in September, and it was well that mother's nerves, not to say her faith and trust in God, were happily and fully up to the occasion. Calm and placid she went about her duties, even with that punctilious attention to details, which still characterizes her modes of procedure. Commodore Porter afterwards remarked to me: "I was astonished at the entire calmness of Mrs. Schauffler in her terrible situation. She came over here when Johnny was dead, as though it was a common occasion, with a cane in her hand, the measure for the little coffin, to get my doorkeeper to make it. She reminded me of those days when I used to battle with the English. When I then ordered the decks cleared for action, and went into the fight, I used to feel as calm as though I was sitting at my desk, writing; just so she looked with the stick in her hand. I admired her." The Commodore liked *pluck*.

Arrived at the clean house, we changed into clean

clothing. Mother had no small trouble with the utterly unreasonable nurse, who would touch unclean things and mix them up with the clean, because she needed them. When it was declared at San Stefano that we had the plague, this woman and Mrs. Dwight's Greek girl immediately ran for their lives, and they came back merely because their friends would not let them into their houses. Now she would handle infected things, "because she needed them."

During our fortnight of quarantine in the Dwight house, we led quite a patriarchal life. My faithful son in the Gospel, Mr. Marcussohn, was willing to come in and serve us, sharing our danger, but I could not accept the offer. I begged him simply to bring our dinners from a German boarding-house to our door. Coffee in the morning, and tea in the evening, we made ourselves, and were kept quite busy all that time, in purifying infected things, and getting ready to move over into our clean house when our quarantine should be over.

During the quarantine, I, one morning, noticed a suspicious pimple on my knee. On letting Dr. Millingen see it, he observed that it looked suspicious, that it was a doubtful thing, and that if by next morning it was as large as the nail on my little finger, it was a plague carbuncle. So used we were to thoughts of death, that I went home, said nothing to mother, attended to my usual duties, enjoyed my supper, and slept all the night till seven o'clock in the morning. I then looked at my knee, and finding it was all right, I told her. We were thankful for the happy issue.

After our quarantine, we moved into our house, and

I again opened my German services. Disinfection of clothes, etc., still had to be carried on, till we were perfectly worn out with the increased toil. Meantime, Mrs. Dwight had gone to her rest, dying on the twelfth day, when Mr. Dwight also pitched a tent behind the house. The quarantine of Mrs. Deutsch, with the two Dwight boys, was now finished; they moved to us, so that we had the three remaining children and the nurse of the Dwight family with us. With this unreasonable nurse mother had endless trouble. She declared she must go out and see her friends,—a thing which I could not permit, for the plague was then raging furiously among her class of people,—and I repeatedly and decidedly told her that if she went out, she should not come back. But one day, without any pity on the poor little child, she went away, doubtless relying upon our absolute dependence upon her services. When she was gone, I immediately went about in search of a nurse, and Providence favored me in finding a healthy, active young woman. We had to take the risk of a new-comer, but she was clean: the child took to her naturally; she soon loved him as her own, and took excellent care of him. In the evening the old nurse came, but found the door shut. I put her chattels before the door, and told her to begone. She pleaded that she had no place to go to, nobody would let her in, (which was doubtless a lie,) but I shut my door. The new nurse removed to the Goodell family with the child, and took care of him till he was weaned. This providential help may seem a trifle to others in other circumstances; to us it was truly a God-sent help.

Meantime, Mr. Dwight made his quarantine in his tent. I went out once to see him, and we had prayers together in the open air, but coming into no contact with one another. His consolations were abundant. His peace was like a river, yea, like a sea! His face looked like the face of an angel. His habitual stern look was gone, and this remarkable change in his appearance was afterwards noticed by all his friends.

But our trials, arising from the terrible disease, were by no means over. While Mrs. Dwight's sickness lasted, Theresa assisted Mr. Dwight in taking care of her up-stairs, and her husband did the work down-stairs in the kitchen. The rest were strictly separated when the house was cleansed (sufficiently, they thought). Mr. A. and Theresa, and a young Jewish inquirer, who was also in our service, with another man, returned to their former intercourse, to perform quarantine in the house. But alas! before their quarantine was finished, we heard that our Christian cabinet-maker, Mr. Walter, was taken. He was out at San Stefano to do some work at Commodore Porter's, felt rather sick while there, and went home to lie down on his death-bed.

Theresa, benevolent creature, now sent up, asking my permission to go and take care of "Brother Walter." How could I decline? She went, and gave him all the earthly comforts his sad situation admitted of. He knew what had befallen him, and expected to go, and so he did. She talked with him, and prayed with him, and when he felt that his end was coming, he asked her to sing once more for him. She then prayed with him once more, and as his feet touched the deep Jordan

waters, she said to him, (speaking close to his ear,) "Give my love to Mrs. Dwight." He nodded assent, and was gone!

Theresa had once more earned the tribute of gratitude Mr. Dwight bestows upon her in his book, when he says: "I cannot but remember with tearful gratitude the good mercy of the Lord, in providing for me so faithful an assistant in the time of distress. Had she been a domestic of the country, she would have fled on the very first appearance of the disease. As it was, she remained by me to the very last, often mingling her prayers and tears with mine. She is poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith and good works, and full of the joyful hope of a glorious immortality. The last thing I forget, when all my memory fails, will be the single-hearted kindness and the persevering faithfulness of Theresa. The Lord grant her a rich reward in heaven!" This about a woman who once was an abandoned character!

Good Theresa's nursing duties were not yet all performed. We had in our house a young Jew by the name of Adler, not yet baptized, but whom I intended to admit to baptism, as he seemed to give evidence of conversion. When Theresa returned from nursing Mr. Walter, their quarantine, of course, began anew. All were to keep themselves strictly from contact with promiscuous persons. But on the thirty-ninth day of their second quarantine, Adler, disobeying orders, went to the city to buy tobacco, etc., and readily caught the plague. He called at our house, and complained of pain in his arm. I knew this was one of the first symp-

toms of plague, and as there was no other cause for the pain, I ordered him to go right back to San Stefano, keeping myself from contact with him. He went home, and laid himself down, apparently doomed to die. Mr. A., Theresa's husband, wrote me, either to come out and baptize the dying man, as he greatly desired baptism before his death, or to permit him to perform the act in this case of special need. He was baptized, accordingly, by Mr. A. He recovered, however; but the quarantine of the whole company at San Stefano had to be begun afresh, all trouble and expense of the previous quarantine going for nothing. Before the divine discipline was quite completed, the plague-tide seemed to set back once more, and that under such peculiar circumstances, that, had it really been another case of plague, I do not believe we should have survived the trial.

This brings us to the birth of Henry. When this event came on, we had but just reached a condition that might be called free from contagion, and somewhat orderly. The quarantine of our people in the country, after the case of Adler, had at last come to a termination, and it was but a couple of days, perhaps, before Henry was born, when Theresa, fully purified, came in to join us at Pera. Unfortunately, her heedless husband, before she left San Stefano, made her wash out some of Adler's infected clothes, which it seemed very desirable to have clean. She did it, and came in, saying nothing. But proximity to the contagious matter of these clothes gave her a terrible shock soon after, although it really seemed that she was fully proof against a *real* attack.

Henry was born on the 4th of September, 1837. Theresa's room was right under ours, and there, instead of being now helpful to us in our need, she was seized with a raging fever and headache. Her deep groans were perfectly audible in our bedroom up-stairs. On learning the cause of this attack, I could not but realize that possibly she might, after all, have a real attack of the plague again, and I had no doubt, if this fourth attack came upon us, as we were then situated, we should not endure the trial. For some four months we had been simply fighting for our lives, and if now we were to be thrown back again into the same fire, as in Mrs. Dwight's case, it would seem that our doom was divinely decided and sealed, and that we had better submit without fighting any more. Many a family before us had been thus extinguished in Constantinople; why should we be spared? But it was not so to be. Theresa's attack was one of the ordinary kind in such cases, and she soon recovered. But it took all the strength of mother's nervous system, with her babe by her side, to bear up against this trial.

Here ends my plague chapter, and I never wish to report another while I live. When the lease of our house expired, not many weeks after Henry's birth, we gave it up, and took Mr. Dwight's off his hands, to save the rent, as he had it for another year. We moved into it some time in October, I think, and thus we had actually moved *five times in a year*. Considering the difficulty of moving then, and the peril we had to incur each time we came into such close contact with the porters who carried our things, and who habitually and

daily carried corpses on their backs to burial, it seemed sufficient to kill anybody with fatigue and responsibility, to move with bag and baggage five times within such a period.

At last we became settled, and began to live again. The German services were now held in our house.

But before we had left this house for Mr. Dwight's, my brother, with his wife and daughter, arrived from Odessa, on their way to America. They went with us to the new house, where they remained until they left for America in the spring of 1838.

CHAPTER XII.

A LONELY JOURNEY — TRANSLATION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

THE winter passed very pleasantly after our long storm and fight during the summer and fall. In September, the heat rose to such a height as to kill the plague within a week's time; for dry and very hot weather was always a favorable state of the atmosphere, whereas a summer rain was invariably followed by fresh cases of plague. From October, 1837, onward, through the whole winter, we had no more cases of plague. It was said that the Turkish government acknowledged 107,000 deaths in Constantinople by this disease, during the last plague season.

While we lived in this house, in the spring of 1838, a case of missionary experience occurred, exhibiting an exercise of faith quite in the fashion of my native country of Würtemberg, and as we had a hand in it, I hope American-shaped minds will still appreciate the peculiarity of the case, and profit by it, and so I will insert it here.

One morning a young lady from my native country, with a letter of introduction, was brought to our door. She was betrothed to a missionary pastor, the Rev. Mr. R., also from Würtemberg, who labored in Tiflis, in the Caucasus, and thither she was going, *all alone*, to be

married to him. Her name was F. R. Mr. R. passed through Constantinople, in 1836, during our absence at Odessa, to proceed to his post in Russia. It was soon manifest that, as pastor of a large German community, he must be married, and as such things were then still managed rather patriarchally by the German missionaries, he wrote to his good native land, to Christian people, to pick out a good, pious wife for him, and send her on. He was too poor, and the way was too long, and his duties too pressing, to permit his going to get a wife for himself. Miss R. consented to go, like Rebecca, who had never seen Isaac, nor he her; but alas! Mr. R. had sent no Eliezer with camels and servants. She was to wait for an opportunity to make the long journey down the Danube to Constantinople, Trebizond, Redoot Kalé, and thence up the caravan road to Tiflis, on the Caucasus. Such opportunities, in whole or in part, were then exceedingly rare, and the poor child waited and waited, and Mr. R., poorer still than she, would have been desperate, had he not been blessed with a quiet, almost phlegmatic spirit. Once Miss R. went to Kronthal, and old Mr. H., the patriarch of Würtemberg, asked her: "Well, F., how is it with you? Have you found no opportunity yet to go?" "No, Mr. H.," was the reply. "Well, F. dear, I will tell you one thing: if you have *faith*, you can go around the world alone; but if you are in doubt or fear, then wait for an opportunity." This was Father H.'s conviction, and he was known to have tried faithfully what *faith* can do. *F. thought she had faith*, and preparations were immediately made for her departure. She started.

While on the Danube, where everybody knew German, all went well. But when she descended below Vienna, where all kinds of languages are spoken, she began to feel anxious, for she knew only German. Farther down, where no German was heard, at one of the landing-places, a gentleman came on board, bringing with him an elderly lady and a young one, apparently her daughter. *They spoke German.* Timidly she approached them. "Will you excuse me for asking to what place you are going?" she asked. "To Constantinople," was the reply. "Do you know a certain Mr. Schauffler there, a missionary?" "Certainly," the gentleman replied, "I was his physician before I left." "Can you show me where he lives?" she said. "Certainly, we pass by his house as we go up to Pera, and I will drop you at his very door," was the Doctor's comforting reply. Thus the inexperienced traveler was provided with protection, and an interpreter and guide to our very threshold.

Miss R. naturally stayed with us till she could leave for Trebizond, during which time mother fitted her out for her land journey up the Caucasus. As far as Trebizond, she was put under the care of the elder Captain F., father of a large family, and very friendly to missionaries, who was also to furnish Miss R. with a dragoman. One of the subordinates on board also spoke German.

At Trebizond there were the two missionary families, Johnston and Jackson, to whom I wrote, explaining all her object and her need, as neither of them knew German. But the Lord had interpreters enough in the

world, it seems, for there came out of the interior a traveling gentleman, a German, who knew English, and who stayed with our friends, the missionaries, while he remained. When he was gone, and it was manifestly desirable that Miss R. should proceed, Mr. Johnston, looking around in the port for a suitable opportunity for her to go, quite unexpectedly encountered an old German merchant, a solid-looking man, who had chartered a vessel for Redoot Kalé, whither he was also going himself. Being asked whether he would take such a young German lady, "Most certainly," he said, "she shall be like my daughter. No one shall speak an unkind word to her." So Miss R. had a vessel, a protector, and an interpreter again. When they arrived at Redoot Kalé, she stepped on shore, and lo! now she was in a Russian quarantine, and knew neither language nor people. She looked out through the gratings, and beheld a gentleman walking up and down outside. He looked in, and seeing her, he asked, in German, "Are you F. R.?" "Are you Mr. R.?" she returned. It was he. And thus she was again provided with a protector and traveling companion, not only up the Caucasus to Tiflis, but through life. Old Father H. was right.

In the spring of 1838, Sultan Mahmoud established a quarantine, and health regulations for vessels arriving from other ports. This was chiefly intended to keep out Egyptian plague, which was being continually introduced by vessels from that country. During an interruption of intercommunication between Egypt and Turkey, on account of war, *this* country had re-

mained free from that scourge; but as soon as Egyptian vessels began again to arrive, the plague recommenced, and visited us every year with entire regularity. The quarantine regulations, thus recently established, were, of course, exceedingly imperfect, and managed with a marvelous want of consistency; still they proved entirely efficient. During 1838, I heard of but one house in Pera where the plague showed itself, and that house being closed till thoroughly purified, the family having been transferred into clean quarters to keep their quarantine there, no further case of plague was heard of, nor has it ever appeared since.

I was now hard at work, translating the Old Testament into the Hebrew-Spanish, *i. e.*, the corrupt Spanish of the Sefardee Jews living here, which is spelled in their odd way, with Rabbinic characters. The American Bible Society had agreed to print it, and bore the expense of an amanuensis to prepare the MS. I believe this was the *first* work the American Bible Society ever did *outside of the United States.* I think the records of that society will show the fact. As soon as they had announced that they were ready to go abroad, I wrote to propose the publication of this work, to which they very generously consented. I had already been pursuing this work for a year past, but now pressed on, wishing, if possible, to begin printing it in 1839. With Rabbi Shemtob established in the corner of the sofa, in my study, and lexicons and the chief rabbinic commentaries in folio volumes spread all around, I labored through the year, till the spring of 1839. Here I ought to say, in order not to appear as boasting of other

men's work, that a translation of the Old Testament into the Hebrew-Spanish existed before, and I owned copies of the whole, in several editions. But aside from the fact that it was not only frequently a mistranslation, the style was also unnecessarily corrupt, and Hebraizing more strongly than seemed to me necessary. The agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society thought, indeed, this old version might be published *as it was;* but Mr. Lewis, Jewish missionary in Smyrna, was in favor of a slight revision, and Mr. Farman, here, of a more thorough one. He was inclined to share the responsibility with me. But the London Jews' Society Committee, objecting to this co-operation, the work was thrown upon me alone. I felt the sole responsibility of deciding upon the style of the version to be very heavy, in view of the hostile, caviling spirit of the Jews, for whom it was intended. But I had to take it, and being left to my own judgment, I went farther in adapting the style to what might be considered respectable Spanish, than either of the others would have consented to do. The event proved that the style was entirely acceptable to the Jews here, but that my review was not thorough enough in removing the Hebraizing forms of expression. What would it have been if I had been trammeled by the co-operation of more timid revisers? So often must a missionary work in the dark! Even the spelling of the language I had to fix, for their rules of spelling were not entirely settled. In this, also, I was happy, for no objection was ever made, either to the style or the spelling of my version.

CHAPTER XIII.

PERSECUTION—GOING TO GERMANY.

MY Spanish translation of the Bible went on regularly, and was finished before we left for Vienna, except the book of Job, which would have been too difficult for my Rabbi to understand, I reserved it to do alone.

In February, 1839, Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin arrived, and moved into our house, which they were to occupy when we should leave.

It had been determined that I should repair to Germany for the purpose of printing my Hebrew-Spanish Bible, as there were no facilities for doing the work at Constantinople, or at the mission printing-office in Smyrna. Vienna and Leipsic were the two places likely to furnish the best opportunity, and as the work of publication would probably occupy more than a year, I was to take my family with me.

Before we left for Germany, the first heavy storm of persecution burst upon us, threatening to sweep away the entire station. The Armenian patriarchs, one after another, had tried sundry means to crush the spark of religious inquiry, and the desire for instruction, among their people, but they had never proceeded to actual persecution. They had broken up our great school at Pera, and that just at a time when the money panic of

1837, in America, obliged the American Board so to reduce their appropriations, as to render the closing of that institution necessary. That act of persecution was, therefore, a help to the mission, for they closed it *really* because they wished to teach their pupils to be obedient to "the powers that be," so long as their requirements were not positively sinful. It was, further, very fortunate for the cause, because now a rich banker in Hasskeuy was induced to take the matter of education into his own hands, and he opened, at his private expense, not a school for eighty scholars, but a school for eight hundred, and not for boys only, but for both sexes. Besides, he bought from the mission their whole school apparatus, and thus refunded the outlay of the needy Board. And now, as that great school was really an Armenian national institution, Baron* Hohannes (our own former teacher) could act more freely, and never was Gospel truth dispensed to children and youth with more liberal hands, than at that school.

It did not, however, last long. After the Armenian patriarch had vainly tried to induce the banker to disband the school, he set the other bankers to work, and they made him feel that such a show of wealth as the support of so large an educational enterprise must make, would render the government suspicious and jealous, and bring down vengeance upon him. And as his zeal for light and progress was not mixed with *faith*, it failed; in view of these threatening dangers, the school was accordingly disbanded. At that time there

* Armenian for Mr.

had already been much excitement among the Armenians, on account of Der Vertanes, the priest of Nicomedia, and one of his fellow-priests, who appeared to be truly converted, and, in consequence, ceased to perform their sacerdotal functions. The idea that Armenian priests should become "Gospel-men," as our inquirers were then called, was truly alarming, and the hierarchy resolved that something must now be done to stop the collapse of their trade, as well as of their influence. Boghos Physica and Baron Hohannes were selected as the victims of persecution, to strike terror into the rest, and make an end of Gospelism. A *firman* for their exile into the far interior of Asia Minor, was obtained from Sultan Mahmoud. Baron Hohannes was a healthy young man, but Physica was very frail. Such exiles were conducted to the place of their destination, at their own expense, by a Tartar, who tyrannized over them as he pleased, extracting as much money from them as possible. They were confined at Scutari, preparatory to their departure. Nothing could be done for their release, nothing for their relief, by us, but they had some friends among their own people, who visited them, and who told us that they were resigned to their lot with admirable calmness, counting it all joy to be persecuted for Christ's sake. Before they were hurried away to their exile, the old priest from Nicomedia came across from Scutari, to bring us word from them. At Mr. Goodell's study I saw him. "Alas for these two young, tender brethren," he said, "that *they* should be used so roughly; if it had been I and Der Vertanes, we should not have minded it so

much, for we are old and used to hardship, but they are so young!" Hohannes, certainly, was so, and had never seen any great hardships. He (the priest) went right back to them, to see them once more. We remonstrated with him, as it was windy and stormy and snowing hard, and, therefore, dangerous to cross the Bosporus in a row-boat. "I do not mind that," he said, "I must see them once more before they go." We knelt down for prayer. The old man prayed, with his face on the carpet, in a most touching, tender manner, for these "young brethren," and then went away.

There was another individual against whom the Patriarch directed his blows,—a deacon of the Armenian Church, from Eastern India, who had come here, on what errand I never learned. He had been having intercourse with missionaries there, and appeared a thoroughly enlightened, perhaps a truly converted man. He seemed desirous to co-operate with the missionaries here in enlightening his people, and he called upon us freely during the short time allotted to him, and spoke very well indeed. He was a Russian subject. The Patriarch had him seized and imprisoned, while the two exiles were being hastily prepared to go into banishment.

As I was well acquainted with the Russian Ambassador, (his lady being a Protestant, and coming frequently to my German services,) we concluded to inform him of the fact, that one of his *protégés* was unlawfully imprisoned. No diplomat was ever more impenetrable than he, and I suspect the Armenian Patriarch had been shrewd enough to inform His Excellency of the

necessity of this step for the purpose of guarding their church interests, and to assure him that the *protégé* of Russia should not be harmed. But the Patriarch's chief aim, if within reach of human accomplishment, was the expulsion of the American missionaries from Turkey; and, considering the character of Sultan Mahmoud, there seemed to be a chance for that,—indeed, many circumstances favored such a possibility.

The American Minister was new, and was only an Envoy of the second grade. Besides, he entertained the idea that, as the treaty with the United States was a commercial treaty, he had no right to protect the missionaries in their character and work as such, although, in fact, *that treaty puts Americans in Turkey on the same footing "with the most favored nations," and secures to them in future all the advantages which any others might attain.* We did not know his views at the time. When they afterwards came out, and the missionaries appealed to our government through the American Board, Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, wrote to him, that our government entertained entirely different views from his on the subject of the rights of American citizens in Turkey; that they had a right, like any other foreigners, among whom were many ecclesiastics, to pursue any lawful calling; that the President felt deeply interested in the work of the missionaries, and that they should be fully protected in Turkey. Aside from the position our own Ambassador would have taken, when Mr. Homes and myself called upon the Russian Ambassador, impenetrable as he always was, I thought I perceived, that he was not uninformed of

what was going on, and that we ourselves could not reckon upon his countenance in anything. The English Ambassador was utterly inaccessible, wholly absorbed in diplomatic questions, and no friend to any religion whatever. The Dutch, Swedish, and Prussian Legations were just then in the charge of subordinates, who were all Catholics, and the French and Austrian Ambassadors considered themselves the official protectors of the Catholic priests and of the interests of their Church, and these required our expulsion, if practicable. We had absolutely no human prop to lean upon.

Supposing, therefore, that we should have to go, we drew up a protestation of our innocence, declaring, among other things, that we had not come to draw away any members from Christian churches, or build up a Protestant denomination, but simply to offer our help to the Eastern churches in returning from the abuses gradually obtaining ground, and the superstitious practices which they themselves acknowledge to be unscriptural, to simple and pure Gospel ground, according to their own Scriptures; and we protested that, if we were expelled from the country, it was a simple act of violence, without any ground of justification in our conduct. Our plea of non-sectarianism was then *strictly true*. At that time there existed no expectation or intention of creating a Protestant denomination. How far the representatives of foreign powers (aside from ours) believed our report on the subject, I do not know. It seems to me probable that they thought it a mere pretence, for sectarianism is the life of all these religious bodies, including the Turks. The

Russian Ambassador, in our interview, alluded cautiously to this written declaration, and expressed (no doubt sincerely) his high personal regard for the American missionaries. He said he would attend to the imprisoned *protégés* of Russia, thanked me for the communication of the fact, etc. In fact, that imprisoned deacon was soon released, but where he went afterwards we never learned.

Having everything against us, and no hope, humanly speaking, of bearing up against this sudden storm, we considered it a fortunate circumstance that at least one of us was ready to leave the city and the empire, for the present, *of his own accord*, hoping that if the rest must go compulsorily, the one leaving of his own choice might afterwards return. Mother and myself, therefore, made all haste, as our time to leave was at any rate fully come. We had planned to go across to Odessa, and we left Constantinople on the 7th of May, 1839, in a Russian steamer. Such was our state of confusion, in consequence of the persecution raised against us, that our treasurer, Mr. Goodell, gave me no letter of credit on Vienna, nor did I think of it, nor of money, till we were actually on board.

The weather was delightful as we steamed up the Bosporus. We had distinguished company on board as far as Buyukderé. Mr. Fuhrman, First Secretary of the Russian Embassy, and one of my German flock, was going to Rome as Ambassador, and Mr. Boutineff, the Russian Ambassador, and Count Stürmer, the Austrian Ambassador, politely accompanied him up the Bosporus. Here I should not forget that, in the

midst of the persecution and the reproach heaped upon us before we left, Mons. and Madame Boutineff gave us a call, to testify to their personal regard for us. The Ambassador's party, high and low, were very courteous towards us. Mons. Boutineff in particular, labored to show us special attention. He walked the deck with me, and took this opportunity to say a few things more, explanatory of his delicate official position.

We arrived safely and comfortably at the quarantine of Odessa, but our transfer from our supposed infected clothes into clean ones was a dangerous operation. To strip entirely and leave our clothes in one corner of the room, and to put on the dress from the city, brought by our friends, was certainly running a risk, as it had to be done in a large, damp, cold room. Mother had been ailing all the winter. The doctor had seemed to be at a loss what to do for her, and had advised our leaving Constantinople as soon as we could. He thought she would improve by a change of air more than by any other means, and now that she was to go through this Russian quarantine ordeal, I felt very anxious for her. But Providence favored us. She took no cold, and after about two months' stay in and about Odessa, we set out in a hired carriage for Vienna, and reached there not long before Edward's birth, and mother never again experienced any of those ailments which had brought her down so low during the winter of 1838–9.

CHAPTER XIV.

ODESSA AGAIN—A MISSIONARY TOUR—PRINTING BEGUN.

OUR reception at Odessa was of the most affectionate kind. We lodged this time at the Fletnitzers', in the Lutheran parsonage. Our old friends flocked together, and some new ones joined them. I was overwhelmed with company daily, both Odessa friends and those from the surrounding villages. In order to give a better opportunity for people to see me, my sister gave me a room down-stairs; and there I even took my breakfast, uniformly surrounded by Christian friends. These were exceedingly comfortable and profitable seasons.

We spent a little more than a month at Odessa, during which time preparations were made for our land journey.

During this time I had meetings as usual, in crowded rooms, in the neighborhood. Believers were refreshed, and perhaps some newcomers were attracted, but I can report no conversions.

At this time I became acquainted with Mr. Melville, who was laboring as a Bible agent without salary, earning his livelihood by giving lessons in the English language. We immediately became warm friends.

Before leaving South Russia, Mr. Melville and my-

self planned a missionary tour through the German villages on either side of the Dniester.

As I could not possibly keep a journal, I do not remember all the villages that we visited on this tour, which occupied a week or ten days. It must have been a dozen or more. In Glücksthal we spent the Sabbath, and there the minister invited me to preach. A revival had lately visited the place, and the sweet-smelling savor was still perceptible. On this whole tour, Mr. Melville was busy in disposing of the Scriptures to the German farmers, and in holding meetings regularly in the evening, and often in the morning, before leaving a place; for the people would not let us go without a morning meeting also.

Once, in Bessarabia, we approached a village just before noon, on a scorching hot day. The people in the fields, seeing our carriage coming, and having received notice that we would take them on our way, immediately left their work and ran together, expecting a word of edification on the spot.

In no house of the village was there room for the expected meeting, so we had to stop in the open air, under a burning sun. After meeting and a little rest, we passed on. These are some of the people (or their descendants) who were reclaimed from drunkenness, idleness, and poverty, by the powerful preaching of Mr. Lindl, in 1821.

At the last German village that we visited, where we parted with all our friends save Mr. Melville, the scene was extremely touching. Not only were all the inhabitants of the village eager for their evening meeting,

but many men and women, with little children on their backs, had come several hours' distance on foot, to enjoy the season. The evening meeting being over, we went into the school-house, and there even old Mr. and Mrs. De Heinleth had to take up for their night's accommodation with the hard, narrow school benches. To us they gave the best, a very small room by ourselves, too narrow to contain air enough for us to breathe.

At first, despairing of any rest, I came out, and found quite a number of people sitting around in the beautiful moonlight. Some lay in carriages, some, I suppose, in sundry humble corners of stables and barns. A woman (among others) sat upon our threshold, with a babe in her lap. "And where are you going to sleep?" said I. "*Sleep!*" she replied, "to-night no sleep will come to my eyes, I am sure." "You are not at home here," I conjectured. "Oh, no, I am two hours from home, and came running here after our field-work was done, carrying my babe." "Why don't you go home now in the moonlight of this beautiful night, and get a little rest?" "Why, you will certainly have prayers in the morning, before you leave, will you not?" "Yes, I suppose so," I said. "Well, I am not going to lose that. I must be there, anyhow," she said.

I suppose she kept awake through the night, after a hard day's work, and a two hours' journey on foot, with her babe to carry. And will not such people enter heaven, while many privileged persons in America, who have the Gospel to satiety, who find every meeting too

long, every sermon too tedious, every church too far, every kind of weather too doubtful to avail themselves of Gospel blessings, are shut out?

The next morning we did indeed have morning prayers in the meeting-house, and the house was full. But I was so utterly exhausted that I begged the pastor to take charge of them. Then we set out, and notwithstanding the heat and the dust, the people *would* accompany us, singing, through the long village. At the end of the street, I thought, they will surely stop, and we shall say adieu; but not they; they seemed to go on indefinitely. At last I stopped, for I was walking with them, and said, "Dear friends, we must part some time, and I think we had better say good-bye now." So the hand-shaking of the villagers and the embraces of our nearest friends began, and when this most affectionate and touching farewell was at last accomplished, I stepped into the carriage, spent to the last, and put mother and little Henry into Mr. Melville's hands, for I did not feel as though I could say another word or answer another question.

Our journey from South Russia to Vienna was made in hired carriages, by the stage-route. This was a more comfortable way of traveling, especially with a child, than taking the mail-stage, and was but little more expensive, though somewhat slower. The narrative of this uneventful ride, through a country for the most part poverty-stricken, and utterly devoid of accommodation for travelers, would not be interesting. Suffice it to say, that at the end of several weeks of slow and most uncomfortable journeying, we drove

into the streets of Vienna, dust-covered and dilapidated in appearance, as though we had indeed come from the ends of the earth.

After establishing ourselves at a hotel, I sallied forth in search of some Christian brethren whom I had met here in 1832, and who were then obliged to hold their prayer-meetings in secret, to avoid being arrested by the Austrian (Roman Catholic) police. I found one of these, a Mr. Swoboda, and learned from him that there were still a few souls in Vienna who sought salvation by faith in Christ. A lay-missionary from Switzerland had been in Vienna for some time, working as a journeyman shawl-weaver, and doing what he could for these people.

Before we left the hotel, the lay-missionary and several others, male and female, came to see us, and seemed greatly to rejoice at our arrival. I was obliged to inform them that as I had a work to print, which could not be done under two years, I was afraid of risking the interests of the work at Vienna. If I remained there, and held religious meetings, as I certainly should wish to do, the police would likely ere long interfere, and eventually expel me. On this account I should try to make arrangements for printing at Leipsic. At this they were sincerely sorry.

Family circumstances, nevertheless, forced us to a temporary sojourn in Vienna. Accordingly, we rented apartments in one of the pleasantest suburbs, bought or hired the most necessary articles of furniture, and settled down. On the 11th of September, 1839, our fourth son was born, and was named Edward William.

I baptized him myself, in private, on the 23d of October, for I wanted no infidel or rationalistic hands laid on him.

Leaving our quarters in the Leopoldstadt, we moved into a humble dwelling, nearer to our good people, in the suburb called Gumpendorf, the former residence of the great musical composer, Haydn. Meantime, I had held meetings at our house boldly, not only in the quiet evening hours, but on Sunday afternoons, with our windows open, and we sang without suppressing our voices, while people went over in crowds to the "Prater," to their amusements. As the secret police knew all that a man did, what he ate or drank, where he went, and with whom he had intercourse, I was sure that our meetings were no secret at the office of the Paternal Austrian Government. But no objection was made, and on removing to Gumpendorf, we moved blindfold into the house of an agent of the secret police, (so people took him to be,) and all the people who visited us, or came to our meetings, had to pass close by his very windows. This circumstance afterwards proved a protection to us, though we did not know that we had moved into the lion's den.

CHAPTER XV.

RESIDENCE IN GUMPENDORF—NEW CONVERTS.

DURING our residence in Gumpendorf, little Henry was seized with an obstinate intermittent fever. The ground of Gumpendorf is low, a little river creeps through it, and there are not a few gardens there, where vegetable decomposition cannot be altogether prevented. Our own landlord, Mr. Rupprecht, had a large garden attached to his house, and carried on a considerable business in floriculture, cultivating also the greatest variety of grape-vines and of potatoes that I ever heard of. Once in a while the Emperor came to see this garden, and then, when the Gumpendorf children would crowd around the feeble little man, to kiss his hands, and the attendants endeavored to keep them away, the Emperor would say: "*'S thut nix; 's thut nix; lasst s' halt machen; lasst s' halt machen.*"

Mr. Rupprecht boasted of being the man who had introduced English literature into Austria, by translating several important works from English into German. He spoke English tolerably well for a man who had never been among English-speaking people, and was very fond of the language. He especially admired some of our American papers, which we accidentally had with us as wrapping-paper. He borrowed and read them through, and expressed his admiration of their highly

practical value. "They contain everything," he said,— "politics, morals, religion, arts, agriculture, poetry, stories, and advertisements. They are just the thing to realize a popular education, and to keep a nation posted on what all reasonable people ought to know." He was anxious to make us believe that Austria was not as intolerant and despotic as she was represented. We were informed that Mr. Rupprecht was an officer of the secret police, and I am inclined to believe it. But this was an advantage to us; our meetings being now in part in his house, he could make a full report; and he once gave us to understand, that the police had made some inquiries about these meetings, but that he had informed them that they were entirely quiet and unobjectionable gatherings for private edification, which quieted our adversaries for the time being. Even afterwards, when we had left his house, and lived in another suburb, he remained our faithful friend. At a later period, when the police again became suspicious about our meetings, he sent us word, privately, to be ready for an investigation, and then again, a few days after, he let us know, in the same way, that inquiries had been made of him, and that he had pacified their fears.

Before we left Gumpendorf we had the opportunity of being present on a very pleasant semi-ecclesiastical occasion—a kind of Haydn festival. Joseph Haydn, the composer, used to live in a small house in Gumpendorf; his immortal music was composed in a little, low garret room. That little house was going to be sold, and would probably have been changed, perhaps pulled down, by the new owner, to make room for a better,

more reputable building. To prevent this, the Haydn Musical Society of Vienna acquired the property, and put the house in order, without making any changes in the interior. To inaugurate the event they arranged a festival, to which we, among others, were invited. First we went to the little Catholic church, where a catafalque was erected, as though the funeral ceremonies of Haydn were to be repeated. An ecclesiastical ceremony was performed, perhaps a mass read for his departed soul, and then the whole assembly went in procession to Haydn's house, where we could inspect the earthly habitation of that great and good man. The house being small, the society had arranged a programme exclusively of Haydn's compositions to be performed in the garden. All went off very pleasantly. I felt solemn when I entered Haydn's own private room, saw his old piano, his chair, table, and other small articles of furniture, his cocked-hat and the sword which he wore on state occasions, etc. I was especially interested in being in that room where Haydn, while composing his great works, such as "The Seven Last Words of Christ," "Creation," etc., used to kneel down several times a day (as he himself stated), to pray for divine assistance. It was like a church to me, that small room, and surely, if there be any music of earthly framing, where divine assistance appears perceptible to the sensible ear, it is the solemn quartette on "The Seven Last Words of Christ."

As soon as the spring opened, we took a country dwelling in a village near the Kahlenberg mountains, called Grinzing. The house was close to the Catholic

church, and the bakery of the village was connected with our premises, the baker being our landlord. Thither we moved, chiefly for Henry's sake, and the country air was so much blessed to him, that he at once recovered.

The religious awakening of the previous winter was kept alive by the visits which the brethren and sisters paid us regularly every Sabbath afternoon. That they could find no spiritual nourishment in the two Rationalistic Protestant churches, *i. e.* the Lutheran and the Reformed, and none in the Catholic churches, was plain. At that time, one of the court preachers was said to be preaching over again the sermons (already in print) of Dräseke, a Protestant minister, and the court chapel was filled with hearers every Sunday.

The sermons, which I had seen long before, were more sentimental than Christian, fine specimens of style and genius, but not calculated either to edify Christians, or to awaken a slumbering conscience.

While we were still living at Gumpendorf, we once spent an evening at our landlord's, and there met a Catholic priest of superior standing, a man who had the care of 40,000 souls, but who was notoriously guilty of vicious practices. I asked him, "Is it true that Mr. S. is preaching the sermons of Dräseke over again to your Court?" "I do not know," he replied; "but what if he does? He would be a fool if he troubled himself to compose sermons for them; they pay him a wretched six hundred florins, and for that paltry sum he is to play the harlequin for them 50 or 60 times a year! What can they expect for that trifle?" This

is the estimate he set upon preaching the Gospel, and he was evidently under the impression that I agreed with him.

It was obvious that such men could not feed souls hungering for sound Gospel food. We were truly on missionary ground, and no wonder that the few souls who knew, or sought the truth, would come out on hot Sunday afternoons to sing and pray together.

In the fall we returned to the city, and took apartments in the Josephstadt suburb. Our meetings on Sunday and Thursday evenings resumed their regular course, being held by turns in divers places. We had abundant reason to be grateful for the divine blessing upon our country residence.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANOTHER CONVERT—MARIA DOROTHEA—GOING TO STUTTGART.

INTO this winter season falls one of the most remarkable conversions we were permitted to witness. The wife of the only wealthy man of our Vienna circle, Mr. Koeppen, was a Roman Catholic. He owned a considerable amount of land, the dwellings on which he rented. In one of these, a humble one, in the court behind his house, lived Mr. and Mrs. Schuster, who belonged to our circle, and in whose house, among others, we held our meetings. Mr. Koeppen was one of the first who came to see us after our arrival. I think he was then a converted man, but so much of a babe in Christ, that every time he visited us, and his visits were almost daily, he brought a paper in his pocket containing some passages or Scripture questions, upon which he wanted light. He was rapidly growing, not only in knowledge, but in grace, for what he learned was almost all practical, and was immediately put to good use. Mrs. Koeppen was far enough from sympathizing with her husband. She was religiously ignorant, and a very proud and decided woman. Her husband had begun to attend religious meetings, where a set of poor contemptible people assembled, and she was exceedingly annoyed that he should so degrade himself.

She threatened that if she saw him come home again from that meeting in company with such common people, she would leap out of the window, falling before his feet, and thus end her days, rather than bear such a disgrace any longer. Mr. Koeppen, aware of the desperate character of his wife, and fearing the execution of her threat, thenceforth returned home alone.

But Mrs. Koeppen was not a person without religion in her Catholic way, nor without thought. She began, therefore, to look into some of the religious books which her husband, with his new views and feelings, seemed to value so highly. She took up Arndt's "*Wahres Christenthum*," and the like, and her mind began to realize the true character of religion. Seeing this, Mr. Koeppen begged me to call at their house, and when I did so, Mrs. Koeppen seemed to be much pleased, and before I left, he brought out the Bible, and we read and conversed together, and I prayed. But I did not think it best to repeat this sort of call. Mrs. Koeppen's was manifestly a proud, unbroken spirit; and it would only have flattered her pride, had the Gospel offers been brought to her on a silver salver, and possibly she might have thought that my business was, to slip into private houses to proselyte the Catholic wives of Protestant husbands. Therefore, I told Mr. Koeppen that I should not repeat the visit, but leave her to come to the despised meetings, like other poor sinners, if she wanted to be saved.

This proved to be the right course, for just at that time, or soon after my visit, a violent scene took place between these two people—violent, however, only on her part. In a paroxysm of passion, she declared that

she would submit no longer to the degradation of her husband's keeping company with such poor, miserable people, and that, if he did not break off his connection with them, she would leave him. Mr. Koeppen had grace and wisdom given him, to say the right thing, and to say it in the right spirit. Calmly, but firmly, he said to her: "The door is open, and you can go whenever you please. I have thus far borne with your passionate and violent opposition to the truth, and have yielded to it my right of associating with pious people, as far as I could. I have done so because you were born in ignorance of the Gospel, and know nothing about it; but now you have read 'Arndt,' and the Bible, and other good books, and you know enough of the truth to make your choice. If you still continue to oppose the truth, and insist on either keeping me from it or leaving me, you may go to-day. I shall never change, never return to the world. But, remember, that in going you will only ruin yourself, soul and body; you will soon enough bitterly repent of the rash, wrong step, but your proud heart will forbid your return."

She broke down and wept bitterly. He had always been a kind and considerate husband, and she could not leave him. Her conscience, too, testified that he was right. She had read too much, and knew too much, to deny that he was in the Gospel way. He said nothing more, treated her with his usual kindness, and let the leaven work. The result was the happiest possible.

One evening I was to hold a meeting in the narrow quarters of that poor family living behind Mrs. Koep-

pen's premises. The meeting was just about to begin, and the room was crowded to its utmost capacity, when lo! Mrs. Koeppen and their adopted daughter came in very modestly. Mrs. Schuster at once arose to give her her chair, and there was, for a little while, a polite conflict between the two; but Mrs. Koeppen insisted on sitting upon a stool. The manner in which she acted was admirable, modest, unconsciously so; she insisted on the humble place, apparently grateful to occupy even that.

That evening decided her future. From that time the Koeppens were a happy couple. Her conversion was wonderful in the marvelous change of her whole nature. She felt as though she had become rich; she was modest, cheerful, affectionate; and the proud, rich Vienna houseowner was the loving, confiding sister of those pious females in our circle, with whom, a short time before, she would have disdained to associate.

In the spring of 1841, it became evident that my printing would have to be suspended for a while, as, by some misunderstanding, I was not provided with the funds requisite for its continuance, and could not be thus provided under a couple of months. As I was also somewhat run down in health and needed a change, we concluded to make a visit to my friends in Würtemberg. One more incident, however, must be related, before entering upon the account of this journey.

The Würtembergian Princess, Maria Dorothea, was married to the Archduke Joseph, Viceroy of Hungary. She was not only a Protestant, but a decidedly pious lady. The Archduke, a straightforward, fair-minded

man, had chosen her, he said, to be a mother to the Hungarian Protestants, though she was, at that time, but poorly prepared to be a spiritual mother to any people. "I was a careless young creature," she afterwards said to me, "and thought it a grand thing to become an 'Imperial Highness.'" Her mother was the Duchess of Würtemberg, and her sister the Queen of that little kingdom. She often paid visits to Vienna, and on such occasions usually stayed at Schönbrunn, that beautiful country palace of the Emperor's, which became the temporary residence of Napoleon I. in 1809, after the battles of Aspern and Wagram.

My old friend, Mr. Swoboda, whose acquaintance I made in 1832, had been well acquainted with the Archduchess.

He esteemed her highly, and encouraged me to go to see her. I was, of course, unacquainted with the ways of the court, and did not know to what degree the members of the Imperial family were accessible to common people. Mr. Swoboda told me, that they were very plain, and easily accessible; that they were all early risers; and that, if I wanted to make the acquaintance of the Archduchess, I needed only to present myself, mention my name and office, and ask for the privilege of an interview. It would be well for me to be at the palace by 9 o'clock in the morning, he said. He gave me no line of introduction.

Accordingly, I drove out to Schönbrunn one beautiful morning; after wandering about the vast corridors of the palace for a while, finding no one, I encountered a palace servant, who, when I asked for the apartments

of her Imperial Highness, pointed me to a certain door. If I remember right, there was a bell handle at the door, and on my ringing, a young woman appeared, and asked me very politely who I was, and what I wanted. I told her I was a Würtembergian by birth, a minister of the Gospel, and an American missionary, and I had come to ask for the privilege of an interview with her Imperial Highness, if quite agreeable to her. She begged me to wait, and went in. Coming back, she asked me whether I had any business to bring before her Highness, to which I replied, "No," adding that a brief interview was all that I desired. Returning, she asked me in.

The Archduchess, a plain, intelligent-looking person, sat on her sofa, in a simple morning-dress. I made my three court bows, and stated to her, once more, my native place and my calling, upon which she bade me welcome, and asked me to sit down. I think I told her that Mr. Swoboda had encouraged me to venture upon a call, and she immediately inquired how he was. She then asked whether the circle of pious people still existed, who had been in the habit of meeting together for mutual edification and prayer, and whether they were prospering. I told her, that since our arrival at Vienna, I had assumed the responsibility of those meetings, at the request of the little flock; that the number of attendants and the places of the meetings had increased, and that several hopeful conversions had, thus far, taken place. As she listened, there was no doubt left in my mind that she was a truly converted person, fully appreciating the difference between conversion

and unconversion. She was profoundly interested in my soberly-related stories, and perfectly delighted that the good cause was thus prospering, though in secret and on a small scale. Fearing to be tedious to her, I rose several times, about to withdraw, but she kept me till my stock of news began to run pretty low. I was, perhaps, an hour and a half, telling my stories and answering her questions. At last she permitted me to retire. She accompanied me to the door, shook hands with me, thanked me for my visit, and made me promise to make her a visit at Ofen, in her royal palace, and to bring mother with me.

Thus my visit to this excellent lady came to a close, and I was very much pleased with the result of my bold intrusion on so high a personage.

We started for Würtemberg in a "*Landkutsche*," a private hired carriage. From Linz we went by the usual slow stages of this mode of travel, towards Munich, where we spent three days most delightfully and usefully.

During these three days we saw all that was interesting at Munich, which was not a little; and then went on our way to Augsburg. Our first night in Würtemberg was at Ulm, in the Hotel of the Black Ox. Here, for the first time, mother found everything clean, and the bed-clothes dry. In all the hotels throughout Austria and Bavaria, she had to dry our bed-clothes previous to our retiring. There was generally a show of fashion and elegance in the furnishing of the rooms, but no comfort or tidiness. Here, in the first Protestant hotel, in plain Swabia, she found all things as

she wanted them, though the articles were all of the most unpretending plainness.

The next morning we started for Stuttgart, arriving there about ten o'clock at night, and being hospitably received by the household of Mr. Roser, whose wife was my cousin.

CHAPTER XVII.

FAREWELLS—RETURN TO VIENNA.

THE time soon came when we had to leave Stuttgart, as my work called for my return. I had reason to suppose that by the time we got back to Vienna, my money affairs with the American Bible Society would be arranged, and, at any rate, I had stopped the work now for more than nine weeks, and I felt anxious to get back. Aside from this, I was well-nigh worn out with the unceasing labors which the religious interest of the season imposed upon me.

When I thought I had held my last meeting, I was mistaken. That last meeting, in which I took leave of the Stuttgart people, was a sufficiently large one. For want of room in any house available to us, it was held in the yard of a former hotel, called the Roman Emperor. The Christian people had bought it, and used it for religious meetings, and as a center of action for religious and benevolent societies. It was the miniature "Exeter Hall" of Stuttgart. There I spoke from a platform, to a large audience, gathered in the court, and filling the windows of the second story. But being asked whether I would not hold one meeting more at Mr. Reihlen's house, I consented, and, again, four or five rooms, entry, and staircase were filled. Worn out as I was, and having already taken

my public leave, I should not have consented to address a crowded meeting, but for one circumstance. There was a question upon which the Moravians, the Pietists, and the Baptists had much friendly discussion, though each considered the other not quite Scriptural. It was the subject of sanctification. The Moravian-inclined brethren, fearing to mix faith in Christ's finished righteousness with personal attainments, kept close to the righteousness by faith, and in this the Baptists rather sympathized with them. The Pietists, fearing too easy and lazy reliance on Christ, were sternly attentive to personal growth and the performance of duty. Of course, both parties were right, and both had their peculiar temptations to contend against. On this subject I had not yet spoken, and never had been able to get time to arrange my thoughts on it, but the moment the tutor of Mr. Reihlen's children mentioned to me the request for a last meeting at the house of the latter, the text (Heb. xii. 14) and the whole subject so flashed upon my mind that I consented to come, and, a few minutes after, went over and spoke to the dense audience, and so much to the satisfaction of both contending parties, that I was afterwards requested to put my thoughts in writing and send them a copy.

The next morning we set out, returning by way of Heidenheim, and steered again for the Danube, to see the Walhalla, which was then being built.

I will not particularize on our descent along the river, but we stopped at Linz, and our visit there was too interesting to be passed over in silence. We ar-

rived there on Saturday, towards evening, too late to see our friends in the country. When going up the river, we had made the acquaintance of Rev. Mr. Kotschy, in Efferding, and Rev. Mr. Koch, in Wallern. These two brethren in the ministry had become known to us as true Gospel preachers.

About taking a carriage, and driving out to Efferding to see the Kotschys on Sunday, I felt conscientious scruples. In fact, being much worn out, I felt inclined to give them the slip, and pass on quietly to Vienna on Monday morning; but mother overcame my scruples, thinking it to be due to the Lord's work that we should see those good people again, and so it seemed to be. So I called for a carriage, and we drove out and were received with the utmost fraternal cordiality. We had a meeting that very evening in Mr. Kotschy's house. We had meetings everywhere.

On Friday we went to Linz, Mr. Kotschy being with us, and here began some of the most interesting days that we had in that part of Austria. Linz was the hotbed of "Jesuitism" in Austria, having a great, splendid monastic establishment on the hill commanding the city and the Danube valley. The Bishop, or Archbishop perhaps, was a savage enemy of the truth, and a reckless persecutor. There was no Gospel preacher in the place, though there were Protestants enough to fill a church.

In the neighborhood, across the Danube, several hours distant, was *Gallneu-Kirchen*, that famous Catholic parish, where Boos preached the Gospel, and where he was imprisoned and cruelly persecuted, till he left,

being expelled,—to preach and to finish his earthly labors in Prussia. Those of his parish who were converted to the truth, were permitted neither to leave the country nor to join the Protestant church, which they had a legal, acknowledged, unquestionable right to do. Though the Protestant consistories declared to the government several times that they were ready to receive the Boos people, as their religious sentiments were entirely Protestant, they were not permitted to accept the invitation. The law of the land; the famous Toleration Edict of Joseph II., never abrogated; justice, humanity, mercy, even honor and decency;—all these were recklessly trampled in the dust by the priest-ridden emperors and ministry: and those poor people were kept in cruel suspense, unable to marry, with no one to baptize their children, and no one to bury their dead, save the policeman, who generally took his dog with him, to express his contempt for the occasion. These people, or some of them, I was to meet at night in a farmhouse, and have a service with them and other good people. The farm was in a very unfrequented place on the other side of the Danube, perhaps half an hour's distance by carriage. The weather was cloudy and rainy; mother and myself, with Mr. Kotschy, drove there, and found a number of people, not very many. We seemed to be a hunted little flock, indeed. Eight o'clock came, but no Gallneu-Kirchen people were there. I held the meeting, finishing some time after 9 o'clock. When all was over, lo! there came the Gallneu-Kirchen guests. Mr. Kotschy would have liked it if I could have begun another meeting,

but I was too much exhausted to speak again. These good people had toiled over the ground through deep mud, and could not get there by the time they calculated; they were sad—so were we. The next morning we were to leave for Vienna. "Well," they said, "you will have prayers together this evening before retiring. May we not enjoy them with you?" How could I refuse? We drove back to the hotel through the mud, the rain pouring down, and they went on foot, never thinking of complaint or hardship. They filled our room, and we talked till late, and had prayers, and then I was going to take leave of them. But Mr. Kotschy interposed. "You cannot leave," he said. "You *must* stay over the Sabbath, and give them an opportunity to enjoy a season together with us." I pleaded my business, my duties at Vienna, but Mr. Kotschy was very importunate. Mother sided with him, and these good people made so strong an appeal to my feelings by their very looks, that at last I answered that I would leave it to Providence to decide. If it rained in the morning, I would stay; but if the weather was fair, I must not be detained from my work in Vienna any longer. We retired very late in the evening, having everything ready for our departure. When the morning came, it rained,—*it poured*. Of course, I was bound by my engagement to *stay*. But the steamer had not gone far, when the clouds dispersed, and we had a most splendid day. However, my conscience was clear.

Our Sabbath was carefully improved. Notwithstanding human laws and priestly power and tyranny, we held a service. Our own hotel being near the Danube,

noisy, and a Catholic one, they arranged for it in a more retired Protestant hotel. Had the Jesuit Bishop and the police known of our gathering, we should have been interrupted long before the "Amen." There is nothing so savory as a meeting under persecution, and close "where Satan dwelleth." When our service was over, I returned to our hotel, and as many of the Gallneu-Kirchen people as dared followed me. The whole day was diligently improved, and the *whole evening* we were surrounded by these people, who never seemed to be weary of Gospel truth.

Early Monday morning we started to return to Vienna, where my work and our little flock were waiting for us.

At Vienna we were received by our friends with the utmost affection. Our house had been put into the nicest order, and presents of various kinds prepared, to express the joy they felt in seeing us back again. Our meeting was delightful. My printing labors were now resumed, and so were our meetings.

We had not been long in Vienna, when we moved to Döbling for country air. Mr. Simeon Calhoun, then an agent of the American Bible Society, afterwards better known as a veteran missionary in Syria, spent a short season with us, settling everything about funds, and passed on down the Danube. From Pesth he wrote us that he was having a very pleasant and profitable season with the Scotch missionaries there, viz. Dr. and Mrs. Duncan, and the two young unmarried missionaries, Messrs. Allen and Smith. He reminded us of the promise we had made them, to pay them a visit ere

long, (I had made a similar promise to the Archduchess Maria Dorothea, in 1840,) and urged us not to forget it, as he considered it quite important that we should see both the Archduchess and them. Consequently, we hired a cheap carriage, and left, on the 19th day of October, to proceed down the right bank of the Danube, following the imperial road from Vienna to Pesth. There I hoped to see more of the country of the noble Magyar people, and we saw it to our heart's content. The roads were terrible, utterly neglected, sometimes dangerous to carriages, from the continually occurring deep holes. In the so-called hotels there was the most wretched effort at elegance, combined with inconceivable filth.

When we arrived at Pesth, we put up at the hotel "Queen of England," which was indeed beautiful, even elegant, and well kept. The fact is, the whole of Pesth and Ofen are oases in Hungary for beauty, cleanliness, and refinement. It is quite a surprise to the land-traveler to find himself, all at once, in a civilized city; but the moment he leaves the place, the spell is broken, and, suddenly and roughly roused from a pleasant dream, he finds himself plunged into filth again. Our meeting with our friends, the missionaries, was in the highest degree delightful, and the few days we spent there belong to the richest days, of a private character, we ever spent. The pious Archduchess improved every moment we spent in her palace, for edification. She was as hungry for religious intercourse, as a starved traveler in the wilderness for a piece of bread. The Archduke Joseph, her husband, though a Catholic, was

especially liberal in allowing her free intercourse with pious people. She could, of course, accept no call from persons not already introduced into the palace, without asking his consent. But he said to her, "About these pious callers of yours, you need not ask me; let them come; they will do no one any harm."

Our journey back was like the one down, and we reached Vienna in health and good spirits, very grateful for the blessed season we had enjoyed.

Our last winter was now drawing near. Printing went on regularly, and I began to see the end, so that I could calculate to return to Constantinople early in 1842. But things began to ripen. I do not remember exactly when it was, but it must have been about this time that our pious attendants at the meetings, both Catholic and Protestant, requested the administration of the Lord's Supper to them. The Protestants urged the fact, that both the Lutheran and Calvinistic ministers in Vienna were all Rationalists, and that they could not commune in those churches with any comfort. The Catholics naturally pleaded that they could not go to the Catholic priests to confession, to get their sins pardoned, and then receive a consecrated wafer as a full communion. Both were but too clearly right. I told them that to do as they requested, to spread a communion-table, would be contrary to the law of Austria, and if known, would probably subject me to expulsion from the land, and them to one year's confinement in the penitentiary; and I asked them whether they were ready for that. They replied that they knew all this, and they were ready for the consequences.

Thus our communion seasons, always held in the night at our house, commenced.

The interest of our meetings was kept up to the full, the good people's hearts being greatly strengthened by our highly refreshing communion seasons. Under the indistinct impression (which I did all in my power to resist), that we were living over a volcano, I was continually led to speak upon subjects which were as directly in point as any the Bible contains—scenes and events of persecution and of peril. I spoke of the three men in the furnace, Daniel in the lions' den, and on other similar topics, and they doubtless helped to prepare us for what was coming.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PERSECUTION—THE WORK OF TRANSLATION COMPLETED.

THE winter passed quietly, while transitions from the Catholic Church to Protestantism continued, and our danger increased. The printing work was drawing near its completion, much to my comfort, for I was thus getting ready to meet the storm without injury to my work. At last it came.

On Sunday evening, the 24th of April, the people had collected at our house, the meeting being there in its regular turn. I sat behind my table, before the open door of a room, mother a little way off, perhaps there were a few more within that room, and the rest were seated in the larger room outside the open door. We had sung and prayed, and I was making remarks on Is. lvii. 15, when our door-bell rang. The servant-girl opened the door, and two police officers came in, leaving a guard before the door; they pushed right through the crowd, came into the room where mother and myself were sitting, closed the door against the rest of the people, shut up my Bible, and requested the privilege of asking me a few questions. All was done quietly and politely. I was asked a number of questions, and my answers were put in writing; this paper I signed. They then said that they would have to take

with them the books I used at the meeting, consisting of a German Bible, a Moravian hymn-book, and a little book with tunes which I used with the latter, to furnish a correct bass for the melody. Of course, I made no objection. The chief officer then apologized for the intrusion, regretting that higher orders had obliged him to disturb us. I thanked them in return for the courteous manner in which they discharged their duty. They then went out into the outer room, dismissed to their homes all those who lived as separate families in their own or hired habitations, and marched all the young men who lived merely in rooms to the police-station, where their residences were recorded, and they were then allowed to go. Thus the beginning of persecution against Christ and His truth was once more made.

During the short time that we remained in Vienna, after the persecution commenced, these poor people, especially the *poorer* ones, and the young unmarried laboring men, were over and over again examined by the police, and cross-questioned. With the more respectable they dealt more gently. I myself was never subjected to any vexation again, though I expected and wished to be called to speak. Several pious young men, being foreigners, *i. e.* not Austrian subjects, were unceremoniously exiled, and even escorted out of the city by the police, like culprits. These persecutions lasted long after we had left, and young women were shut up with thieves and vagabonds in prison, without any other object than that of terrifying the whole body of meeting-goers by making them feel the powerful arm of the parental government.

The police obviously labored to bring us under the sweep of some paragraph in their law, for our meetings, in themselves, were entirely lawful, and we were persecuted without the shadow of a charge; but as "Societies" were prohibited in Austria, the police wished to make out, that we had a name, or a constitution, or signs to recognize each other by; or were, *as a body*, in correspondence with the "Ausland;" or that I *received* a stipend from my hearers, or *gave* them one. While they were thus annoyed and maltreated, one of the poorer brethren came to me and asked: "If they ask us whether we have ever received the communion from you, (he was a Catholic by birth,) what shall we say?" "The truth," I answered. But, most surprisingly, *that* question was never put to them, though every other imaginable thing was inquired into over and over again.

At one time a society of stage-actors and other lewd fellows was formed, with a mock constitution, the first article of which was, that *in their meetings not a reasonable word should be spoken.* Their object was fun and folly, drinking and smoking. Immediately they were summoned before the police. Their president was examined. He stated the object of the society. "Why did they choose you for president?" the director of the police asked him. He replied, "Because I'm the most stupid of them." "Well, well," was the decision, "go, meet as often as you wish, but don't have a constitution, for it is forbidden." This story is characteristic of that "paternal government." It was time it should be overthrown.

I could not detail the vexations of this persecution if I would. On the evening when our house was entered, all the other meeting-places had likewise been watched, so that wherever we might have met, we should have been interrupted in the same manner. Soon after the first blow, the police visited the houses of those who had families, or lived within their own, or their hired habitations, and confiscated all their religious books. Visiting these families, they found large lithographic likenesses of Luther and Melancthon on the walls, and also a likeness of myself, cast in metal, which was made by a talented young man soon after we arrived. "Are these the saints you worship?" they asked carelessly. The books were taken to the office of the Chief of Police, and there tumbled into a heap, and looked through by curious police officers and others. Once, one of the officers, discovering in one of the hymn-books Luther's great Reformation Hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," exclaimed, "Ha! there is that famous hymn of Luther's. I have long wanted to see it." The rest gathered around him, and he read it aloud. They admired it greatly.

Thus these things went on till the middle of July, when we had to leave. The police called upon me no more, though I expected they would, while the poor people were annoyed without end. I, therefore, went to the Minister of Police, who had the name of being a very immoral man, and represented to him that I was kept unpleasantly in suspense, not being visited again after the police had entered my house, and being neither condemned nor justified. I told him I *wished* to be

heard, and I knew more of the subject of investigation, *i. e.* those meetings, than any of my hearers. He replied, manifestly lying, that he knew nothing of the whole business, but that I had better call on Baron A., the Director of Police, who would do what was proper. I then called upon Baron A., at the Police Headquarters, and was very politely received. I repeated what I had said to the Minister, and he answered, that as soon as they were ready, I should have another hearing, but that, if my printing business in Vienna was finished, the police was ready to grant me my passport any time I desired it. They rather *wished* to get rid of me, and not long after, Baron A. actually sent my passport. This I resented, and sent back the passport to him, letting him know, with my compliments, that whenever I wanted it, I should come for it. I never was examined again.

About this time, on one of the many Catholic holidays, a high festival, when our hotel and garden were sure to be filled with guests in the afternoon, an Imperial or Court carriage stopped before our house. A line was brought in from the Archduchess Maria Dorothea, inviting mother and me to call and see her at once, at the Imperial Palace in the city. All the neighborhood was astonished that a Court carriage should stop before our door, and we step in and drive off, as all knew perfectly well that we were, so to speak, in the hands of the police, as people who were considered to have done something or other amiss.

When we entered the apartments of her Imperial Highness, she herself rushed to the door to meet us,

and seizing me by the hands, exclaimed: "Are you really out of prison, dear Schauffler? Well, had you been in prison, I should have come myself to take you out." I had, of course, to tell her the story of our persecution, as far as it had proceeded. She wanted to see all the persecuted people, down to the poorest of them, and she engaged us to come into the city every day, (insisting upon paying for our carriages herself,) and so to arrange with our persecuted brethren and sisters as always to have a limited number of them with us. Thus, after having our gatherings broken up by the police, and our united prayers prohibited by them, the Lord made room for us in the Imperial palace, and we had prayers alongside of the Emperor's own suite of apartments.

With the close of June, my printing work was finished, and we began to make preparations for our return to Constantinople.

The police having kept an obstinate silence in reference to me, and never having permitted me to speak again before them, I thought they wished me to depart with a stigma upon my character. The Minister of Police once remarked to our Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Clay, at a diplomatic dinner, that the police found no fault, in these investigations, with "Doctor" Schauffler, (as they called me,) and that I could make any arrangements to return to my former residence, without objection on their part. Still, I was anxious to show my face and my Roman citizenship fully before I left, in order to make all concerned understand that I had done nothing amiss, and was not afraid of the face of man. In my

standing as a literary foreigner, I had the right of requesting a *private* audience with the Emperor, (*public* audience any one may have,) and even of being introduced to him by Prince Metternich. But as the latter would have put me off, under some pretext, and as I was ready to go, I went to the Emperor's "Chambers," accompanied by a friend, a man of experience and standing. For such an audience there must be an *object*, and I therefore stated it as my object to present to the Emperor a copy of the Hebrew-Spanish translation which I had printed in Vienna, and which (as I could truly say) I could not have done as well anywhere in Germany, or anywhere out of Austria. As the Emperor knew the Spanish language, and was pleased with everything distinguished done in his Empire, I thought it would please him to see a copy. As the Emperor was continually annoyed with presents by people who only wanted to get some Imperial toy, with which afterwards to parade themselves in society, or perhaps to get a so-called "gratification" in money, we stated at the "Chambers," that no acknowledgment of this kind was desired, and that it would rather injure the feelings of the applicant than gratify them. The object was, to show the Emperor a creditable fruit of Austrian industry. A few days after I received a "notice" from the "Chambers," that the Emperor would see me on such a day and hour, admonishing me to be prompt in my attendance at the palace, as there would be few persons to be introduced on that day. Of course, I was precise, and really, very few were present in the Emperor's ante-chamber. My books were

looked at by the company, and admired. When my turn came, the chamberlain opened the door, and led me in with my Bible, which was in two quarto volumes. The room where the Emperor received was very simple, without any pretensions to elegance, and had only a few articles of furniture. The Emperor was in civil dress, a poor, sickly man, his head shaking from weakness, his looks obtuse from paralytic attacks, to which he had been subject from his youth, but there was much kindness in his looks and demeanor. I explained to him briefly the object of the work I had the honor of laying before him. He expressed his approval of it, and hoped God would bless it to the poor Jews in Turkey. He rejoiced that it had been done so beautifully, and with entire innocence, no doubt, he asked me whether my residence in his city had been pleasant. This I could answer in the affirmative, (leaving out the police,) and I thanked him for the comfort and the degree of protection I had been favored with while here, —not mentioning the discomfort of our persecution,— and then I took my leave, as I had made my entrance, with the usual three bows. My feelings, as I stood before this monarch of a great Empire, were those of almost unmingled pity, and as I drove out of the "Burg," or palace gate, I could not but sigh, "Lord, Thou hast denied almost everything to this man on earth, give him a portion in the better world!" I had no idea that in six years this poor man would have to pass through the thunder and hail storm of a revolution, make concessions to the people, enough to wreck Austrian despotism and popish arrogance together, and then abdicate,

and make his escape without purple and crown and sceptre.

We left Vienna about the middle of July. The place of embarkation was below the city, so that we had to drive thither in a cab, through the "Prater." We passed the hotel where we had first stopped, and the house where our meetings began, and where Edward was born. We passed along the beautiful park, but our hearts were sad. Unexpectedly, we found at the place of embarkation almost all our meeting people assembled in the open air. How we should have liked to do as Paul did, kneel down with them by the river-side, and once more pray together. But the place was not secluded enough. We took leave of one another, never again to meet here below, and we went on board. As our steamer made a turn to head down the river, they all stood on the shore, a little flock of persecuted sheep without a shepherd, and we could do nothing for them but commend them to God.

The persecution, the never-ending annoyances, eventually drove all these people from Vienna. There was no end of wrong and cruelty. Some went to Pesth, some to Berlin, some to Breslau, some to other places.

Not long before we left, the officer of police at Döbling came to our dwelling with another gentleman, and requested to see my pile of letters. He was very polite, and observed that he had induced the other gentleman to put on a civil dress in order to prevent people from making observations. I thanked him for the kind intention, but assured him that I had no objection to any number of officers and sheriffs coming to my dwelling

as often as they pleased. I considered my character beyond their reach, and was entirely willing to have it known and seen daily, that I was under religious persecution. Looking on the extensive bundles of letters, he said, "There are very many, and not a few of them English." These he could not read, and requested permission to take them home, assuring me that I should have them back in the morning. He took them, but never sent them back. When I inquired for them, he excused himself, saying the correspondence was called for by his superior officers, and the letters were at the Central Police Office, where I must call for them. In 1855 I called at the Central Office, where the very officer in question was now in a higher position. He seemed to have a faint recollection of the thing, but told me that, since 1848, all had been reorganized in all their departments, and those letters had probably been destroyed. Doubtless the fire of popular vengeance swept them away during the revolution of that memorable year. Here endeth our Vienna life.

CHAPTER XIX.

RECEPTION OF THE TRANSLATION—PERSECUTION OF THE ARMENIANS—RELIEF.

WHEN we left Vienna, it was just about ten years after my arrival at Constantinople as a missionary, and nearly eight and a half years since we began laboring together, mother and myself. Our changes had been sufficiently numerous, and our comforts, as well as our trials, great. We had most abundant reason to be grateful to the Lord, for guiding and guarding us thus far.

While I was engaged in preparing the Hebrew-Spanish translation of the Old Testament, I had often thought, "If I but live to finish this work, I shall consider my missionary life as a success, secured and safe, and whatever else I may be able to do, as so much *additional* labor, to fill out the remainder of my days." The work was now finished, and I was carrying a part of it, ready for dissemination, to Constantinople. However, I was not without many fears as to the manner in which the Jews, especially the Rabbis, would receive the work. I had been obliged to make many changes in the style while at Vienna, and the book of Job, too difficult for my amanuensis in Constantinople, was done entirely without help. I was much bolder in shaping the text into tolerably good Spanish than any other mis-

sionary was willing to be. And now it was to be seen whether I had judged aright, and whether an edition of 3,000 copies of the Old Testament was to be accepted or rejected by the people for whom it was intended.

In my expectation that we should have a good time in Pesth, I was not deceived, but the result far exceeded my hopes.

When we reached Pesth, as we came from the steamer, Mr. Allen *flew*, as it were, into our embrace. At our first evening meeting at Dr. Duncan's house, we felt that a revival had begun. We took a large, beautiful room at the "Tiger" Hotel.

It would be impossible now to recall the crowding events, and the meetings, constantly growing in interest, during this ten days' stay. The English families, a few of whom were residing there, (in government employ, I believe,) were first reached by the influence of these meetings, but soon the Jews began to be touched, and the richest fruits were among them. A revival began among them, which proved the greatest in Israel since the Apostolic days. Readers may refer to the *Free Church Record* for particulars of that blessed season. The inquirers and eventual converts from among the Jews were all of the educated classes, who had, probably, most of them, held friendly intercourse with these missionaries during the year past, and had thus been gradually prepared for the days of Divine power. Among them was the highly-accomplished Saphir family. A little son, (I think the youngest in the family,) aged about twelve years, a most beautiful child, was brought to Christ during these ten days, and I

never saw a little fellow who looked more like an angel dressed in human form and apparel. From the moment of his conversion, he was anxious for the salvation of the rest of the family, especially for that of his venerable father. Timidly and modestly he improved every opportunity of inviting all around to Jesus, so precious to *him*, and they took it kindly, and called him their little missionary. I never can forget the little boy's interesting appearance, when, after our farewell evening meeting at Dr. Duncan's, I took leave of his father, who then was bowed down under a sense of sin, and a realization of the necessity of redemption. With the deepest concern, he looked up into his father's face, to see whether my parting invitation would, perhaps, turn the leaf with him. The lad is now (1887) a minister of the Gospel in London, highly esteemed, and very useful in the Church.

During these ten days we also visited our good Archduchess, Maria Dorothea, and, as usual, had a very profitable time with her. She was delighted to hear of the good work in Pesth. Before we left, she sent over to our hotel a little gold watch for mother, and some other little things as presents.

The passage down the Danube could hardly have been duller, but of this we did not complain. From Varna to the Bosporus we had an ugly sea across our bows, which made everybody sick, an Irish doctor and myself being the only ones of the cabin passengers to be up and about. I had my hands full till we entered the Bosporus. We were kindly received by the dear Dwights, and remained with them till we had a house

ready to receive us. As usual, in such cases, we found our furniture much injured by being stowed away, and removed, with the removal of the family who kept it, from house to house. But we had more important things to think of immediately on arriving. Henry and Edward brought the Danube fever with them. Edward shook it off, but Henry was very severely attacked. For a whole day he lay, as it were, on the borders of eternity, his eyes shut, and no sign of life left in him. But he recovered, to our unspeakable joy, and when the disease was overcome, he was rapidly restored to his usual health and strength.

We were fortunate in finding a convenient house behind the English palace. In this house we stayed quietly till 1848, when it burned down in the great Pera fire, while we were spending our summer season at Bebek.

My work now was, to disseminate my edition of the Hebrew and Hebrew-Spanish Bible among the Jews. The edition was scattered rapidly, and not one word of objection was uttered by the Jews, either Rabbis or people. The chief Rabbi, to whom I sent a copy, sent me his thanks, and a strong recommendation of the work. He admonished the people to buy and read the good book. I had this exhortation printed and placed in the front of the first volume.

At that time the Armenian work was going on quietly, but under much pressure, and strictly watched by the jealous Armenian Patriarch. There were a few individuals who ran well, though, in later years, even of these few, some made sad defection. They were greatly benefited by the persecuting pressure upon

them ; and the consciousness that they were a band of oppressed believers in the Gospel, gave them strength. I do not remember exactly when it was that they began to have private meetings among themselves in the upper story of our house. On our arrival from Vienna, I was most happy to hear that Mr. Dwight had meetings with them secretly (not in his house), and was reading the Scriptures with them, and expounding as he read. They were very glad, however, to avail themselves of our parlor, for in no other missionary house could they possibly have met. Those houses were closely watched by Armenian spies, and the very servants of the families would have betrayed them. Our house was not watched, and our servants were Germans, and in no sympathy with the Armenians. Many a meeting these men, about half a dozen in number, held at our house, warmed by our stove, and bodily refreshed by what mother sent them to eat, with a good, warm cup of coffee. Late in the year 1843, Drs. Rufus Anderson and Joel Hawes visited the Eastern missions. They met the few Armenian brethren in the parlor of our house, in all secrecy, and greatly rejoiced to see them. "This is a church," Dr. Anderson said. It was more than they had expected to see, for they seemed really afraid that the Armenian work was a failure, as the Nestorian had thus far proved. But here they found something to encourage their hopes. They visited Broosa, and were much disappointed, for the letters of the missionaries, always full of hope, had raised their expectations too high. In Smyrna, they had found nothing, save a crowd of missionaries of various so-

cieties, and their printing-press. In Trebizond, they were happily disappointed, for Mr. Johnston, over-modest in all his ways, had been so careful not to make too good an impression, that they expected to find nothing there ; but the place was not void of real results, and they rejoiced. In reference to the Jewish work, Dr. Anderson, who seems to have had plenipotentiary powers, said, "Now, we will make a mission out of the Jewish work; I will separate it from the Armenian, and make it a mission by itself, and we will send you men." This promise was not kept as to its latter part, until the year 1849.

I return to the time when the clouds of persecution began to gather, portending a severe storm. A young man was publicly executed in Constantinople for returning from Islamism, to which he had made defection from Christianity, to his former profession. But this was not the only case. Similar events took place in other cities of Turkey, at short intervals of time. The first execution happened in August, 1843 ; others followed.

At last the Foreign Ambassadors at Constantinople took up the matter, led by Sir Stratford Canning (afterwards Lord de Redcliffe), as representative of Great Britain. Thus a tremendous controversy arose between "the powers that be," in which men, otherwise little concerned for Gospel truth, came to close quarters with the bigoted Mussulmans. At the court, Riza Pasha, the great enemy of Europeans generally, and a most determined character, was at the head of the Mussulman phalanx. The other Ambassadors seemed gradu-

ally to retreat from the position they had taken; at any rate, they did not press the question, and the fight was left entirely in the hands of the English Ambassador. He told me afterwards that every argument was exhausted on both sides, and pressed with the utmost urgency and vigor, till Riza Pasha declared categorically, that their "Book" enjoined the execution of such apostates from Islamism, and that foreign powers had no right to interfere with a matter involving, on the part of the Turks, the performance of a *religious duty*.

Sir Stratford, on receiving this communication, went to his library, and took down the Koran, at which, he told me, he had not looked for years, and on opening the volume, his eye lit upon a passage, saying "that the man who made defection from the faith should die, and his soul would go to hell." Calling for a dragoman in their service, he asked him whether there was any passage in the Koran ordering that such a man should be *executed*, and on being informed that there was not, he replied to the Porte, that there was no such duty enjoined upon them by their own Book, and that he insisted upon the abrogation of the barbarous usage. Here the controversy ceased. Sir Stratford declared that he would receive no farther communications on the subject, nor any more visits, nor see any more subordinate officers of the Government. He insisted upon seeing the Sultan himself. All intercourse between the English Ambassador and the Sublime Porte was now suspended. The whole city looked sullen at this state of things, and everybody felt apprehensive of an outbreak among the Mohammedans against the Christians.

At last the Porte yielded, and the personal interview between the Sultan and Sir Stratford was arranged. The Ambassador went to the Sultan, in full state, and the Sultan had his pages, attendants, and guards turned out for this reception, as though he had been a king. Riza Pasha received Sir Stratford in the court, accompanied him to the door of the Sultan's apartments, and on bowing him in, asked him to speak well of *him*. The interview between the Sultan and the Ambassador was short, and the former gave the Ambassador the promise, with his own right hand, that no man should henceforth be executed on the ground in dispute.

As soon as this great question was settled between the Sultan and the English Ambassador, Riza Pasha bestirred himself to control the popular excitement among the Mohammedans, which, by this time, had become very alarming. Multitudes, it was said, had crowded into Constantinople from the country, in expectation of an opposition to Government, or to the Franks. Things looked very ominous. But Riza Pasha took the wind out of their sails in fine Turkish fashion He had all the males in Constantinople gathered into the various mosque-yards, or courts, and examined. Those who had homes or occupations, or were connected so as to inspire confidence, were let out, by one door, to go about their business, and those who looked suspicious, were sent out by another gate, and transported to a solitary part of the Princes' Islands, which lie several miles from the city in the Marmora Sea. Here they were fed by the Government, supplied liberally with coffee and tobacco, entertained by players on bag-

pipes, dancing bears, and monkeys, and then, after a few days, put into the army and navy. The Prussian Ambassador said to me, some years after, "If they can bear *that*, there is no fear that the Turks will ever rise against their own government."

Thus the Lord prepared the way for the time when help was needed against the persecution, not of Christians by Turks, but of Christians by professed Christians; for by this diplomatic triumph of England over the persecuting spirit of Islamism, Sir Stratford had become the acknowledged guardian of liberty of conscience in Turkey.

The importance of this Providential preparation for the great struggle, appeared immediately when the fire of persecution was kindled. Sir Stratford himself acknowledged the Providential character of this great event of his life. He afterwards, when I had become better acquainted with him, said to me: "We diplomats had no such thing in view, as now appears to have resulted from that struggle with the Government. We pursued an entirely different object, but God has brought out of it what no one of us expected to see." But I am anticipating. Let me, therefore, return to the Jewish field, and then say a few things, not otherwise told, connected with the Armenian Patriarch's persecution of the "Gospel-men."

At their General Assembly, in 1843, the Established Church of Scotland, the "Kirk," was rent in twain, and those who protested against the encroachment of the temporal power in matters purely religious, went out to form the "Free Church of Scotland." That noble act

of so many great and good men, who were followed by an unexpectedly large portion of the people, is a page in ecclesiastical history that will ever claim one of the first places in point of solemnity and importance. Not a single foreign missionary remained in the residuary old Kirk. All went out, and the Kirk remained without a scrap of Foreign Missionary ground or work. Dr. Duncan expressed great anxiety on the subject while we were at Pesth, still adhering, as they all did, *in principle*, to the connection of Church and State, as the proper condition of both. During the winter of 1842–3, Dr. Keith, the great Scotch expounder of apocalyptic prophesies, passed a short time at Constantinople, being on a tour: he was a member (perhaps the convener) of the Missionary Committee for Jewish missions. They had surplus funds (a rare thing for a Missionary Society), and wished to dispose of them, honestly, of course, for Jewish Missionary purposes, before the coming disruption of the Church. Dr. Keith asked me to make out a list of missionary objects desirable to be accomplished, and for which I needed funds. I made such a list, including half the edition of the Hebrew-Spanish Bible, now ready; an abundant supply of Hebrew and Hebrew-Spanish type, matrices, casting-moulds, and other apparatus for a Hebrew printing department (excluding presses, for which we had no occasion); Hebrew school-cards, to be prepared for Jewish schools generally; funds for publishing tracts, etc. The whole amounted to more than $2,200. That entire sum was readily granted to me. I, therefore, bought half of the edition of the Hebrew-Spanish Bible from the American Bible Society,

which I afterwards placed at the disposal of the Scotch missionaries laboring among the Jews here, when we left the Jewish field altogether.

Mr. Calhoun being then stationed here, as agent of the American Bible Society, and they being liberally inclined, the Bible was disseminated gratuitously, to a great extent, to encourage the Jews in returning to their sacred Scriptures, and to show charity to the poor. But we kept within such bounds of liberality that the regard for the Book and the appreciation of our liberality were not diminished that I know of. The edition was becoming exhausted sooner than we had calculated, for the Jews were almost destitute of any Hebrew-Spanish text in any shape, and a few years after, our type, bought by Scotch liberality, having been received, we printed another edition of 5,000 copies (8,000 in all), here at Constantinople, and I had, once more, to correct a Hebrew Bible text, with all its vowel-points and accents innumerable.

For the more detailed history of the great persecution waged by the Armenian Patriarch against the "Gospel-men," by which they were driven to the necessity of forming a separate church, I must refer you to Dr. Dwight's book. I will confine myself to something more connected with ourselves, and not mentioned there.

When the storm burst upon us, we had no efficient diplomatic support. Our own Ambassador represented a distant country, and was diplomatically a *second-class* Representative. He could do nothing worth mentioning. With Sir Stratford Canning, none of us, except

Mr. Goodell, had any personal acquaintance. The concession he had wrested from the Turks did not touch our case, and it was very uncertain whether he would acknowledge the persecution of Christians by Christians, as falling within the scope of his influence. The station, however, having no other human means to look to, decided on an appeal to Sir Stratford for his official interference. A statement, accompanied by a note, was to be laid before him. When it came to the question, who should write the note and sign it, all declined, even Mr. Goodell, none feeling entitled to address Sir Stratford, from lack of personal acquaintance, for he was known to be excessively punctilious in matters of etiquette. It was put upon me, who never exchanged even a salutation with him. I declined also, but they insisted upon it, saying that I, being a Jewish missionary, could do it without being subject to the charge of soliciting help in my own interests as a missionary. Unwillingly, I consented, feeling the delicacy of my situation, but seeing no other way to accomplish the object.

The result was unexpectedly happy. Sir Stratford replied to me in a very courteous note. He promised to attend to the matter immediately, and kept his word, as he always did.

For some considerable time I remained the only go-between for the mission in this persecution matter, and document after document passed through my hands, and call after call was made by me at the British palace, to reply to questions or to make statements, till Sir Stratford's patience was almost exhausted.

Our efforts to secure this protection for the persecuted Armenians, were well-nigh frustrated by one of our countrymen, Mr. Southgate. Mr. Southgate, a ritualistic Episcopalian, very naturally took the part of the persecuting Patriarch, and considered the "Gospelmen" rebels against the apostolic succession of the Patriarch and the priesthood. In his letters home, in the *Spirit of Missions*, he represented the Gospel movement among them as "a mixture of Radicalism and infidelity." He labored with all his might to make the British Ambassador believe that there was no persecution going on, but that only church discipline was being administered, with which no one ought to interfere. He brought the persecuting Patriarch, and presented him to Sir Stratford. Nothing could exceed the meek and dignified conduct, and the air of sanctity of that man, and they almost succeeded in persuading the Ambassador to abandon our cause.

It was once, just after such a visit from these two men, that I presented myself at the British palace, by previous appointment. I found Sir Stratford unusually stiff, almost discourteous. He did not shake hands with me. He had a whole pile of persecution documents before him, which I had sent him in quick succession. Something like the following conversation took place: *Sir Stratford:* "This is a most perplexing business; you come to me to fight your battles, and tell me there is persecution, and here, just a few minutes ago, the Armenian Patriarch and Mr. Southgate assured me, that there is no persecution practised, but that all there is, is church discipline." *I:* "Sir Strat-

ford, allow me to say that *we* have no battles of our own or for ourselves to fight. We are not persecuted, and if we were, we have our own representative here, and should have no right to trouble you. But the poor Armenian families are suffering for conscience' sake, and they have no human help but you, and no means of addressing you except through us." *Sir Stratford:* "Well, now, look at this pile of documents" (he took them up), "it is no small undertaking even to *read* them, and I have no leisure time to read everybody's complaints." *I:* "I am aware that these persecuted people have no *right* to come to you, and we have no right to assist them in coming. But Providence has made you the guardian of liberty of conscience in Turkey, and, therefore, they come, and we knock at your door on their behalf. I regret to be a medium of giving you so much trouble, and, perhaps, I have already gone beyond the bounds of propriety by sending in so many papers. If so, please to let me know it, and from that moment you will not receive another line, passing through my hands." *Sir Stratford:* "I did not say that! but, upon my word, it is a bold thing to attack the established religion of a land and people. If I were a king, I would not permit it." *I:* "If you were a king, you would certainly prohibit and prevent it, but you would do wrong. You might happen to prohibit the religion which Paul and the other apostles preached to the world." He made no reply to this, but seemed to feel that he had made a hasty remark. To wrong any one was far from his thoroughly upright mind. A few more remarks were exchanged. Refer-

ring to the Patriarch's denial that there was any persecution, I begged Sir Stratford to look at the last paper I had sent him, and to judge for himself. He took it up, ran over it, and kindling with indignation, threw it violently on the table, exclaiming: "IT IS *persecution, and I will not permit it.*" He now shook hands with me, and we parted better friends that ever.

Gradually, as the calls at the British palace became so frequent, and Mr. Dwight could reply to particular inquiries so much better than I, I introduced him to Sir Stratford, and he became the go-between. Still, for a whole year, I did no direct missionary work, except fighting in the ranks of the Armenian missionaries against the heavy storm.

The personal sacrifices we all made, in giving from our savings to the persecuted, were, of course, many. That year I had bought less coal than ever, it being so dear. However, we gave away coal to these distressed, cast-out wanderers, who, in their trouble, stayed over in Pera.

The straits of the missionaries were great, in view of the many families thrown into the streets, and heads of families turned out of their shops and stores, where they used to gain a livelihood. An appeal was made to the English residents here, (for the mission had no means, and the missionaries had no right to advance money for the support of these starving families,) which at once brought $400. We had, however, advanced money to that amount upon our private responsibilities, being bound to account for it individually. By the avails of our appeal, we were brought out of our

first distress. We had to make an appeal abroad, for the pressure continued long. We had charities sent us from America, England, Norway, the East Indies, and from my little country, Würtemberg. And several appeals, made in successive years, to the English residents here, always resulted in liberal help. All those who helped us from abroad sent charity *once* each, except Würtemberg, which kept sending *unasked*, from time to time, "for the persecuted Armenians," till (I am persuaded) their charities equaled all the foreign gifts together, and I was obliged to tell them to send no more, because the persecution by the Patriarch had ceased.

CHAPTER XX.

SCOTCH MISSION ESTABLISHED—MORE MISSIONARIES —JEWISH WORK ABANDONED.

I WILL endeavor, if practicable, to compress the remainder of the Jewish mission and its end into one section. When light had already shone upon the work among the German Jews, that work had to be abandoned to other and certainly less successful hands, whatever their devotion to the good cause, and their personal abilities may have been.

We arrived at Constantinople, on our return from Vienna, in July, 1842, and took a house in Pera. The following summer we spent at a house in Bebek. But such was the opposition of the government to the residence of Europeans in Bebek, that we had to bring our few articles of furniture very stealthily over the hills.

Meantime, Mr. Schwartz had been laboring in Pera and Galata among the Jews, (German only,) and I let him preach once a fortnight in German in our American Chapel at Pera, where I commenced service again as soon as I returned. Mr. Schwartz was then in the employ of the London Jews' Society.

The work was not without a blessing, and good was manifestly coming, when the mania for a Jerusalem diocese, and a Bishop for that new see, seized the minds of the English brethren. They did not stop to con-

sider, that this see was already occupied by a successor of the apostle, yea, by several, and that from the earliest days of the Christian Church, there had always been Bishops, even Patriarchs, at Jerusalem, of the most undoubted apostolic claims (!), and that their new bishopric was, therefore, entirely *irregular*. They rushed most uncanonically into the enterprise, backed by the King of Prussia, whose pious zeal consented to an arrangement of alternate appointment of the Bishop by England and Prussia, an arrangement as singular and inconsistent as it was novel. In this the Committee of the London Jews' Society felt they were called upon to take a prominent part. English criticisms upon apocalyptic passages led them to suppose that the dawn of the millennium could now be clearly seen. The sun of that glorious day was on the very point of rising. Out of Zion the law was now to go forth, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. All their Jewish missionaries were, therefore, to be gathered together into Palestine, to labor under the newly-enthroned *Anglican* Bishop Alexander (himself a Jewish proselyte). Their labors were all to go forth from Zion, the conversion of the Jews was now surely coming, and these were to be the efficient missionaries to the Gentiles, doing what Gentile missionaries had so foolishly attempted, and the Lord Jesus was then to come and set up His visible reign on earth, with His royal residence in Jerusalem. The enthusiasm was great, destined to sink into silent ashes as rapidly as it had blazed up. Schwartz was peremptorily ordered to proceed *at once* to Palestine, even to Hebron. Notwithstanding his remonstrance,

that the state of his eyes would not permit him to go to Palestine, but that he was ready to go anywhere farther north, and notwithstanding a letter I wrote to the Committee of this London Jews' Society, begging them not to take him away from the good work just now developing, they maintained their decision, taking no notice whatever of my letter, and, in consequence, Mr. Schwartz left for Pesth.

The winter following, the Rev. Mr. Stewart, from Scotland, and Mr. Allan, from Pesth, came through on their way to Damascus, where Mr. Allan was going to be settled. Mr. Allan had married the daughter of Mrs. Duncan. Mr. Stewart asked me how we would receive Scotch missionaries at Constantinople, if they should send any for the Jews. I said, "So!" spreading out my arms. That same winter a Prussian Chaplain arrived, Rev. Mr. Major, and took from my shoulders the work among the Germans. The Scotch mission was established, and they having no missionary ready to take charge of the station, I was requested to organize it, which I did. The Free Church Covenanters were then well off as to funds, and they permitted me to open a laboring institution for Jewish inquirers, of whom we had a number on hand from Mr. Schwartz's time.

I will not enter into a detailed account of this institution, upon which I bestowed much pains, and not in vain. The young men were almost all boot-blacks from the Galata streets. I organized, also, a dispensary. I had baptized, in the summer of 1844, Dr. Leitner, who died here many years after, a sincere and heavenly-

minded Christian. The institution was established during the winter of 1844–45, and several were hopefully converted, who form to this day (1868) the bone and substance of their mission church. The dispensary, with Dr. Leitner in charge, having three different points, where sick persons received advice and medicine, did much good among the "Sefardee" as well as the "Ashkenazee" Jews.*

During the summer of 1844, we lived in Bebek; mother was very ill. But having efficient and reliable help in the house, I could spend half of the week, night and day, at Pera, the institution needing my presence. Alfred, born April 19, 1843, was then a babe.

After our return to the city house, things went better. Mother had entirely recovered from her illness, and I could give myself to my work. Daily I rose when it was still dark, to go to the institution, for the morning Bible exercise and prayers. Often I found some of them asleep, and no fire in the stove; but instead of scolding, I quietly made the fire, while they were scrambling out of bed, and thus I shamed them out of their lazy habits; and when it pleased God to visit the institution by His Spirit, these outward things came right without any especial pressure or remonstrance.

During the summer of 1844, the Prussian Chaplain fell out with the Ambassador, Mons. Le Coq, and when the Ambassador returned to Pera in the fall, the service in the chapel was suspended. I, therefore, opened my Ger-

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* The Spanish Jews are known as "Sefardee," while the Polish, Russian, and other Jews are called "Ashkenazee."

man service again at 9 o'clock A.M., in the same chapel in which our English service was held at 11 o'clock A.M., and Armenian service afterwards. I had labored to keep the peace between the Ambassador and the Chaplain, as both were pious men, but in vain. Each wanted me to side with *him*, but as both were in fault, in my judgment, I kept aloof from the difficulty. Of course, the Chaplain was recalled, and my German service continued. With Mons. Le Coq we used to be on intimate terms. His wife, who died just before the Chaplain arrived, was an excellent Christian person. An old aunt in the family seemed, also, to love Christ.

In 1845, Mr. Allan came back from Damascus to settle here, and I was relieved from my responsibility, though I naturally came to Mr. Allan's help, who was not yet quite fluent in the use of the German language.

When Mr. Allan arrived, it was obvious that he could have no mission unless he had a German service, and that he could have no German service if I had one. Timidly he asked me what I should do if he opened a German service at Galata. My impression had been before, that the German service must go over to the Scotch, if they were to have a mission here at all. I, therefore, replied, that I should give him *my* service, and if he wished me, would help him preach. For this offer he seemed to be deeply grateful. Thus the Scotch mission was established upon a good working basis. I had, of course, to come to Mr. Allan's help. He opened his work in Galata, and had two services. The afternoon service I regularly took. Mr. Allan came alone to take care of the whole station. No mission-

ary was sent to superintend the institution. This did not become self-supporting at once, as had been perhaps expected. The funds of the committee were low, and the home wants of the "Free Church of Scotland," at that time, were naturally very great, for, on the disruption of the Kirk, the Free Church was left without any Church property, and some congregations worshiped in the open air. Thus, the good work begun was checked, and the mission began to drag.

The Committee in Edinburgh, in thanking me for my services of a year's duration, which year they have since repeatedly called *the flower of their mission in Turkey*, sent me a present of £100. A part of this, say $400, deposited by our Treasurer in Boston, increased to something over $500, and became the means, as I expect hereafter to state, of our buying the house we own; and by saving house-rent thus, since 1849, I was enabled to do for my children's education and the needful comforts of my family, what would otherwise have been impossible for me.

I had, thus far, requested from time to time to be reinforced, and was always told that there were no men fit and willing to go to the Jews. The German Jews were now under the care of the Scotch missionaries, and I was still hoping to see something efficient done for the Sefardee Jews of Constantinople and of Turkey; but when Mr. (now Dr.) A. Thomson came, and there was no more doubt of the readiness and intention of our Scotch brethren to occupy the Sefardee field also, I saw that Constantinople was lost to us. I, therefore, wrote to Dr. Anderson, saying that I no

longer needed reinforcements, as Constantineple was fully occupied, or shortly would be, and that if the Board still wanted a mission, they might contemplate occupying Salonica or Smyrna, or *both*. In reply, I received orders to go to Salonica, to make the preliminary inquiries, survey the place, and report. Two months after the date of the letter I was in Salonica ; I made the most accurate inquiries as to the health of the city, and all the particulars of a practical character, and reported.

I had previously sent Baron Bedros to Salonica, to labor there among the Jews. A number of them called to see me. This was in the summer of 1848. In March, 1849, Messrs. Dodd and Maynard and their wives, arrived in Smyrna. Two men were now on the ground, and two more afterwards joined them. Mr. Dodd told me he had kept himself for some time in readiness to go *anywhere*, but on account of his constitution, had been thinking rather of Africa. But when he was told there were missionaries needed for the Jewish field, he at once consented to go, and would have been happy to spend and be spent for the poor Jews, had not that mission afterwards been abandoned.

The spring was not a favorable season for taking new-comers to Salonica, and the Constantinople station invited these brethren to come to this point and tarry for a while, devoting themselves to the study of the language.

They accordingly came up from Smyrna, and made us a short visit, long enough, however, completely to win all our hearts, for they were of a most lovely and consecrated spirit.

Naturally enough, Messrs. Dodd and Maynard were impatient of delay and anxious to reach their ultimate destination. The station, therefore, advised me to accompany them to Salonica at once, which I did cheerfully, though somewhat against my own conviction of what was wise. It is needless to detail the difficulties we encountered in securing a suitable house, and in having it cleared of vermin and otherwise cleaned. I remained with the brethren for two full months, helping them to get settled and somewhat acquainted. During this time I had considerable intercourse with the Jews, and paved the way, so far as I could, for nearer access to them on the part of our missionaries.

The chief missionary interest connected with this visit to Salonica, was the acquaintance I made with Selim Agha, (a Turk, afterwards baptized as Edward Williams,) who anticipated my call by calling upon me. I will not repeat the interesting story, but turn to my voyage to Constantinople. Going on board the steamer, I found it a miserable, small craft, old and wretched. The captain, an old Italian tar, confessed to me that the vessel was too small for trips between Constantinople and Salonica, that she had been for six months unseaworthy, and that it was only at the urgent solicitation of the Lloyd Company that he ran her this once more, and definitely for the last time. Had it been decent weather, I should not have thought of all this, but it was far otherwise. Messrs. Dodd and Maynard accompanied me on board, but hastened back, for a heavy squall was coming up the bay when we heaved anchor. We went right into it.

We toiled along the shore of the long gulf, laboring hard, and our captain looked uneasy. Before we passed out he said to me: "If I knew it was worse outside, where we must either sink or swim, I should cast anchor here." "Well, come to anchor then," I said, "for it is probably worse outside." He answered, "With this wind, if it does not become stronger, I cannot." A few minutes after, he turned to me and said: "You are a passenger; if you can tell me that you have reason to believe that this wind is worse outside, I can stop." I replied, "Captain, if I told you I knew anything about this wind, I should tell a lie; I know nothing of it." "Then, I must hold the sea, by the law; it will naturally be a little worse outside, but not much, and we shall have a chance to ride it out." We kept the sea.

Instead of passing Monte Santo (Mt. Athos) late in the evening, we toiled slowly along the gulf of Cassandra, and the gulf of Monte Santo, and were tossed up and down all night in the face of that terrible mountain. It was pitch dark, the rain pouring, no light, and Monte Santo on our left, like a grand mass of solid darkness, ready to swallow us up. Our little steamer was so frail that, as I sat in the cabin, the seams of the cabinet-maker's work opened and shut very perceptibly, as the steamer rolled and pitched. One sea shipped would have broken us in two, and sent us all down, as fast as the weight of iron could have carried us. My hope of seeing wife or children was indeed small, and I commended them and myself to our covenant-keeping God. But it pleased God to preserve us, and as the morning dawned Monte Santo dropped behind us, slowly unclenching his

grasp. Our captain, still not quite confident of his vessel, notwithstanding the promising aspect of the weather, instead of steering direct for the Dardanelles, made for the Isle of Imbros. However, the weather kept improving, and the wind began to calm down, and when we had reached Imbros, we turned the helm, and kept on, steering for the Dardanelles; still our situation was uncomfortably problematic in that broken shell, till we reached Constantinople harbor.

We lost twenty-four hours by this gale, and instead of reaching here Saturday morning, we arrived at a late hour on Sunday morning.

During the summer of this year, an acquaintance of Mr. Maynard, a young theologian, visited us, and Mr. Maynard invited him to come down to Salonica to take a tour with him to Mount Olympus and the classic Vale of Tempe, as he himself had been studying hard, and would like a vacation. This was done without a knowledge of time or locality, without consultation with anybody who knew better, at a season when a visit to the Vale of Tempe was very venturesome, to say the least. They went and they returned; the traveler left for Athens; but both the travelers, as well as their Armenian servant, were taken with pernicious malarial fever, and Mr. Maynard died at Salonica, and his friend, at Athens, on the same day.

In place of Mr. Maynard, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons were sent out, They were followed by Mr. and Mrs. Morgan. The mission being now a separate one, we had our *annual meeting* at Salonica, early in the summer of 1852. The annual meeting of the Armenian mission

had been held at Smyrna, in March; I attended this also. This first annual meeting of the Jewish mission was also its last.

The three mission families moved to the country as soon as I had left, lived on watermelons and milk, and slept with open windows; the gentlemen went to and from the city in the noonday heat, and, of course, they had the intermittent fever soon enough. Mrs. Morgan was severely attacked with a pernicious form of fever, and soon died. Mr. Morgan was reduced very low; Mr. and Mrs. Parsons both became quite ill, and he for some time lay on the borders of the grave. Soon they had to leave Salonica. The Parsons family and Mr. Morgan came up to Constantinople; the Dodds went to America for their health.

During the year that Mr. Morgan spent in our house, he renewed his acquaintance with Mrs. Sutphen, whose husband had died soon after his arrival on missionary ground, and this resulted in their marriage. Mrs. Sutphen was a most lovely woman, the daughter of an old acquaintance of mine, the Rev. Mr. Kellogg, with whom I made an evangelistic tour to Utica, in 1827.

Then the two mission families went to Smyrna, which, at that time, was an unoccupied station. Mr. Rosenberg was taken into the service of the Board, and a school was opened.

Mr. Morgan subsequently returned to Salonica, and took Rosenberg with him, though Mr. Parsons would gladly have kept him for his school for Jewish boys. This was in 1854, if I remember right, early in the year. At both of these stations things seemed to grow bright-

er. Mr. Morgan, in his letters to us, reported a better state of feeling, and greater access to the Jews than ever before; and Mr. Parsons's school was visited and blessed with higher influences, so that one or more boys appeared either converted to Christ or very near the kingdom of heaven; and Mrs. Riggs observed that now, for the first time, there was *truly spiritual work* among the Jews in Smyrna. The letters of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Parsons cheered us very much, and raised our hope of seeing better days coming to the work.

Their letters, up to the time of the annual meeting of 1855, entitled mother and myself to the growing hope, that a better day was actually dawning upon the Jewish mission, and we looked with interest to the proposals with which these two missionaries would come up "to the feast." The Morgans took their lodgings with us, for they considered themselves almost as our children. We several times introduced to the two missionaries the subject of our mission, and could not help noticing the indifference with which they received it. When Mr. Parsons read before the mission the report of the Jewish Department, mother and myself were surprised at its meagreness. We could have framed a far brighter report by extracts from their letters. I will not follow up the story in its details. The result was that Mr. Morgan, at one of the meetings, read a paper to the mission, which virtually proposed their transfer to the *Armenian mission.* Confounded, I asked whether Mr. Parsons agreed with these sentiments, to which he nodded assent. Discussion ensued. During two days the subject was discussed, not ex-

clusively, but to a considerable extent, and on the third day, (I being absent, because that year I was not a delegate, and was not very well,) Mr. Dwight proposed, that these two brethren be transferred to the *Armenian mission*, and that "we (the mission) recommend to the Board to relinquish the Jewish mission to the Scotch Free Church, which takes so great an interest in the work."

The Annual Meeting closed, and we were at last left to our sad and solitary reflections on our possible future. Mr. Goodell cordially invited me, also, to come over into the Armenian field; but I felt no call that way, and declined. Dr. Anderson and the Rev. Dr. Thomson, of Roxbury, were then on a Committee visit to India, and they were to pass here and look after our doings, and it was manifest that the matter of the Jewish mission would then come up, and probably be decided.

CHAPTER XXI.

A VISIT TO PARIS, AND ITS RESULTS — BEGINNING THE TURKISH WORK.

SHORTLY after the events of the last chapter, I was appointed as a delegate to represent the American Missions in Turkey, at the meeting of the World's Evangelical Alliance, to be held in Paris, August 22, 1855. It seemed especially important that we should be represented at that meeting, (we had never sent a delegate before,) and that the great question of religious liberty in Turkey, including the right of Mohammedans to become Christians, should be brought before that body.

Mr. Edward Williams, the converted Turk, formerly called Selim Agha, whose first visit to me in Salonica I have already spoken of, and who afterwards fled to Malta with his family, where they were all baptized, had now returned to Constantinople, and lived here unmolested. So great already was the influence for good of the Crimean war! There were movements among the Mohammedans which showed us that the moment religious liberty was assured, inquirers from among the ranks of the False Prophet would appear. In view of this, our Constantinople station, at one of its meetings, had nobly resolved that it was our duty to receive and baptize every sincere believer in Christ,

whatever the consequences to us might be, and that the first Mohammedan man or woman whom we believed to be truly converted should be baptized. Under these circumstances, it was deemed of great importance that we should lay before the Evangelical Alliance the situation of things in Turkey, and ask for counsel and support, and for this purpose I was delegated.

My journey to Paris, accompanied by Edward, was uneventful. We found that great city so thronged with visitors, that it was with difficulty we secured a night's lodging. This was not due to the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, but to the fact that the World's Exposition was then in progress, and that the Queen of England was on a visit to her Imperial brother, Napoleon III., whom she probably hated worse than the plague.

I will not attempt to speak of the sights to be seen in Paris at this period of special gaiety and magnificence,—none of which we saw till after our meetings were over,—nor even of the meetings of the Alliance itself, full as they were of interest, but will only insert an extract from the report made by me after my return, concerning my special mission there.

"Inasmuch as the French brethren in whose churches our meetings were held, had decidedly objected to public discussions, and the adoption of resolutions, and had pledged the Alliance to abstain from such action, it seemed, at first, as if it would be impossible to bring our matters before the Alliance. These rules, however, proved so irksome to the English-speaking delegates,

and so calculated to cripple the usefulness of this great gathering, that they organized an English-speaking conference, which met during recess, and was no official part of the Alliance, and which hoped so to agree upon and formulate certain recommendations and declarations of principle, that they might be adopted by the Alliance without discussion.

"This plan was approved by Rev. Frederic Monod, and others of our French brethren, as fulfilling the spirit of our agreement, and avoiding the danger of unwise public utterances, which might give offence to the French Government, and so injure the Protestant churches in France.

"Before this English-speaking conference the question of religious liberty in Turkey was presented, and after much discussion, it was agreed to recommend to the Alliance to memorialize the Sultan of Turkey, boldly asking for full religious liberty throughout his domain, and also to memorialize the Queen of England, the Emperors of France and Austria, the Kings of Prussia, Holland, Sweden, and Sardinia, and the President of the United States, asking them to urge this step upon the Sultan and his government.

"This was not carried in the English-speaking conference without strong opposition, at first, on the part of some of the French brethren, and some from other countries, who feared especially that such action would give offence to the Emperor Napoleon, and do harm in France. Finally, however, it was adopted in Committee, and presented to the Alliance for adoption, on the morning of Sept. 1st, the last day of the meeting. But

even then one of the Paris brethren opposed it, raising the same objections that had been answered time and again.

"After attempting several times to speak without obtaining the floor, I gave up and sat down. But a member of our committee, anxious that I should be heard, rose, and remarked that I had come from Turkey to Paris for the single purpose of bringing this subject before the Evangelical Alliance, and yet I was the only one who had never been heard on the subject. He hoped the question would not be proposed to the Alliance until I had spoken. After another interruption, I obtained a hearing.

"I stated that, considering present circumstances, and the changes going on in Turkey, the probability was, that we should soon see a general awakening, and a search after that word of truth which is now going abroad, and is being read in so many languages in Turkey, and that it would soon be impossible for conscientious ministers and missionaries to refuse baptism to truly converted Mohammedans. I told them, that we had considered the meeting of the Alliance a providentially-afforded opportunity to forward the cause of religious liberty in Turkey, and to prepare the way for those who might come to a knowledge of Christ, to profess His name without danger of being executed; that we conceived that God might make the Alliance an instrument for bringing about this desirable state of things in Turkey; and that, therefore, we had felt bound to improve the opportunity, and to lay before them the subject now in hand. But, I added, I was

sorry that the subject had so much embarrassed some of the brethren, especially in France. I assured them, that it had never been our intention to hide ourselves from persecution behind the back of any Conference, Alliance, Emperor, King, or Queen, and that we hoped to do our duty under any circumstances. If, therefore, I concluded, the brethren in France felt themselves endangered by the measure, or if it was considered out of time, or in any way inappropriate or unsuitable, I should, for my part, be in favor of dismissing the subject at once. I should go back to Turkey, we should act as duty to Christ might require, and if we must suffer persecution in consequence, it would not be a new thing to us. He who had delivered us from persecutions in time past, could, and I trusted *would*, do so again.

"The only remaining objector then arose, and said to the chairman (Sir Culling Eardly): 'Mr. Chairman, all my objections are removed. Let the matter go forward.' A thundering applause followed the declaration. The chairman then put the question, and it was adopted by acclamation. When the case was decided, every countenance betrayed lively satisfaction.

"Thus I have endeavored to discharge my duty as delegate to this branch of the Evangelical Alliance. It has been done very imperfectly; still, the object has been accomplished; and if it should please God to smile upon the effort there made for perfect religious liberty in Turkey, future generations will have occasion to bless those who made this feeble attempt."

Leaving Paris, we turned our faces again towards

Stuttgart. The morning of our departure we saw placarded everywhere on walls and corners, "*Sevastopol est prise!*"

During the whole Crimean war, the interest of the public everywhere was quite absorbed in that extraordinary event. When we first visited Stuttgart, on our way to Paris, it was natural that I should be questioned on the subject, and before I was aware of it, a grand meeting was arranged in the "Römische Kaiser" establishment. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity. Without realizing that Princess Olga, daughter of Emperor Nicholas, was the wife of the Crown Prince of Würtemberg, I stated my views of the matter unhesitatingly. I not only told them, what they, of course, knew themselves, viz., that Russia wanted Constantinople and European Turkey, but I also stated the fact, that after the Gospel had begun to get among the Greeks, the Greek Patriarch had written to Russia, (or requested the Russian Embassy here to do it,) saying that if the American missionaries were not removed from Turkey, he could not answer for the consequences of their presence upon the Greek Church, etc. I stated it as our conviction, that one chief object of Emperor Nicholas in pressing his claims of interference in favor of the Christian sects just at that time, was, to procure the exile of the missionaries from Turkey, and that if he should succeed in getting the influence he demanded, he would destroy the missions in Turkey, just as he had those in Russia, and the acquired Persian provinces.

Of all this the Russian Princess was no doubt duly

informed. Rev. Mr. Kapff had expressed similar views once, and she immediately sent for him to deprecate such remarks as reflecting upon the character of her father and of Russia.

Now when we returned to Stuttgart, the city was full of the news of the fall of Sevastopol, and it was but a day or so after our arrival, when I met Mr. Titoff (formerly Russian Ambassador at Constantinople) in the streets. The day following I called upon him. He then, in conversation, told me that Princess Olga and another lady of high rank, had sent money to a gentleman at Constantinople, for the relief of the Russian prisoners, and had had no answer, and he thought she would send again if I would consent to receive it, and dispose of it according to her intentions. I told him I would willingly do what I could, that I had seen the Russian prisoners in Kassim Pasha and at Scutari, and would put the bounty in the way of reaching those for whom it might be intended, and make report of the disposal of the funds. He then asked me whether I could not call to see her Imperial Highness, as she would be so much gratified to see a man who came from Constantinople, and who had seen Russian prisoners. Without knowing what I was going into, I consented, and Mr. Titoff arranged the visit, and sent me his carriage.

When I came out to the Imperial villa near Stuttgart, and was bowed in, I found the Crown Prince standing, and her Imperial Highness sitting in an armchair. After making the usual three court-bows, first to him, then to her, conversation immediately began,

and I stated briefly the comfortable condition in which I had found the Russian prisoners, and the satisfaction expressed to me as to the treatment they received; and also what I had heard of the equally noble treatment the English prisoners from a steamer stranded near Odessa had received at that place; and I dwelt for a moment on the alleviation which accompanied the horrors of war from the better feelings and principles which the Christian religion enjoined and fostered. When the Prince saw that it was worth while to continue the conversation, he gave the Princess a hint, and she, changing her seat for a sofa, gave me her arm-chair, and he sat opposite to me in a common chair.

When she had taken her seat, she took up her parable, and descanted upon "this sad war," about as follows: "The benevolent intentions of Russia relative to Turkey had been entirely and very sadly misunderstood; it was perfectly evident that it must be an advantage to Russia to have a weak neighbor rather than a strong one; and Turkey was certainly in a sinking state. Now Russia wanted to *raise* Turkey by urging upon them improvements, and thus procuring a proper state of things relative to the Christian sects in the land, and freedom of conscience and progress. Her intentions were entirely loyal and disinterested, even against her own interests. But England and France completely misunderstood the benevolent intentions of Russia; passion and mistrust blinded their eyes; there was no such thing as making them understand, and the unfortunate result was the dreadful bloodshed."

While I sat and listened to her statement, I endeav-

ored to ascertain whether she really believed the story herself, or whether she wanted to put me in an embarrassing position. For to contradict such a lady was out of the question. To the Prince I might have suggested an amendment of the view presented, he being a man, and a German. But to a lady of the *Russian Imperial family*, whose feelings must be painfully tender on that question, no hesitancy to accept her statements could be expressed without double rudeness. But I could not silently agree to her views, without a degree of unmanly inconsistency, in view of the remarks I had made publicly but a few weeks before; and to express assent was altogether out of the question. The Lord gave me an answer which was neither discourteous nor inconsistent, and it was indeed given me at the moment, for I had not thought of it before. When she had entirely finished, and I was under obligation to make some reply, or silently to assent, I said in substance, "War, whatever its cause, or its circumstances, is always a great evil, to be avoided even at the highest practicable sacrifices, and to be deeply regretted and deplored. And it is positively certain, too, that if the intentions of Russia regarding Turkey, as *your Imperial Highness has been pleased to develop them now*, had been *so* understood by England and France, no war could possibly have resulted from them. It may, however, now be a consolation to Russia to see that the wishes of Russia about Turkey, as defined by your Highness, are now being in course of accomplishment *by the war itself*." She dropped back into her sofa without replying a word. After the Princess had

asked me whether I would receive charity for Russian prisoners, and convey it to them, if she should send any, and I had expressed my entire willingness to do anything I could for them, I made my bows, and retired.

From Stuttgart we went to Vienna, and thence by train to Trieste, passing through the famous Adelsberg district, where we stayed over night, and visited a somewhat celebrated cavern filled with curious stalactites. Our passage from the Adriatic into the Ægean Sea was rather rough; however, we reached home in good condition.

And now I come to a sad part of my story, the abandonment of the Jewish mission in which I had spent twenty-three years of my life.

Dr. Anderson considered the vote of the missionaries at their last annual meeting, recommending to the Board the abandonment of the Jewish work, to be an act entirely beyond their competence, and refused to take any notice of that vote, stating that the Board would continue the work if they could find laborers. He offered, however, to transfer any missionary who requested it, from this field to the Armenian. Messrs. Morgan and Parsons were, at their own request, transferred. Dr. Anderson expressed to me the willingness of the Prudential Committee to support me in the Jewish field, even if I should labor all alone. At Galata, the Scotch Committee had established a school among the Ashkenazee Jews, which proved a heavy charge to them, as their funds were low. I had had charge of this field for a year, and the good people had

confidence in me. Should this work be abandoned by the Scotch, it seemed to me I might be useful there, and so I waited to see what Mr. König, the missionary at Galata, would do. In the spring he decided to remain, and so my path became clear.

My Jewish labors were thus definitely brought to a close. Mr. Goodell had invited me in a very brotherly manner to join the Armenian work; but, much as I loved their work, and the good people among the Armenians, and cheerfully as I had assisted them and struggled in their interest, I never felt an inward call to devote myself to that portion of the field. In the Bulgarians I always felt an interest, and the Turks and the Mohammedans generally, enlisted my sympathy, little as I expected to see speedy results. But now, since the Crimean war had broken down so many walls of separation in society and sects, and as the power of persecution appeared so nearly broken, I felt a pressure of duty, in view of the favorable aspect of things among the Turks.

On Saturday, the 11th of February, 1856, we had our regular business meeting at Mr. Goodell's, in Hasskeuy. During the course of the week, Mr. König had manifested his determination to stay, and my plan was formed at once. I was going to offer myself for the Turkish work.

When I arrived, the meeting was already in progress, Mr. Goodell in the chair. Before my turn came to speak, Mr. Dwight took out of his pocket a letter, which he wished to read to the session. It was from Count de Zuylen, Dutch Ambassador, and President at

that time of the Turkish branch of the Evangelical Alliance. The purport of the letter was, that the promising state of things among the Turks loudly called for laborers; and as it appeared to him that the American missionaries were fully occupied, he proposed to try to obtain laborers for the Turks, from Holland, provided, however, that the American missionaries would accept the responsibility of superintending and guiding the labors of the new-comers, at least for the present.

Mr. Goodell spoke first on the subject, and his opinion was, that we could assume no such responsibility. When it was Mr. Dwight's turn to speak again, he said the question seemed to him to depend entirely on what I should resolve to do with myself.

I replied, that probably the brethren had long been wondering what I was doing on missionary ground, without a definite responsibility, but that I had not been able to come to any conclusion with regard to my duty, because I had waited from week to week to see the course Mr. König would take, resolved, if he should leave, to take his place, and establish an American missionary station among the Jews in Galata. Mr. König had now, within a week, come to the conclusion to stay, and thus my hope to labor for the Jews had to be given up for good. I had then, without delay, resolved what to do, and had come down to the session to offer my services to labor among the Turks, if the station thought that that field ought to be taken up, and that I was fit to undertake it. I told them, that I had no knowledge of what Count de Zuylen thought or felt on the subject; that I had had no conversation

with him upon it; that I knew nothing of the letter which had just been read; and that my offer to labor among the Mohammedans was entirely independent of Count de Zuylen's proposal.

The station unhesitatingly declared that *my offer solved the problem.* They then replied to the Count that our station would put one laborer into the Mohammedan field to commence the work, with a view to strengthen the department in proportion as it should open. The Count declared himself perfectly satisfied with the arrangement, and rejoiced greatly over it. Hardly was my case decided,—it was not a week, I think,—when I received a letter from the Missionary Committee of the Scotch Kirk, at Glasgow, inviting me to join their mission, and become its moderator, to direct the labors of the younger missionaries. I was grateful to God for this narrow escape from a struggle about my duty. My decision was made, and I respectfully declined their offer.

The station, of course, proposed the measure to the Prudential Committee. Feb. 13th, I wrote to Dr. Anderson. A most favorable answer, fully approving of the step, was received in due time. I was now a Turkish missionary, destined again to serve in the Islam field, to which I had devoted myself in 1826. I immediately set about preparing for my new business, very much as though I were a young missionary. In fact, having now an object to live for, I felt like living again. I bought the Lexicons of Bianchi and Mininsky, and began work. Whether it was due to my age, or to the intrinsic difficulties of the language, or both, I found it

very hard to press forward to the point which I felt I must reach, and which I have hardly reached yet (1868). I was often discouraged, and as often stirred myself up to fresh efforts.

Meantime, the Crimean armies and all connected with them had withdrawn, or were withdrawing. But before they quite left, the question of a revised translation of the Bible into Turkish came up. A Branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society had been formed here in 1854, to celebrate the semi-centennial jubilee of that society, and when its first meeting was held at the Hotel de Bellevue, Lord de Redcliffe in the chair, that meeting was rendered peculiarly impressive by the fact that, while it was going on, the British ships of war were passing up the Bosporus saluting and being saluted. Army chaplains rushed into the meeting, and took part in the exercises. One of them followed my remarks with a stirring speech, and while the speakers gave utterance to their thoughts and hopes, the salutes of the British ships and the responses of the Turkish batteries shook the city. It was really sublime!

Among the chaplains of the British Army was Dr. Blackwood, who was connected with the Military Hospital at Scutari. He took the liveliest interest in the missionary work from the first. The edition of the Turkish New Testament that had been so many years a drug in the Bible market, was exhausted during the war, and another edition was commenced. Mr. Redhouse, in London, was to give it a slight revision. He had always objected to its un-idiom-

atic style, and burned (as Mr. Bergne told me) with the desire of producing a real Turkish version. But as he knew neither Greek nor Hebrew, they were unwilling to entrust the work to him, except slightly to improve the shape without affecting the meaning. This he did, still protesting against the bad style, until he came to the Epistle to the Romans, when he declared that the changes must be considerable, or he could not make the text even tolerable. The British and Foreign Bible Society Committee then requested me to watch his changes, comparing them with the Greek; and the forms were sent to me for examination before being struck off. This continued till we went to America in 1857, when there remained but a small part of the Apocalypse (the style of which is certainly plain, though the meaning is deep), and I left Mr. Redhouse to finish the edition upon his own responsibility.

Now Dr. Blackwood had become very anxious to have a good translation into Turkish gotten under way, and he proposed to have it done by the Turkish Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

A meeting was called at the American chapel in Pera. Mr. Williams was also invited to attend. The question of preparing a Turkish Bible text was brought up. Mr. Goodell thought the time for such an undertaking had not yet come; that we should have to wait for further developments, and for a maturer experience on our part, and, chiefly, for a time when the language of conversation and that of books had been more assimilated and combined among the Turks. But Mr. Williams rose and stated it as his deliberate opinion, that

Mr. Goodell's Armeno-Turkish version was just the thing, (proper names, and a few Armenian terms excepted,) and that the version could, with very slight changes, be at once transferred into the Turkish proper. He had read the book to many Turks, and asked them whether they understood it, and they did, and greatly preferred it to the so-called "Redhouse text." I had nothing to say, as I had never learnt the Armenian alphabet, and knew nothing of that version. But I and all the rest trusted in the judgment of Mr. Williams. It was, therefore, concluded that the text should be transcribed into the Turkish character. I was charged to superintend the version, and bring out the work; and the expense was to be borne by the Turkish Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Thus I was drawn into an enterprise, into which it would have been perfect folly and presumption in me to enter, had I known what was before me. But I had consented, and I immediately set about acquiring the necessary facility in the Armenian character, and reading Mr. Goodell's text. As I went on reading that version, I could not but feel that, however well adapted it might be to the Armenians, it would never do for the Turks. It was manifest that I had at once to set about Turkish studies, getting as full a hold of the language as I could, and reading both Turkish proper and Armeno-Turkish.

CHAPTER XXII.

A VISIT TO AMERICA, AND ITS RESULTS.

AT the Annual Meeting at Constantinople, in 1857, Mr. Pettingill, Secretary of the American Board, was present. He proposed to me privately that I should go to America to bring the cause of the Turkish mission before the churches. For several years we had had permission, unsought by us, to visit America, but at the time it was given, Dr. Anderson said there were just then so many returned missionaries in the United States, that if I could wait a little, and take a more suitable season for our visit, it would be well. I, for myself, did not expect to make any use of this permission, unless we went home to stay altogether. But now there was a reason, not for our own gratification, but for the Cause, and we concluded at once to avail ourselves of the leave of absence.

We went by way of Paris and London; our voyage was a pleasant one, and we arrived in New York on the 20th of August.

We drove to the Everett House, and after resting a little, we went to Dr. Wm. Adams's, and found they were absent on their summer vacation. We called at Dr. Cheever's, and he, too, was absent. We then went to see the Rev. Henry M. Field, and found him and his lady at home. They gave us a most hearty wel-

come, sent for our baggage, paid our bill, and kept us. This kind reception in a family I had not known before, was beyond my expectation.

The next day we started for East Windsor, Conn., for, having learned that Henry and Edward, with some other missionary children, were to be there at Prof. Lawrence's on the 22d, we determined to surprise them by joining their little party. Leaving the cars on the opposite side of the Connecticut River, we crossed the river on a romantic old-fashioned raft or float, pulled to and fro by a rope, in the most approved antique style. As the boat happened to be on the other side when we arrived, we had to wait. But the evening sky, the shades settling on the water and on the woody shores, the cool river air, all were so full of interest and pleasure to me, that I could have spent the whole night there. At last the craft came, and we passed over, and drove up to East Windsor Hill.

The family had just returned an hour or two before from a little tour of recreation, and they received the uninvited, unexpected guests with the greatest cordiality and kindness. But Prof. and Mrs. Lawrence (the latter formerly Margaret Woods, and one of my French pupils) were not my only acquaintances at that place. Prof. Thomson, connected with the same theological seminary there, was my classmate at Andover, as good a Christian man as I ever want to see, and there we had become quite intimate.

I preached on Sunday in the Seminary chapel. We saw the good people,—among them the venerable Dr. Tyler and his lady,—and visited Mr. Nettleton's grave.

On Monday we went to Hartford, where we were cordially received by the family of the Rev. Isaac Bird, formerly a missionary in Syria, and by Dr. and Mrs. Hawes, and others.

If I were to detail our visit to America, where we remained fully nine months, it would fill a little volume. But the visits of missionaries are something so common, and generally so much the same, that I will speak of this only with a view to its influence upon our work, and as a proof of our gratitude for, and kind remembrance of, the many special kindnesses we received from old friends.

We saw the Secretaries and attended the Annual Meeting of the Board, where I spoke several times, and took part in the administration of the communion. We thoroughly enjoyed the sessions of the Board, considering them as among the choicest and most refreshing seasons we had ever enjoyed.

As soon as we came to New York, we were invited to take up our residence, while we should remain in America, at the house of Dr. Wm. Adams. They insisted upon it, and would not let us return to Dr. Wood, our Secretary. We might visit friends as we pleased, but their house was to be our home, and our trunks should remain there. And so they did, and from there, at the end of our stay, we departed, to embark again at Boston.

Without endeavoring to speak in detail of my various movements, (which would be impossible,) I can only refer to the chief objects which occupied my mind, and which I had intended, if possible, to accomplish,

though only the first was the subject of my public speeches and appeals.

I wanted to raise funds for the purpose of publishing a set of books—spelling-book, grammar, reader, and lexicon—and some useful dialogues in Turkish and English, to give to the rising generation of inquiring Turks an opportunity to acquire the English language. The French had left us altogether behind in this respect, and succeeded in introducing the French language among the Turks; and though we could not expect to catch up with them, it seemed, under the circumstances then existing, that an effort should be made to give to young Turks the advantage of the English tongue; that their ideas of progress, civilization, and Christian morals and religion might not be formed exclusively by the French, whose books they were devouring, and among which Voltaire was, and always is, the first they read. I had written to England about it, and a committee had been formed to promote this object, with Lord Calthorpe as chairman. They had urged it upon the British Government as a political measure. But the Government was not to be gained for such an object, and to get rid of it with a good grace, gave the applicants £300 sterling, on condition that they should raise an equal sum by subscription, for the purpose of purchasing the remainder of the edition of Redhouse's Turkish-English Lexicon, and scattering it in Turkey to their hearts' content. This was, of course, accepted, and the edition was bought, greatly to the pleasure of the publisher, who had it prepared hastily in view of the Crimean war, and on whose shelves it was a drug.

While in England I was introduced by Mr. Birch (Secretary of the Turkish Missions Aid Society) to Mr. Gladstone, to recommend the object still farther. But an hour's conversation convinced me, that nothing could be expected from that quarter. The Sepoy rebellion had broken out, the news having been received when we first reached London, and Mr. Gladstone's head was full of Sepoys. He considered the Turks, however, to be quite as dangerous, and gave me advice as to how carefully missionary operations should be carried on among them. He was, of course, entirely ignorant of the mode of carrying on missionary labors, at least by the Americans, and I took the opportunity of enlightening that great man's mind a little on the subject. I left him, astonished that a man standing so high, and of such acknowledged ability in general politics, and especially in English home interests, should be so ignorant of a country like Turkey, upon which the eyes of all Europe had been so intently fixed for so long a series of years, not to say for generations past. There being so little encouragement on English soil, I was obliged to take my scheme across the ocean.

In case I should accomplish it, I had, of course, measures in view to be adopted on my return to Turkey, to give efficiency to the scheme, such as courses of lectures on the English language and literature, for young Turks, until the comparative cheapness of the books should favor their more rapid dissemination. All this seemed entirely feasible,—nay, eminently called for at that time.

The second object I had in view was the College

question, which had been started by the two oldest sons of Dr. Dwight, studying in America, and to endorse and recommend which, I was twice charged to write to America, once by the assembled mission, and once by the station. As soon as I saw the two young men, I told them that I intended first to promote their scheme as the older, and only when I had done what I could for that, to try what I could do for mine. I spoke about it to Mr. Christopher R. Robert, Dr. Adams, and others, and several sessions were held at Mr. Robert's home. I spoke also of my book scheme. Mr. Robert, after I had made various attempts to interest different persons in it, wished me, on returning to England, to see what it would cost, and in what amounts the expenses might have to be paid, and he hoped he could manage it for me. This seemed very kind, and I was most grateful for it. Mr. Robert could doubtless have "managed" it easily, but Providence had prepared the means by other hands.

It was so much the more difficult and discouraging to raise funds for any extra object, however promising and important, as, soon after our arrival, that remarkable and unaccountable money panic broke out in America, and brought down so many houses, great and small, in New York, and through the land. Such distress among business men had not occurred since 1837. Those who would have been liberal in giving to a good object could not,—how much less accessible would those naturally be, who were less interested in the progress of the good cause in distant lands!

During our stay in America, I also visited Canada,

to attend Missionary, Bible, and Tract Society meetings in Montreal.

I kept no account of the number of miles I traveled, of the meetings I held, or of the sermons I preached, or even of the places which I visited. I will only refer to two places more, viz., Andover and Newburyport.

Soon after reaching Boston we went up to Andover, but not by the old stage. We were brought in by the cars at a point I had never touched before, and everything looked very strange. However, I soon recognized the Seminary buildings, and made my way toward them.

We were entertained by Prof. Park, the best old friend that remained to me at that cherished place.

My first walk was over to the Seminary burying-ground, where so many of my old Andover friends were slumbering. The dearest among them, Old Father Stuart, recalled the past—those five Andover years, 1826–31—more than any other. But the amount of precious dust sleeping there, of students and of Professors, and members of other families, was great indeed. It seemed strange that *I* was still alive. I walked alone down along the old stage-road towards Boston, and there all was as it had been. Even the houses, not new some of them *then*, were still standing, and the road, the ditches, the old fences, the old stones, bushes, dust, and dirt, were all there; and it seemed to me just as though I had met with old friends, and they had not changed, and looked at me so kindly and so solemnly and seriously that it was quite a meeting I had with them, both profitable and refreshing. They had remained, and so

had I, and though I had rolled around the world through many changing scenes, it seemed when I came among these old comrades, I was quite the same again that I had been.

The second place to which my heart would lead me especially to allude is Newburyport. There, in days long gone by, the Wheelwright family had been very kind to me. Then, the old father and the excellent mother were still alive, as also a son, and two unmarried daughters, Elizabeth and Susan. Of our old friends, there remained alive and present the last two, both unmarried, and in the old house. When we came there we were received with the utmost kindness, and spent several most pleasant and profitable seasons there. Of course, there was no lack of meetings. It was in Newburyport *alone* that I found still a *living* interest in the people of Israel, and there alone I was called upon to hold, before some persevering friends of Israel, a Jewish missionary meeting. Everywhere else they seemed to be forgotten.

Our farewell meeting here was most touching. The sitting-room was quite full, and after some very sweet conversation and singing, we were led in prayer by Dr. Dana, the dear old patriarch, then fully ripe for heaven. I can never forget that moment, nor that prayer.

I here received very substantial aid in a project in which I was then interested, viz., the purchase of a lot and erection of a house thereon for Mr. Edward Williams, of Constantinople, the converted Turk, who had been received into missionary service as a lay-helper. The chief donors were the Wheelwright sisters, Eliza-

beth, Susan, and a married sister. Mother also received considerable help from friends in Boston and other places.

Before we left America, a great meeting was arranged in a church in Boston, where Dr. Anderson delivered to me, not instructions, but a kind of statement on the question of the Turkish work in its new aspect.

Before we left New York for the last time, we attended the May meetings. I spoke on several occasions. The Bible Society meetings, and that of the American Board, were interesting and profitable seasons; not so the meetings of the American Tract Society. The conflict between the pro-slavery and the compromise parties, and that party who desired to have at least something done for the oppressed slaves, was then at its height. I had observed the state of feeling on the subject as I was traveling around the country. I considered a rupture imminent, unless the Society, or rather the Publishing Committee, did something for the poor oppressed.

We had hardly left America when the Society was divided, and before any one of us thought or dreamed of it, the war broke out,which swept slavery itself from the land.

A glorious farewell meeting in Dr. Adams's church closed our sojourn in New York. All that Christian sympathy and abounding kindness could say and do, was said and done by our numerous friends, old and new, who were there present. Our hands were almost crushed with being pressed, but our hearts were deeply

refreshed. In the morning we left for Boston, to embark again for our field.

Our voyage was prosperous, though in part again rough, and we saw rather more icebergs at a distance than we cared for. "I don't like them fellows," said the first mate to me.

Landing in Liverpool, we soon found out Mr. and Mrs. Colley and their family, and quite renewed our old friendship with them.

We had to spend a month in London, where a number of missionary meetings were to be held by me for the Turkish Missions Aid Society.

To speak of the meetings separately would be impossible, as I kept no record of them, whether held in London or in neighboring places, whether Lord Shaftesbury was in the chair, or somebody else. But the season was unfavorable, and the meetings generally seemed to be small concerns. A peculiarity of these meetings, in reference to which there was no exception, was this, viz., I had to speak, (1) Of the great Prayer-Meetings then going on in America, and (2) Of the Missionary work in Turkey, especially among the Turks themselves. I refer especially to those great Prayer-Meetings just commenced in Fulton Street. I was, of course, present several times, and they were indeed glorious. But this page of the religious history of America is so well known that I think it needs no more than a mention.

It was suggested that before returning to the East, I should visit Edinburgh, which I did.

I was brought to the house of the Rev. Mr. Cullen,

and a public meeting was arranged in Queen's Hall, although it was feared the attendance would be small, on account of the season of the year, so many families being in the country. But we were agreeably disappointed. The spacious Hall was crowded. A number of ministers were again around me, among them a Dr. Candlish, whose acquaintance I had made, and Dr. Duncan, our old friend. I had chiefly to speak on the great Prayer-Meetings, and confined myself almost entirely to them, as the Turkish Missions Aid Society could expect no assistance from Scotland. Dr. Candlish made some excellent remarks, recommending the continuation of the meeting begun that day, as in harmony with the great American Pentecostal movements.

Before I turn towards the East again with my story, I must relate our visit to Kew to Mr. Wm. Wheelwright and his family, who invited us to spend a few days with them in their country-house. Mr. Wheelwright is a brother to those good sisters of that name in Newburyport, who have proved even till now such kind friends to us and our work. I had never seen him during all my residence in America, from 1826 to 1831.

While we were at Kew, Mr. Wheelwright walked into their garden with me. "I hear you have a project for the Turks, to make the English language accessible to them," he said. I replied in the affirmative. "You want $5,000 more to carry it through?" he asked. "Yes, that sum would put me quite on my feet," I said. "Well, you may look to me for that; I will pay that bill." I was astonished, and thanked him heartily for it.

I then had Mr. Birch call a meeting of the British Committee for this "English Literature scheme," and before they were to assemble, Mr. Birch and myself went to Mr. Wheelwright to settle the question definitely, and to arrange the mode of payment. Mr. Redhouse had agreed to write for us an English-Turkish Lexicon, for the permanent copyright of which we were to pay him £600. He was to construct for us a spelling-book. Dialogues in Turkish and English were to be arranged under Mr. Birch's direction by Mahmoud Efendi. Of the Turkish Grammar, by which to acquire the English language, I was to take care myself, using such help as I could get at Constantinople. I subsequently used this same Mahmoud Efendi, when he came here, for this purpose, making him translate and adapt an English Grammar of small compass, but the work proved very unsatisfactory.

To return to London: when Mr. Wheelwright saw the plan of the set of books, and the cost of the whole, he said to me, "I see from this schedule that the $5,000 I gave you is not enough." I replied, "I know that, but after your gift towards the work, I have no doubt of being able to raise the balance easily in America." "Oh, I do not want you to drum up balances!" he replied. "I prefer to do it alone. It is a good thing and you had better go ahead, and Mr. Birch will call for the installments when they are needed." Mr. Birch was astonished. When we came to the missionary rooms of the Aid Society, the committee was there, and when we reported the result of our visit at Mr. Wheelwright's office, Lord Calthorpe called his con-

tribution a "princely gift," and said: "We have nothing more to do now; the business is in Dr. Schauffler's hands." Thus the committee virtually ceased to be. Mr. Birch continued to serve while the business was being done. Then the whole came into my hands. The small dictionary was at my disposal to give away, or to sell and keep the money towards a re-edition of any of the other books, and the other books were also generally left to my discretion, with the understanding that the money received from sales be devoted to keeping the scheme going in a self-supporting way.

We soon left for Constantinople. On passing up the Marmora Sea, we paddled away for some time under heavy thunder-clouds, which our masts seemed to scrape as we passed under them. The thunder was heavy, the flashes of lightning fearful. The air was so full of electricity that I saw the sparks, in great number, fly around our iron steamer. It seems the mass of iron in such a fabric draws down the electricity in a continuous stream and so anticipates the explosive action of lightning. We arrived safely at Constantinople.

The remaining portions of Dr. Schauffler's autobiography are occupied with a narration of the difficulties which encompassed the newly inaugurated mission to the Turks, and the reasons which led to his withdrawal from the service of the American Board, and his employment by the American Bible Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society. A very brief summary of these events, with some reflections

on his life and character, as given below, are taken from Rev. Dr. H. C. Haydn's "American Heroes on Mission Fields." Before introducing them, however, it seems fitting to append the closing words of the autobiography itself:

"These pages were written often at considerable intervals and very irregularly. They probably bear a melancholy testimony to this fact. I began them, as the date shows, on my sixtieth birthday; I intend to sign them on my seventieth, if I live so long. If it please God to spare my life till I have finished my Turkish Bible translation, I shall say: 'Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.' If not, may more skilful hands than mine finish it!

"I will add no confession of personal unfaithfulness and unworthiness in the Lord's service. My life is sufficiently expressive of it, as I feel it to have been. To speak of the Lord's faithfulness, patience, and bountifulness towards us, and especially towards me, there would be no end. I need a whole Eternity for that! Such as I have been and am, my hope is in Christ, and only in Him, and will be, I trust and pray, in my dying hour! To Him be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

What follows is extracted from Dr. Haydn's work.

"THE WORK AMONG THE TURKS.

"Dr. Schauffler is again back at his work. The arduous task of translating the Scriptures into Turkish is before him, and with it he courageously grapples.

Selim Agha, a convert from Mohammedanism, baptized as Edward Williams, well versed in the Scriptures, gifted in conversational interviews with the Turks, and popular with them as a preacher, occupied the new house, and received all that came, preaching Christ.

"To institute a new mission for the Turks on the very field of the Armenian mission, where race prejudices were intensely antagonistic and might call for separate institutions, Dr. Schauffler foresaw might prove a step too costly for the Board. He so expressed himself, but was encouraged to go forward, which he did, not without misgivings as to the issue. But some of the difficulties anticipated by Dr. Schauffler, and some not foreseen, arose, among them the entrance of the Propagation Society (High Church) of England, and the determination in Boston not to institute a separate Turkish mission, but to have the Armenian mission cover the entire field; and these led to complications which eventuated in the resignation of Dr. Schauffler as a missionary of the American Board. Henceforth to the end of his life-work he was in the employ of the American and the British and Foreign Bible Societies, engaged upon his great work of Bible translation. Thus summarily closed the 'separate' Turkish mission, as had the Jewish before it, to both which he was fully committed; and through all these trying times it is beautiful to see how his faith and charity triumphed, and how deeply conscientious and truly wise he was, his chief concern being the glory of God and the spread of His kingdom.

"The Gospels and the Acts in Turkish were pub-

lished in 1862, the whole New Testament in 1866; some books of the Old Testament followed. The view is expressed that, 'however opinions may differ, as they do, concerning the value of this version for the common people, there can be no doubt of the invaluable service done by Dr. Schauffler, whose version will hereafter be *the* version, or the basis of whatever revision is finally adopted.'

LAST YEARS.

"The veteran missionary and his faithful helpmeet were now entitled to rest.

"They left Constantinople in 1874. 'During more than 40 years of missionary life their house had been a home for friends and an asylum for strangers; and when the aged pilgrims took their leave of the weather-stained old house, many a tear flowed and many a benediction followed them.' After sojourning for three years with his son Henry, a missionary of the American Board in Moravia, they came to New York to spend the rest of their days with their two younger sons. From their embraces he passed away. 'His last illness was brief. No special disease showed itself. It was rather a general and rapid failing of his physical powers, until Friday, January 26, 1883, when at 5 P.M. he gently fell asleep in Jesus. The day before this he suddenly aroused out of the drowsy state in which he had lain, and commenced speaking. He seemed lifted to a mount of vision whence he could behold the past in its true significance, and see the coming triumph and

glory of Christ's kingdom. He said: "I have seen wonderful things—the kingdom of God revived, quickened. Wife and I have seen glorious things in South Russia, the kingdom of God coming, and in Germany, and in the Catholic Church. And now be faithful and prayerful, and be sure the kingdom of God will come. His glory shall fill the earth as the waters cover the sea. I can say with Thy faithful servant (Bengel), 'Lord Jesus, between us all remains as of old'; and now come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; all my hope and trust is in Thee; take me just as I am. Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost. Amen.' Shortly after he roused himself again and said, "I see myself as I am"; and, closing his eyes, "I see Jesus." He soon saw Him face to face.'

"His aged widow and four sons survive him and hold his memory as a precious heritage. His was a notable life, of humble beginnings, of arduous labors and many trials, and of great achievements. His was a character singularly unselfish and pure, of strong convictions, ardent piety, of rare gifts of head and heart, and all consecrated to Christ and His kingdom. It was given him to live in a wondrous time, to see great changes in the moral and political world, and to be associated throughout his missionary career with such men as Goodell, Dwight, and Hamlin—four men, who, with their associates, called out this remarkable eulogium of the Earl of Shaftesbury in a public speech in London: 'I do not believe that in the whole history of missions, I do not believe that in the history of diplomacy, or in the history of any negotiations carried on between

man and man, we can find anything to equal the wisdom, the soundness, and the pure evangelical truth of the body of men who constitute the American mission in Turkey.'

"His rare scholarship, and especially his translation of the Bible into Osmanli-Turkish, called forth from the University of Halle and Wittenberg the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and from Princeton College the degree of Doctor of Laws. For his invaluable services to the German colony of Constantinople, the King of Prussia, the present German Emperor, sent him a handsome decoration; and the English residents expressed their high appreciation of the abundant labors of Dr. and Mrs. Schauffler for their spiritual good, by the presentation of an address with the gift of a valuable clock to him, and a silver tea-service to her. But best of all are the honors promised to them who turn many to righteousness; that crown is his, fadeless forever. 'May the mantle of this beloved man, who so won the admiration, confidence, and affection of high and low, of princes and beggars, of scholars and little children, rest upon those who come after him. And especially may they who follow him in missionary service be as wise as was he in winning souls to Christ.'

"We are privileged, at the close of this sketch of an eventful life, in being able to present a graphic pen-picture of the private walks and ways of this eminent servant of God, kindly furnished by his son, the Rev. H. A. Schauffler:

"'The pleasing picture of my father in his missionary home on the Bosporus lingers in the memory of

many an Oriental and Occidental who enjoyed the privilege of sitting at his table, of listening to his cheerful and instructive conversation, seasoned with pertinent anecdote and sanctified by his all-pervading piety, of kneeling at that family altar and being lifted near the throne in holy familiarity. Shall we attempt to give that portrait in simplest outline?

"'We have already seen him as a missionary: look at him now in the family circle, a devoted husband, holding his wife in honor, always ready to share her burdens, to aid in the care of the children, or to put his mechanical skill to some practical household use; a wise, firm, affectionate, sympathizing father, always requiring prompt obedience and strict integrity, but ever seeking to gain the confidence of his children, treating them as friends and counselors, and watchful to give them every educational advantage he can command.

"'Peep at him in his small, very plainly furnished study. You see a self-educated, thorough scholar, of splendid attainments, fond of philosophy, with whose German masters he is especially conversant; well read in history, particularly of modern times; a remarkable linguist, able to speak ten languages and read as many more, modestly disclaiming linguistic talent, but advising others to "kill one language with another," *i. e.* to learn a new language by the aid of one partially acquired. In this little room that man of God has prayed and studied over every word and letter and accent of the Hebrew and Greek Scripture, and his soul has sometimes been well-nigh in agony, as he has labored to turn Paul's inverted, pregnant, and parenthetic Greek

into intelligible sentences of a language totally different in genius and construction. He used to say that a translator of the Bible needed the aid of the Holy Spirit as truly as the original writers.

"'Now his day's work is done, and you find him in a circle of friends. In conversation he has but few equals. Not witty, he possesses such an exhaustless fund of interesting information, has seen and experienced so much, and is so ready with an appropriate anecdote, that he ever finds delighted listeners. He can adapt himself to any one. Whether it be a German professor, fresh from the study of Egyptian hieroglyphics, or a learned blue-stocking; a Jewish Rabbi, who knows only the Talmud, or a Turkish scholar versed in Arabic and Persian lore; a European diplomat discussing the Eastern question, or a poor Jewish cobbler whom he is trying to save from a drunkard's grave; Mr. Gladstone conversing with him about the Indian mutiny, or a Turkish porter reading the new version of the Bible; an Austrian archduchess seeking Christian fellowship, or a group of merry children begging for a story;—he is equally ready to converse with all to purpose.

"'His remarkable musical talent contributes greatly to the enjoyment of the family and of friends who gather every Tuesday evening in the old house to listen to choice music. In Andover and elsewhere still linger sweet memories of his marvelous flute, of which instrument he was perfect master. But few knew that at the age of sixty-five, when compelled to confine himself less closely to study, he took up his son's bass-viol and learned to play it so well that he joined other in-

struments in performing classical music. Propose singing, and you shall see with what enthusiasm he carries his part, singing not only with the spirit and the understanding, but with his whole body as well.

"'The more closely you observe him, the more clearly do other traits appear; his great conscientiousness, that causes him to lament his faults, especially his occasional failure to control his temper, which in youth had been violent; his self-denial and self-control, which when once he had commenced the study, to him so fascinating, of hieroglyphics, made him exclaim, "Oh, William Schauffler, hitherto you have never studied anything that would not aid you in your great work of Bible translation, and now you are indulging yourself. No, that shall not be!" and hieroglyphics remained hieroglyphics to him. Nor will his dauntless faith and genuine courage escape your observation. There is something martial about him. Some one once remarked that he looked like an old general; and true it is that he is as fond of using illustrations from military life as was the apostle Paul.

"'You would not be with him long without noticing his generosity, his heart and hand always open to the needy, and no good cause ever appealing to him in vain. How he can give so much from his slender salary is explicable only by the experience of the old Scotchman he loved to quote, who, being asked how, having so little, he gave away so much and yet did not exhaust his store, replied, "I keep shoveling over to the Lord, and He keeps shoveling back to me, and His shovel is bigger than mine."

"'Has he any faults? Yes, and it would not be biblical to conceal them, or, like the painter, to flatteringly omit every blemish from our portrait, and yet intimate acquaintance with him reveals but little to mar the beauty of his noble character. A quick temper, over which he sometimes fails to rule; a positiveness of conviction which sometimes asserts itself too vigorously to please those who differ with him, and an inclination to trust others more implicitly than is always safe;—these serve to show that the subject of our sketch was human.

"'Our last look at him shall be as he appears in the pulpit. He is animated, but perfectly natural in manner, and his matter is eminently biblical, instructive, and spiritual. His fine imagination enables him to fascinate his hearers by setting forth Bible scenes in such living colors, that you involuntarily start, as you see Abraham raise his knife to slay his son, and share the amazement of the spectators, when Lazarus emerges from the tomb. His strong love of righteousness and hatred of injustice lead to unsparing denunciation of wrong; but anon his firm faith in the prevailing power of God's truth, and his ardent love for Christ and souls, enable him to rise above all else and carry his hearers with him, as he tenderly urges the necessity of conversion, pleads with them to yield to Christ, and eloquently discourses of the triumph and glory of the Redeemer's kingdom.

"'Such, in meagre outline, is the man. Nature endowed him with a vigorous body; a character simple, honest, and grand; a loving, generous, enthusiastic

heart; a powerful, symmetrical, and highly-gifted mind; while grace sanctified, developed, strengthened, and beautified both mind and heart: until out of the obscure young mechanic of Odessa it had made the widely-known, highly-honored, and ardently-loved missionary of the cross; the translator of the Bible for two distinct peoples; the champion of religious liberty in the capital of the Mohammedan empire; the eloquent preacher of righteousness; the trusted friend of high and low; the spiritual father of a multitude of redeemed souls in three continents. To God be all the glory!'"

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

AN EPISODE OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

THE life of every missionary presents many phases of work, the details of which do not always reach the public ear. This was peculiarly the case with Dr. Schauffler, by reason of his many European as well as American relationships. As an illustration of this, the following extract from his diary is appended, which illustrates the old saying that "truth is stranger than fiction."

Among the German colonists who moved to the Caucasus in 1817 under the influence of apocalyptic expectation, to which I have alluded in these pages, there has remained to this day, a *seed* of truly godly people. Even after the period above mentioned, other smaller companies of colonists followed, under the same impressions and expectations.

The German, or, rather, Würtembergian colonists in the Caucasus, settled in villages around Tiflis, and being unwilling to receive pastors from the Protestant universities of Germany, as these were all infected with Rationalism, Tübingen alone excepted, they sent to the Basle missionary institution for help. The Basle institution having been organized with the professed object of training missionaries for heathen and Mussulman countries, fortunately thought it consistent to send pastors to these people, who were in such close proximity to Mohammedans and heathen.

During one of the conflicts between Russia and Persia, the Persians appealed to the Mohammedan subjects of Russia to come to their help against their infidel masters, thus endeavoring to raise a religious war. Many depredations were made on that part of Russia bordering upon Persian ground, and in one of them the German colonies were attacked, and many of the defenceless people, men, women, and children, were carried into captivity and sold. Many children, whose parents had fled from Anti-Christ, fell into the jaws of the False Prophet.

Among the colonists was a young family, husband, wife, and two children, a boy and a girl. One day the cry was heard, "*The enemy is coming, flee who can!*" And as they took their children, one each, to flee, they saw the "Kizilbashes," or irregular Persian soldiery, coming up the village, already having on a pole the head of the Russian officer resident in the village. Some escaped, others were taken, and among the latter was this family, the father with the girl being taken by one party, the mother with the little boy, by another.

After the village was plundered, the march into the Persian territory began. The evening came, and they stopped over night, at the same place. But they knew that in the morning they should be separated; friends would have to part, to see one another no more. Among these was our young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, and their children. During the night, Mr. Meyer sought an interview with his wife; he said to her, "I shall look for an opportunity to escape, and in doing so I shall take the child with me. If you ever hear that I have escaped, know that the child is also free, for I shall not part with her dead or alive. If you can escape, do so, but do not

leave the boy behind." They wept, they prayed, they commended each other to God, in whom they had learned to trust; in the morning they were separated.

Mr. Meyer escaped with his child, and safely reached the colonies. Mrs. Meyer was sold, however, from point to point, until she was brought to Constantinople and became the property of a man who was a renegade from the Armenian Church to Islamism. This brought her into contact with me.

I hardly had time to settle after my arrival at Constantinople (from Odessa, in 1833) when I received a letter from Tiflis, begging me to search for a slave woman named Catharine Meyer, who, together with her child and two other German women, was the slave of a certain Turk, "Mustapha Hasseki," residing in Constantinople. I resolved to undertake the hopeless task of searching for the poor captives, feeling that the Lord could guide me, if He thought best.

Accompanied by a young Armenian, who of course knew Turkish better than I, and by a Kavass, or armed guard, from the Embassy, I started. We went over into the city of Constantinople proper, where no foreigners were allowed to live, passed through the Janissary quarter, still lying in ruins and ashes, as it had been left by the massacre of 1826. The streets were empty and still as the grave, as was then common in Turkish quarters. The first man we saw was a grocer in his store; I think he was a Greek. He looked at me with apprehension and surprise, but the presence of the Kavass inspired him with respect. We interrogated him, "Do you know any man in this quarter by the name of Mustapha Hasseki?"

He, hesitatingly, "Yes."

"Where does he live?"

"Right here, in this street, the third door on your left."

"Has he slaves?"

"Yes, two or three women."

"Is there a child there belonging to one of the slaves?"

"Yes, though for some time I have not seen the child."

Thus we had in fact proceeded as straight to the house we sought, as though we had known exactly the street, and the door, and the nearest way to it. We knocked at the door, a man-servant opened it and stared at us in consternation, but we pressed the door open and went in.

"Is your master at home?"

"Y—Y—Yes!!"

"We wish to see him."

He rapped upon a board, thus giving notice above, that he had occasion to come up; soon the master clapped his hands, and the servant ascended. After awhile he came down and bowed us up stairs. We entered an old-fashioned Turkish room, and saw an elderly man, sitting in a corner on a sofa, with a little boy by his side. After the usual salutation, I inquired about his Circassian slave-women. He replied that they were not Circassians, but Germans. I told him I knew that, and that I had letters from their friends and wished to communicate some things to them. He then said he had sold one to a friend some time ago; another was not far away, but he did not just now know where; the third he had married—the little boy was her son, and we could not see her. I told him I did not care about seeing her, but wished to speak to her, while she might

remain behind the curtain. He declined. I then rose to go, telling him *we should see one another again.* This made him apprehensive, and he consented to have her called. Soon I perceived that there was some one behind the curtain. I took my place on the other side of the curtain, and interrogated her in German, somewhat as follows:

"Are you —— ?"

"Yes!"

"Is it true that you are this man's wife?"

"Why, yes, he took me!"

"He says you are a Mohammedan, is it so?"

"Why, yes; I was a little girl when they took me prisoner; they told me to say some words and I said them; then they said I was now a Mohammedan."

"I have power to liberate you, and send you home to your parents and friends in Caucasus, if you will profess to be a Christian."

"I cannot go, I have a child. I cannot."

"Have you a Bible or New Testament to read?"

"No, I have not seen one for seven years; I only have a few leaves out of a Catechism; them I read sometimes."

I addressed a few words of solemn admonition to her. She cried hard, apparently, but insisted she could not go, she had a child.

My errand was now to find the rest of the women, as soon as practicable. This was not difficult; for Mustapha Hasseki was in my grasp. We went off, pretty well tired with our tour.

I omitted to say that before entering upon this search I went to Mr. Boutineff, the Russian Ambassador, and communicated to him the whole affair. He was a very sweet, benevolent man, and his lady, a Protestant, a very

tender, sensible person. I became quite intimate in the family; subsequently Mr. Boutineff rather discouraged the thing, saying that by treaty he could claim any prisoners or slaves who were Russian subjects if they professed Christianity: but if they, when brought before the Turkish authorities for examination, professed Islamism, they were lost to him forever. He observed that such cases were not rare, but that they generally were either flattered or intimidated, and induced to profess Islamism. He would, however, order his Dragoman to have them brought before him for examination, and if I wished, I could be present at the Sublime Porte when they were examined. I was put in connection with one of the Dragomans of the Russian Embassy. But the thing lasted longer than I had calculated, for before the slaves could be examined, in the slow way of old-fashioned Turkey, the month of Ramazan* began, and then nothing could be done.

At last the month passed; my repeated application to the Russian Ambassador met with a courteous response, and finally, on a dreadfully hot day, I went with the Russian Dragoman to the Sublime Porte, and there, in one of the great saloons, I saw three Turkish women, who were pointed out to me as the persons I wanted to see. I addressed them. Catharine Meyer answered readily and said: "I am a Christian and shall go with

* This month constitutes an annual fast, during which no good Mohammedan may eat or drink or smoke, nor even so much as swallow his saliva, from sunrise to sunset. Among the higher classes the days are spent in sleep and rest, the nights in feasting and carnivals. But among the poor and laboring classes this religious observance, which is most rigidly adhered to, causes much suffering.

you." The one I had already conversed with, cried again, but repeated that she had a child, and could not go. The third answered in Turkish, "that she was a Mussulman and would not go back." I told them that if they professed Christianity I had power to take them with me right out of the Sublime Porte to my house, and should send them home to their relatives, but that if they professed Islamism before the Pasha, before whom they would now be brought, they would be lost to me, and no one would be able to claim them. All three repeated what they had already said.

The Dragoman and I went in to the Pasha, where after the usual old-fashioned, lengthy Turkish civilities, coffee and pipes were brought. (This is a court of justice.) Soon the three women were called in and stood at the door. To my surprise, Mustapha Hasseki was also brought in, looking quite frightened, and keeping a very humble, distant attitude. I begged permission to speak to them once more. I walked over to them, and repeated what I had said before.

The Pasha then examined them. They replied as before. The moment seemed to me like the last judgment. Catharine Meyer was told by the Pasha she could go with me. The two others returned to their Mohammedan homes.

Mrs. Meyer and I rowed up the Bosporus in the dreadful midday heat to our house. We arrived after dinner had been finished. I was hungry and tired. "Come, Mrs. Meyer," I said, "let us have something to eat."

"Have you no German Bible?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," I replied.

"Do please let me have it; I don't want to eat. I have not seen a Bible for seven years," she said. I

handed her my own, and she sat down on the sill of the hall and read—I do not know how long, until her soul seemed to be refreshed thoroughly ; and then at last she arose, and asked for food.

Just at that time I fell in with a Georgian merchant—I mean Georgia in the Caucasus—who was charged by Mr. Meyer to make search for his wife and to ransom her and bring her home, and Mr. Meyer would meet all the expenses. The man was exceedingly gentlemanly and appeared to take a serious interest in the case. He said he knew Mr. Meyer very well, and being on business at Constantinople, Mr. Meyer wished him to make one more effort, hopeless as it was, to find his wife, about whom he knew not whether she were dead or alive. The merchant had made efforts, had done so during previous visits to Constantinople, but all in vain. Meantime Mrs. Meyer had been set free, and our friend from Georgia most gladly engaged to take her home, for which, however, she had to wait several weeks. I also took her up to Buyukdere, to the Russian Ambassador, who was highly gratified at the result of our efforts, and gave her a liberal present in money to help her on her journey.

In due time she completed her journey and rejoined her husband. The husband was overjoyed and all the village cried out, as when after ten years Naomi returned to Bethlehem-Ephratah from the land of Moab.

This rescue of Mrs. Meyer is an episode of my early missionary life, and is, perhaps, worth telling, as illustrating the wretched condition of Turkey at that time.

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